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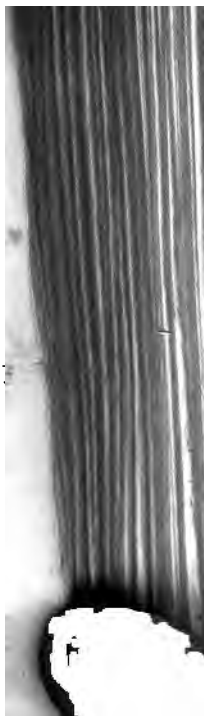


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THE
PSALMS AND HYMNS
OF THE
REFORMED PROTESTANT DUTCH CH
IN
NORTH AMERICA.

AUTHORISED BY THE GENERAL SYNOD TO BE USED
THE CHURCHES UNDER THEIR CARE

Reformed Church in C

~~~~~  
"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom  
and admonishing one another in Psalms and Hymns and  
Songs, singing with grace in your hearts unto the Lord."—Col.

~~~~~  
PHILADELPHIA :
MENTZ & ROVOUDT,
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53 NORTH THIRD ST.

1848.
1848

ASTOR, LENOX AND
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1854

tered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 18
IAAC YOUNG, (on behalf of the General Synod of
rmed Protestant Dutch Church,) in the clerk's office
District Court of the Southern District of New York.

~~~~~  
RECORDED BY T. WAGAN.

## BRIEF NOTICE

### Psalms and Hymns used by the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church.



It has been a principle of the Church that no Psalms nor Hymns should be publicly sung in the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, except such as are approved and recommended by the General Synod. Previously to the American Revolution, the psalmody of the Church embraced only the psalms in the Dutch language, usually the Bibles then in common use. The version approved was that of Dathenus. In addition to this, the new psalms and hymns compiled and adopted in the Netherlands in the year 1773, was subsequently approved. After the period of the American Revolution, when it was found necessary to introduce singing, the Rev. Dr. Livingston compiled a book of psalms and hymns in the English language, which was published, with the express approbation and recommendation of the General Synod in the year 1789. This book continued in use in the churches until 1812, when, at the instance of the Classis of New York, the particular Synod of New York referred the subject relative to the revision of the Psalms and Hymns then in use, to the same Classis. The reference was favourably entertained by the Classis, and they requested the Rev. Professor Livingston to make the new psalms and Hymns, agreeably to the views then expressed, and submit them to a committee to whom the same should be submitted for consideration and approval. At the session of the Synod, held in New York, 1813, this committee reported in favour of the selection, and the Synod accordingly adopted it, entered upon their records a complimentary resolution to the distinguished compiler, and made necessary arrangements for its publication and introduction into the worship of the churches.

In 1830, the General Synod deemed it expedient that an additional number of hymns should be added to those contained in the book then in use, and accordingly a committee was appointed for that purpose, on a variety of subjects, with a view to constitute a

ear 1813, and ordered to be published, under the title of *General and Sabbath-School Hymn Book.*" The Board of Sabbath School Union being about to publish a second edition of this book, stated, in the year 1815, that the Synod would furnish an additional number of hymns for the purpose of filling up certain blank pages on the last sheet of the work. On considering this request, the Synod, in view of the fact that the Hymns now authorised to be used by the churches were comprised in three separate books, and still additional Hymns on certain subjects were needed, to refer the whole subject of the Hymn Book to a committee, to consider the expediency of a new arrangement, and with instructions to recommend new Hymns as would make the collection more complete. At the next meeting of the General Synod in June, 1816, this committee presented their report recommending such new arrangement, and at the same time submitting a selection of hymns on a variety of subjects, to the number of three hundred and forty-two. The hymns submitted were approved by the Synod, and the committee were authorised to complete the work, and prepare the whole for publication as speedily as convenient. The Board of Direction were authorised to carry out the necessary arrangements for printing the book. All this has been done, and the present work is the result of such action. The book thus completed will compare favourably with the various selections used by the several denominations of Christians in our land, and it is fervently hoped will prove a happy and useful addition to the religious and private libraries of our people.



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# PSALMS.

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## PSALM 1. S. M.

*The way and end of the righteous and the wicked*

1 **T**HE man is ever blest  
Who shuns the sinners' ways,  
Amidst their councils never stands,  
Nor takes the scorner's place.

2 But makes the law of God  
His study and delight,  
'Throughout the labours of the day,  
And watches of the night.

3 He like a tree shall thrive,  
With waters near the root :  
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live ;  
His works are heavenly fruit.

4 Not so the ungodly race,  
They no such blessings find ;  
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff  
Before the driving wind.

5 How will they bear to stand  
Before that judgment-seat  
Where all the saints at Christ's right hand  
In full assembly meet ?

6 He knows, and he approves  
The way the righteous go :  
But sinners and their works shall meet  
A dreadful overthrow.

Messiah's gracious reign.

shall break his bands," they say,  
"be govern'd by his laws :"  
they cast his yoke away,  
Messiah to the cross.

O Father, from his throne,  
their pride, their rage controls ;  
their hearts with pains unknown,  
in thunder to their souls.

cate the King I made,  
his everlasting hill :  
and shall bring him from the dead,  
shall reign Messiah still."

**PSALM 2. Second Part. L. M.**

*invested with the mediatorial Kingdom*

eternal Son, with power array'd,  
declares th' unchangeable decree :  
"art my Son," the Father said  
why have I begotten thee.

thy soul,

**PSALM II. III.**

shall crush thy foes with ease,  
And earthen work is broke."

**PSALM 2. Third Part. L. M.**

*the Holy Ghost exhorts rulers to submit*

- N**OW," saith the Spirit of the Lord,  
To those who sit on earthly throne  
"Rejoice with trembling at his word,  
"And at his feet submit your crowns.
- 2 "With faith and love address the Son,  
"Lest he grow angry, and ye die ;  
"His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,  
"If ye provoke his jealousy.
- 3 "His frown shall drive you quick to hell,  
"For he is God, and ye but dust.  
"Happy the souls that know him well,  
"And make his grace their only trust !"

**PSALM 3. First Part. L. M.**

*A Morning Psalm.*

- 1 **O** LORD, how many are my foes,  
In this weak state of flesh and blood  
My peace they daily discompose,  
But my defence and hope is God.
- 2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day,  
To thee I rais'd an evening cry ;  
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,  
And thine almighty help was nigh.
- 3 Supported by thy heavenly aid,  
I laid me down and slept secure ;  
Not death should make my heart afraid  
Tho' I should wake and rise no more.
- 4 But God sustain'd me all the night :  
(Salvation doth to God belong :)

ll my swelling sins appear  
big to be forgiven.

ou, my righteousness and strength,  
on the tempter tread;  
ilence all my threat'ning guilt,  
raise my drooping head.

, and from his holy hill  
bow'd a list'ning ear;  
l, My Father, and my God!  
he subdu'd my fear.

d soft slumbers on mine eyes,  
pite of all my foes;  
e, and wonder'd at the grace  
guarded my repose.

tho' the hosts of death and hell  
arm'd against me stood?  
no more shall shake my soul

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**Psalm First Part. L. M.**

*With our confidence and portion.*

Thy grace and righteousness,  
 Attend when I complain;  
 Answer me in distress,  
 Thy gracious ear again.

But, in vain ye try  
 Glory into shame:  
 It scoffs love to lie,  
 Reach my Saviour's name?

The Lord divides his saints  
 Tribes of men beside:  
 Cry of penitents,  
 Praise of Christ that died.

Obedient hands have done  
 Works of righteousness,  
 Trust in Christ alone,  
 His pard'ning grace.

Nothing many say,  
 Bestow some earthly good?"  
 Thy light and love we pray:  
 Give this heavenly food.

Thy cheerful pow'rs rejoice  
 In favours so divine,  
 Arrange my happy choice  
 Corn, and all their wine.

**4. Second Part. C. M.**

*An Evening Psalm.*

Thou wilt hear me when I pray:  
 Ever thine:  
 Thee all the day,  
 I dare to sin.

Rest my weary head,  
 And bus'ness free,

is with my thoughts compos'd to peace,  
'll give mine eyes to sleep:  
y hand in safety keeps my days,  
And will my slumbers keep.

**PSALM 5. C. M.**

*For the Lord's Day Morning.*

**L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high;  
To thee will I direct my prayer,  
To thee lift up mine eye;

Up to the hills where Christ is gone,  
To plead for all his saints,  
'representing at his Father's throne  
Our songs and our complaints.

Thou art a God before whose sight  
The wicked shall not stand;  
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

But to thy house will I resort,  
To taste thy mercies there:  
I will frequent thy holy court,  
And worship in thy fear.

**PSALM VI**

- My Father with a base design  
To make my soul their prey.  
Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,  
And all his plots destroy;  
While those, that in thy mercy trust,  
For ever shout for joy.  
8 The men, that love and fear thy name,  
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;  
The mighty God will compass them  
With favour as a shield.

**PSALM 6. C. M.**  
*Complaint in Sickness.*

- 1 **I**N anger, Lord, rebuke me not,  
Withdraw the dreadful storm.  
Nor let thy fury grow so hot  
Against a feeble worm.  
2 My soul's bow'd down with heavy cares,  
My flesh with pain oppress;  
My couch is witness to my tears,  
My tears forbid my rest.  
3 Sorrow and pain wear out my days;  
I waste the night with cries,  
Counting the minutes as they pass,  
Till the slow morning rise.  
4 Shall I be still afflicted more?  
Mine eyes consum'd with grief?  
How long, my God, how long before  
Thy hand afford relief?  
5 He hears when dust and ashes speak,  
He pities all our groans;  
He saves us for our Saviour's sake,  
And heals our broken bones.  
6 The virtue of his sovereign word  
Restores our fainting breath

For silent graves praise not the Lord;  
Our lips are seal'd in death.

## PSALM 7. C. M.

*The Christian's integrity—an appeal to God.*

- 1 **M**Y trust is in my heavenly Friend,  
My hope in thee, my God;  
Rise, and my helpless life defend  
From those that seek my blood.
- 2 With insolence and fury they  
My soul in pieces tear;  
As hungry lions rend the prey,  
When no deliv'rer's near.
- 3 If I indulge in thoughts unjust,  
And wish and seek their woe,  
Then let them tread my life to dust,



God makes all their mischief light  
 On their own heads at least.  
 Let cruel persecuting race  
 Must feel his dreadful sword ;  
 Awake, my soul, and praise the grace  
 And justice of the Lord.

PSALM S. *First Part.* S M.*Condescension of God.*

- 1 **O** LORD, our heavenly King,  
 Thy name is all divine ;  
 Thy glories round the earth are spread,  
 And o'er the heavens they shine.
- 2 When to thy works on high  
 I raise my wond'ring eyes,  
 And see the moon, complete in light,  
 Adorn the darksome skies :
- 3 When I survey the stars  
 And all their shining forms,  
 Lord, what is man ? that worthless thing,  
 Akin to dust and worms ?
- 4 Lord, what is worthless man,  
 That thou shouldst love him so ?  
 Next to thine angels is he plac'd,  
 And lord of all below.
- 5 How rich thy bounties are !  
 How wond'rous are thy ways !  
 Of dust and worms, thy power can frame  
 A monument of praise.

PSALM S. *Second Part.* L M.*First and second Adam.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what was man, when made at first,  
 Adam, the offspring of the dust,  
 That thou should'st set him and his race,  
 But just below an angel's place ?

at honours than thy Son—  
who condescended to be born!

Thou him below his angels made,  
Thou him in dust among the dead,  
To save a ruin'd world from sin:  
That he shall reign with power divine.

The world to come, redeem'd from all  
The mis'ries that attend the fall,  
New made and glorious, shall submit  
To our exalted Saviour's feet.

**PSALM 8. Third Part. L. M.**

*The Hosannah of the Children*

**A**LMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,  
'Thro' the wide earth thy name is spread  
And thine eternal glories rise,  
For all the heav'ns thy hands have made.

To trace the voices of the young  
A monument of honour raise;  
And babes with uninstructed tongue  
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

# PSALM IX.

12

the great Judge of right and wrong,  
 t put my foes to shame,  
 ing thy majesty and grace;  
 God prepares his throne  
 dge the world in righteousness,  
 nd make his vengeance known.  
 n shall the Lord a refuge prove  
 or all the poor opprest;  
 ve the people of his love,  
 nd give the weary rest.

men, that know thy name, will trust  
 thy abundant grace:  
 thou wilt ne'er forsake the just,  
 ho humbly seek thy face.

praises to the righteous Lord,  
 ho dwells on Zion's hill;  
 executes his threat'ning word,  
 nd doth his grate fulfil.

## PSALM 9. *Second Part.* C. M.

*The wisdom and equity of Providence.*

**W**HEN the great Judge, supreme and just,  
 Shall once enquire for blood,  
 humble souls, that mourn in dust,  
 all find a faithful God.

From the dreadful gates of death  
 oth his own children raise:  
 ion's gates with cheerful breath,  
 hey sing their Father's praise.

As small fall with heedless feet  
 to the pit they made;  
 sinners perish in the net  
 hich their own hands have spread.

s, by thy judgments, mighty God,  
 re thy deep counsels known;

s to sore distress are brought;  
it and long complain;  
s shall never be forgot,  
all their hopes be vain.

**PSALM 10. First Part. C. M.**

*Myer for deliverance from enemies*

Y doth the Lord stand off so far?  
and why conceal his face,  
great calamities appear,  
times of deep distress?

all the wicked still deride  
justice and thy power?  
they advance their heads in pride,  
still thy saints devour?

out thy judgments from their sight,  
then insult the poor;  
boast in their exalted height,  
t they shall fall no more.

O God, lift up thy hand;  
and our humble cry:

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## PSALM XI.

Thou for ever art our Lord ;  
And pow'rful is thy hand,  
When the heathens felt thy sword,  
And perish'd from thy land.

I will prepare our hearts to pray,  
And bow his ear to hear ;  
He marks whate'er his children say,  
And puts the world in fear.

- 4 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,  
No more despise the just ;  
And mighty sinners shall confess  
They are but earth and dust.

## PSALM 11. L. M.

*Providence and justice of God.*

- 1 **M**Y refuge is the God of love :  
Why do my foes insult and cry,  
" Fly like a tim'rous trembling dove,  
" To distant woods or mountains fly ?"  
2 If government be all destroy'd,  
(That firm foundation of our peace)  
And violence make justice void,  
Where shall the righteous seek redress ?  
3 The Lord in heav'n hath fix'd his throne,  
His eye surveys the world below ;  
To him all mortal things are known,  
His eyelids search our spirits through.  
4 If he afflict his saints so far,  
To prove their love and try their grace ;  
What must the bold transgressors fear ?  
His very soul abhors their ways.  
5 On impious wretches he shall rain  
Tempests of brimstone, fire and death ;  
Such as he kindled on the plain  
Of Sodom, with his angry breath.

- For vice and vanity prevail;  
e godly perish in the grave,  
e just depart, the faithful fail.

e whole discourse, when neighbours meet,  
ill'd with trifles loose and vain;  
eir lips are flatt'ry and deceit,  
d their proud language is profane.

: lips that with deceit abound  
ll not maintain their triumph long;  
e God of vengeance will confound  
e flatt'ring and blaspheming tongue.

'et shall our words be free," they cry;  
ur tongue shall be controll'd by none;  
/here is the Lord will ask us why;  
r say, our lips are not our own?"

e Lord who sees the poor oppress'd,  
d hears th' oppressor's haughty strain,  
ll rise to give his children rest,  
e shall they trust his word in vain.

e word. O Lord. tho' often tried.

PSALM XII, XIII.

PSALM 12. *Second Part.* C. M.

*The Same.*

- ORD, when iniquities abound,  
And blasphemy grows bold,  
When faith is hardly to be found,  
And love is waxing cold :
- 2 Is not thy chariot hast'ning on ?  
Hast thou not given the sign ?  
May we not trust and live upon  
A promise so divine ?
- 3 "Now," saith the Lord, "Now will I rise,  
"And make oppressors flee ;  
"I will appear to their surprise,  
"And set my servants free."
- 4 Thy word, like silver seven times tried,  
Thro' ages shall endure ;  
The men that in thy truth confide  
Shall find thy promise sure.

PSALM 13. L. M.

*Pleading with God under desertion*

- 1 **H**OW long, O Lord, shall I complain,  
Like one that seeks his God in vain  
Wilt thou thy face for ever hide ?  
Shall I still pray and be denied ?
- 2 Shall I for ever be forgot,  
As one whom thou regardest not ?  
Still shall my soul thine absence mourn ?  
And still despair of thy return ?
- 3 How long shall my poor troubled breast  
Be with these anxious thoughts opprest ?  
And Satan, my malicious foe,  
Rejoice to see me sunk so low ?
- 4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,  
Before my death conclude my grief ;

Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest :  
My heart shall feel thy love, and raise  
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

**PSALM 14. First Part. C. M.**

*Universal depravity.*

- 1 **F**OOLS in their hearts believe and say,  
    " That all religion's vain ;  
    " There is no God that reigns on high,  
    " Or minds th' affairs of men."
- 2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane  
    Corrupt discourse proceeds ;  
    And in their impious hands are found  
    Abominable deeds.
- 3 The Lord, from his celestial throne,  
    Look'd down on things below,  
    To find the man that sought his grace,  
    Or did his justice know.
- 4 By nature all are gone astray,  
    Their practice all the same ;  
    There's none that fears his Maker's hand.



Nor can they bear diviner fruit,  
Till grace refine the ground.

PSALM 14. *Second Part.* C. M.*The folly of Infidels.*

- 1 **A**RE sinners now so senseless grown,  
That they the saints devour?  
And never worship at thy throne,  
Nor fear thine awful power?
- 2 Great God, appear to their surprise,  
Reveal thy dreadful name;  
Let them no more thy wrath despise,  
Nor turn our hope to shame.
- 3 Dost thou not dwell among the just?  
And yet our foes deride,  
That we should make thy name our trust  
Great God, confound their pride.
- 4 Oh that the joyful day were come  
To finish our distress!  
When God shall bring his children home,  
Our songs shall never cease.

## PSALM 15. L. M.

*The Character of a Saint; or the qualifications  
of a Christian.*

- 1 **W**HO shall ascend thy heav'nly place,  
Great God, and dwell before thy face?  
The man that minds religion now,  
And lives and walks by faith below:
- 2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean;  
Whose lips still speak the things they mean;  
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;  
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.
- 3 Scarce will he trust an ill report,  
Nor vent it to his neighbour's hurt;

Sinners of state he can despise ;  
But saints are honour'd in his eyes.

- 4 Firm to his word he ever stood,  
And always makes his promise good .  
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,  
Whatever pain or loss he bears.
- 5 He never deals in bribing gold,  
And mourns that justice should be sold :  
While others scorn and wrong the poor,  
Sweet charity attends his door.
- 6 He loves his onemies, and prays  
For those that curse him to his face ;  
And doth to all men still the same,  
That he would hope or wish from them.
- 7 Yet, when his holiest works are done,  
His soul depends on grace alone :  
This is the man thy face shall see,

## PSALM XVI.

I love the men of heav'nly birth,  
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

### PSALM 16. *Second Part.* L. M.

*The preciousness of Christ.*

- 1 **H**OW fast their guilt and sorrows rise,  
Who haste to seek some idol-god !  
I will not taste their sacrifice,  
Their off'rings of forbidden blood.
- 2 My God provides a richer cup,  
And nobler food to live upon ;  
He, for my life, hath offer'd up  
Jesus, his best beloved Son.
- 3 His love is my perpetual feast ;  
By day his counsels guide me right :  
And be his name for ever blest,  
Who gives me sweet advice by night.
- 4 I set him still before mine eyes ;  
At my right hand he stands prepar'd  
To keep my soul from all surprise,  
And be my everlasting guard.

### PSALM 16. *Third Part.* L. M.

*Hope in the Resurrection.*

- 1 **W**HEN God is nigh, my faith is strong ;  
His arm is my almighty prop :  
Be glad, my heart ! rejoice, my tongue !  
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 Tho' in the dust I lay my head,  
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave  
My soul for ever with the dead ;  
For Christ hath triumph'd o'er the grave.
- 3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,  
Shake off the dust, and rise on high ;  
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way,  
Up to thy throne above the sky.

- 4 There streams of endless pleasure flow ;  
And full discov'ries of thy grace  
(Which we but tasted here below)  
Spread heav'nly joys thro' all the place.

PSALM 16. *Fourth Part.* C. M

*Divine goodness and counsel.*

- 1 **S**AVE me, O Lord, from ev'ry foe ;  
In thee my trust I place :  
Tho' all the good, that I can do,  
Can ne'er deserve thy grace.
- 2 Yet, here, thy children to sustain  
Shall be my lov'd employ ;  
Thy children, first and best of men  
My friends, my highest joy.
- 3 Let heathens to their idols haste,

## PSALM XVII.

They are but thy chastising rod  
To drive thy saints to thee.

2 Behold the sinner dies,  
His haughty words are vain :  
Here in this life his pleasure lies,  
And all beyond is pain.

3 Then let his pride advance,  
And boast of all his store :  
The Lord is my inheritance,  
My soul can wish no more.

4 I shall behold the face  
Of my forgiving God ;  
And stand complete in righteousness,  
Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.

5 There's a new heav'n begun  
When I awake from death,  
Drest in the likeness of thy Son,  
And draw immortal breath.

### PSALM 17. *Second Part.* L. M.

*Rejoicing in the prospect of Heaven*

1 **L**ORD, I am thine ; but thou wilt prove  
My faith, my patience, and my love :  
When men of spite against me join,  
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lie below ;  
'Tis all the happiness they know ;  
'Tis all they seek ; they take their shares,  
And leave the rest among their heirs.

3 What sinners value I resign :  
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine :  
I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.

4 This life's a dream, an empty show :  
But the bright world, to which I go,

last trumpet's joyful sound ;  
first the chains with sweet surprise  
my Saviour's image rise.

**'SALM 18. First Part. L. M.**

*Deliverance from despair.*

THE will I love, O Lord, my strength,  
my rock, my tower, my high defence :  
thy mighty arm shall be my trust :  
I have found salvation thence.

and the terrors of the grave,  
I over me their dismal shade ;  
floods of high temptations rose,  
made my sinking soul afraid.

the opening gates of hell,  
endless pains and sorrows there,  
I know none but they that feel, can tell ;  
I was hurried to despair.

in distress I call'd my God,  
I could scarce believe him mine ;

PSALM XVIII.

He sent salvation from on high,  
And drew me from the depths of death.

7 Great were my fears, my foes were great,  
Much was their strength, and more their rage  
But Christ, my Lord, is conqu'ror still,  
In all the wars that devils wage.

8 My song for ever shall record  
That terrible, that joyful hour ;  
And give the glory to the Lord,  
Due to his mercy and his pow'r.

PSALM 18. *Second Part.* L. M.

*Christian Sincerity.*

1 **L**ORD, thou hast form'd my soul sincere,  
Hast made thy truth and love appear  
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,  
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.

2 Since I have learn'd thy holy ways,  
I've walk'd upright before thy face :  
And if my feet from thee depart,  
It grieves my soul, it wounds my heart.

3 What sore temptations broke my rest !  
What wars and strugglings in my breast ;  
But, thro' thy grace that reigns within,  
I guard against my darling sin.

4 The sin that close besets me still,  
That works and strives against my will  
When shall thy Spirit's sov'reign pow'r  
Destroy it, that it rise no more ?

5 With an impartial hand, the Lord  
Deals out to mortals their reward :  
The kind and faithful soul shall find  
A God all faithful and most kind.

6 The just and pure shall ever say,  
Thou art more pure, more just than they

And men that love revenge shall know,  
God hath an arm of vengeance too.

PSALM 18. *Third Part.* L. M.

*Rejoicing in God our Saviour.*

- 1 **J**UST are thy ways, and true thy word,  
Great Rock of my secure abode :  
Who is a God beside the Lord ?  
Or where's a refuge like our God ?
- 2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,  
Gives me his holy sword to wield ;  
And while with sin and hell I fight,  
Spreads his salvation for my shield.
- 3 He lives, (and blessed be my Rock !)



He rides upon the winged wind;  
And angels in array,  
In millions, wait to know his mind,  
And swift as flames obey.

5 He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke  
Whole armies are dismay'd;  
His voice, his frown, his angry look  
Strikes all their courage dead.

6 He forms our gen'als for the field,  
With all their dreadful skill;  
Gives them his awful sword to wield,  
And makes their hearts of steel.

7 He arms our captains for the fight,  
(Tho' there his name's forgot,)  
He girded Cyrus with his might,  
When Cyrus knew him not.

8 Oft has the Lord whole nations blest  
For his own children's sake:  
The pow'rs that give his people rest,  
Shall of his care partake.

PSALM 18. *Fifth Part.* C. M.

*The same.*

1 **T**O thine almighty arm we owe  
The triumphs of the day;  
Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,  
And melt his strength away.

2 'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,  
And break united pow'rs:  
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale  
The proudest of their tow'rs

3 How have we chased them thro' the field,  
And trod them to the ground;  
While thy salvation was our shield,  
And they no shelter found!

PSALM XVIII.

In vain to idle saints they cry,  
And perish in their blood :  
Where is a rock so great, so high,  
So pow'rful as our God ?

5 The Rock of Israel ever lives,  
His name be ever blest ;  
'Tis his own arm the vict'ry gives,  
He gives his people rest.

PSALM 18. *Sixth Part.* P. M.

*Thanksgiving applied to the American Revolution*

1 **T**O bless the Lord, our God, in strains divi  
With thankful hearts, and raptur'd v  
join :  
To us what wonders his right hand hath shov  
Mercies, his chosen tribes have scarcely know  
Like David blest, begin the enraptur'd song ;  
Let praise and joy awaken ev'ry tongue.

When fir'd to rage, against our nation rose  
and bands of haughty f  
arms array

## PSALM XIX.

God was our stay, our help, our heav'nly shield  
His grace preserv'd us, and his arm upheld ;  
Sav'd us from tumults dire, and deep distress ;  
Enlarg'd our blessings, and confirm'd our peace

5 No more against our land shall strangers rise,  
But fade, and fade, beneath avenging skies :  
Pleas'd, the fierce heathen yield to happier sway  
The groping savage hail the gospel day ;  
Low sink the proud, the sons of blood be slain,  
Nor injur'd Zion lift her cries in vain.

6 But, O thou Pow'r belov'd ! our shores around  
Be ev'ry virtue, ev'ry blessing found.  
Here bid thy seasons crown the fruitful plain ;  
Here bid fair peace extend her blissful reign :  
Let laws, let justice hold perpetual sway,  
'The soul unfetter'd, and the conscience free.

7 With clearest splendour, here, let knowledge shi  
Here ev'ry glory beam from truth divine ;  
'To Jesus' call, the soul obsequious bend ;  
Grace from thy Spirit in rich show'rs descend ;  
Nations each day ascend the bright abode,  
And boundless praise unceasing rise to God.

### PSALM 19. *First Part.* S. M.

*The book of Nature and Scripture.*

1 **B**EHOLD ! the lofty sky  
Declares its maker God,  
And all his starry works on high  
Proclaim his pow'r abroad.

2 The darkness and the light  
Still keep their course the same,

• While night to day, and day to night  
Divinely teach his name.

3 In ev'ry different land  
Their gen'ral voice is known :  
They show the wonders of his hand,  
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye Western lands rejoice,  
Here he reveals his word :  
We are not left to nature's voice  
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His statutes and commands  
Are set before our eyes ;  
• He puts his gospel in our hands,  
Where our salvation lies.

6 His laws are just and pure,

## PSALM XIX.

When the gospel comes,  
Thy diviner light;  
Thy sinners from their tombs,  
Thy the blind their sight.

Perfect is thy word!  
Thy judgments just;  
Thy promise, Lord;  
I securely trust.

O glorious God, how plain  
Thy direction giv'n!  
Never read in vain,  
The path to heav'n!

Thy word with love,  
Could fain obey:  
Thy Spirit from above,  
Direct me, lest I stray.

Man ever find  
Thy ways of his!  
Thy presumptuous mind,  
Not dare transgress.

Thy of ev'ry sin;  
Thy secret faults;  
Thy guilty soul of mine,  
Thy crimes exceed my thoughts.

With my heart and tongue  
Thy praise abroad;  
Thy worship and the song,  
Thy our and my God.

**LM 19. Third Part. L. M.**

*Of nature and scripture compared.*

Thy heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,  
Thy star thy wisdom shines;  
Thy our eyes behold thy word,  
Thy name in fairer lines.

truth began its race,  
and glanc'd on ev'ry land.

thy spreading gospel rest,  
the world thy truth has run:  
has all the nations blest,  
the light, or feel the sun.

of righteousness, arise;  
dark world with heav'nly light;  
el makes the simple wise;  
are pure, thy judgments right.

lest wonders here we view,  
renew'd, and sins forgiv'n:  
pense my sins, my soul renew,  
ke thy word my guide to heav'n.

**PSALM 19. Fourth Part. P. M**

*The Gospel.*

VE the volume of thy word:  
that light and joy its leaves afford  
souls benighted and distrest!  
the joyful way:

## PSALM XX.

4

- 2 Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes  
And warn me where my danger lies;  
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,  
That makes my guilty conscience clean  
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,  
And gives a free, but large reward.
- 4 Who knows the errors of his thoughts ?  
My God, forgive my secret faults,  
And from presumptuous sins restrain :  
Accept my poor attempts of praise,  
'That I have read thy book of grace  
And book of nature not in vain.

## PSALM 20. L. M.

*Prayer in time of war.*

- 1 **N**OW may the God of pow'r and grace  
Attend his people's humble cry !  
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,  
And brings deliv'rance from on high.
- 2 The name of Jacob's God defends,  
Better than shields or brazen walls :  
He from his sanctuary sends  
Succour and strength when Zion calls.
- 3 Well he remembers all our sighs ;  
His love exceeds our best deserts ;  
His love accepts the sacrifice  
Of humble groans, and broken hearts.
- 4 In his salvation is our hope ;  
And in the name of Israel's God,  
Our troops shall lift their banners up ;  
Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,  
And some of chariots make their boasts  
Our surest expectations are  
From thee, the Lord of heav'nly hosts.

**PSALM 21. First Part. C. M.**

*Pious rulers are the care of heaven*

**O**UR rulers, Lord, with songs of praise  
Should in thy strength rejoice ;  
And blest with thy salvation, raise  
To heaven their cheerful voice.

By sure defence thro' nations round  
Has spread their honours far ;  
And their successful measures crown'd,  
Alike in peace and war.

When let them still on God rely  
For wisdom, and for grace ;  
His mercy shall their wants supply,  
And save our happy race.

**PSALM 21. Second Part. C. M.**

*Praise for peace and national blessing*

**I**N thee, great God, with songs of praise  
Our favour'd realms rejoice ;  
And, blest with thy salvation, raise



peace we pray'd; thy bounteous hand  
 the timely blessing gave.

mighty arm, eternal Pow'r,  
 sped their deadly aim;  
 they swept them from our shore  
 and spread their sails with shame.

See, in want, in woe, or pain,  
 our hearts alone rely:  
 thy rights thy mercy will maintain,  
 and all our wants supply.

O Lord, thy wondrous pow'r declare;  
 and still exalt thy fame;  
 as we glad songs of praise prepare  
 to thine Almighty name.

**PSALM 21. Third Part L. M.**

*Christ's Exaltation.*

AVID rejoic'd in God, his strength,  
 Rais'd to the throne by special grace  
 Christ, the Son, appears at length,  
 in the triumph and the praise.

great is the Messiah's joy  
 in salvation of thy hand!  
 O thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,  
 giv'n the world to his command.

Before he wills thy goodness gives,  
 doth the least request withhold:  
 things attend him while he lives,  
 crowns of glory, not of gold.

And his sacred temples shine,  
 Eternal's uncreated rays:  
 Pow'r is his, and grace divine,  
 length of everlasting days.

As a fiery oven glows  
 in raging heat, and burning coals;

Exceeds all other grief.

- 2 But thou art holy, O my God,  
And wilt not spare thy Son ;  
As Saviour, he must bear the load,  
And taste the curse alone.
- 3 Our fathers trusted in thy name,  
And great deliv'rance found ;  
But I'm a worm despis'd of men,  
And trodden to the ground.
- 4 Shaking the head, they pass me by,  
And laugh my soul to scorn ;  
" In vain he trusts in God," they cry,  
" Neglected and forlorn."
- 5 Yet, thou, O God ! hast form'd my flesh  
By thy almighty word,  
And since I hung upon the breast,  
My hope is in the Lord.
- 6 My God, if possible it be,  
Withhold this bitter cup !  
But I resign me —

PSALM XXII.

flesh shall rest in hope,  
at thy command.

PSALM 22. *Second Part.* C. M.

*Blessings from Christ crucified.*

**N**OTHING in pain, our Saviour pray'd  
With mighty cries and tears :  
In that dread hour, his Father heard,  
And chas'd away his fears.

Great was the vict'ry of his death;  
His throne exalted high :  
And all the kindreds of the earth  
Shall worship, or shall die.

3 A num'rous race shall mount the skies  
On his expiring groans :  
They shall be reckon'd in his eyes  
For daughters and for sons.

4 The meek and humble souls shall see  
His table richly spread :  
And all that seek the Lord shall be  
With joys immortal fed

5 The isles shall know the righteousness  
Of our incarnate God,  
And nations yet unborn profess  
Salvation in his blood.

PSALM 22. *Third Part.* L. M.

*The sufferings and exaltation of Christ.*

1 **N**OW let our mournful songs record  
The dying sorrows of our Lord ;  
When he complain'd in tears and blood,  
As one forsaken of his God.

2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,  
And shook their heads and laugh'd in scorn :  
"He rescu'd others from the grave ;  
"Now let him try himself to save."

**PSALM XXIII.**

ad his head, his hands, his feet,  
s of blood each other meet;  
garments they divide,  
the pangs in which he died.

is Father, heard his cry;  
the dead, he reigns on high;  
s learn his righteousness,  
e sinners taste his grace.

**LM 23. First Part. L. M.**

*Jesus a Shepherd.*

ny Lord, doth condescend,  
ny shepherd and my friend.  
thfulness rely,  
hall all my wants supply.

green he doth me lead,  
safety makes me feed:

PSALM XXIII, XXIV.

PSALM 23. *Second Part.* S. M.

*The same.*

Yea, my Shepherd lives,  
Whom Jehovah is his name :  
He is my mine, and I am his,  
I shall not suffer shame.

He leads me to the place  
Where heav'nly pasture grows ;  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim ;  
And guides me in his own right way,  
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,  
I cannot want or fear :  
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,  
My shepherd's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes,  
Thou dost my table spread ;  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love  
Shall crown my following days ;  
Nor from thy house will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

PSALM 24. L. M.

*The Christian's rest.—The ascension of Chri*

1 **T**HIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,  
And men and worms, and beasts and birds  
He rais'd the building on the seas,  
And gave it for their dwelling place,

- 2 But there's a brighter world on high,  
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky :  
Who shall ascend that blest abode,  
And dwell so near his Maker, God ?
- 3 He that abhors and fears to sin,  
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean ;  
Him shall the Lord, the Saviour bless,  
And clothe his soul with righteousness.
- 4 These are the men, the pious race,  
That seek the God of Jacob's face :  
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,  
And dwell in everlasting light.
- 5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,  
Behold the King of glory nigh !  
Who can this King of glory be ?  
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.

PSALM XXV.

3 From the first dawning light,  
Till the dark ev'ning rise,  
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,  
With ever-longing eyes.

4 Remember all thy grace,  
And lead me in thy truth;  
Forgive the sins of riper days,  
And follies of my youth.

5 The Lord is just and kind,  
The meek shall learn his ways;  
And ev'ry humble sinner find  
The blessings of his grace.

6 For his own goodness' sake,  
He saves my soul from shame;  
He pardons (though my guilt be great)  
Thro' my Redeemer's name.

PSALM 25. *Second Part.* S. M.

*Covenant Blessings.*

1 **W**HERE shall the man be found  
That fears t' offend his God?  
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,  
And trembles at the rod?

2 The Lord shall make him know  
The secrets of his heart;  
The wonders of his cov'nant show,  
And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of his hand  
Are truth and mercy still,  
With such as in his cov'nant stand,  
And love to do his will.

5 Their souls shall dwell at ease  
Before their Maker's face:  
Their seed shall taste the promises  
In their extensive grace.

- 2 Turn, turn thee to my soul;  
Bring thy salvation near:  
When will thy hand release my feet  
Out of the deadly snare?
- 3 When shall the sov'reign grace  
Of my forgiving God,  
Restore me from those dang'rous ways  
My wand'ring feet have trod?
- 4 The tumult of my thoughts,  
Doth but enlarge my woe;  
My spirit languishes; my heart  
Is desolate and low.
- 5 With ev'ry morning light  
My grief anew begins;  
Look on my anguish and my pain,  
And pardon all my sins.
- 6 Behold the hosts of hell,  
How cruel is their hate!  
Against my life they rise, and join  
Their fury with deceit.
- 7 O keep my soul from death,  
Nor put me home to shame.



PSALM 26. L. M.

*The Christian's integrity—An appeal to God.*

JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,  
And try my reins, and try my heart;  
My faith upon thy promise stays,  
And from thy law my feet depart.

I hate to walk, I hate to sit  
With men of vanities and lies:  
I am a scoffer and the hypocrite  
Is the abhorrence of mine eyes.

Among thy saints will I appear,  
With hands well wash'd in innocence;  
That when I stand before thy bar,  
The blood of Christ is my defence.

Love thy habitation, Lord,  
The temple where thine honours dwell;  
There shall I hear thy holy word,  
And there thy works of wonder tell.

Let not my soul be join'd at last  
With men of treachery and blood,  
Since I my days on earth have past  
Among the saints, and near my God.

PSALM 27. First Part. C. M.

*Delight and safety in the Church.*

THE Lord of glory is my light,  
And my salvation too:  
He is my strength; nor will I fear  
What all my foes can do.

The privilege my heart desires;  
O grant me an abode,  
Within th' assemblies of thy saints,  
The temples of my God!

There shall I offer my requests,  
And see thy beauty still;

Shall hear thy messages of love,  
And there enquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear  
There may his children hide:  
God has a strong pavilion, where  
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high  
Above my foes around;  
And songs of joy and victory  
Within thy temple sound.

PSALM 27. *Second Part.* C. M.

*Comfort in God.*

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,

PSALM XXVIII.

PSALM 28. L. M.

*Deliverance from enemies—Prayer answered.*

- 1 **O** GOD of grace, my cry attend !  
Lest, like the sons of guilt become  
Beguil'd by Satan, I descend  
With hopeless wretches to the tomb.
- 2 To thee my humble sighs arise ;  
With lifted hands, on thee I call ;  
Lord, hear my fervent pray'rs and cries,  
Nor leave me in despair to fall.
- 3 Oh save my soul from shame and sin ;  
Nor let my heedless footsteps go,  
Where harden'd wretches swift decline  
Down the broad way to endless woe.
- 4 While peace their flatt'ring lips proclaim,  
And love profess, and hope impart ;  
They blast their neighbour's honest fame,  
And wing their arrows to his heart.
- 5 But, while they plant the secret snare,  
Thy searching eyes their path regard :  
Thy hands their dreadful doom prepare,  
And mete their guilt its just reward.
- 6 Because their hearts thy works despise,  
Thy works of wisdom, grace, and pow'r :  
Thy hand, regardless of their cries,  
Shall sink them, that they rise no more.
- 7 Blest be the Lord, who heard my pray'r ;  
The Lord, my shield, my help, my song ;  
Who sav'd my soul from sin and fear ;  
And tun'd with praise my thankful tongue
- 8 In the dark hour of deep distress,  
By foes beset, of death afraid ;  
My spirit trusted in his grace,  
And sought, and found his heav'nly aid.

- 11 Zion exalt, her cause maintain ;  
With peace and joy her courts surround  
In show'rs let endless blessings rain,  
And saints eternal praise resound.

PSALM 29. L. M.

*Majesty and power of God.*

- 1 **G**IVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,  
Give to the Lord renown and pow'r  
Ascribe due honours to his name,  
And his eternal might adore.
- 2 The Lord proclaims his pow'r aloud,  
Upon the ocean and the land :  
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,  
And lightnings blaze at his command.
- 3 He speaks, and tempest, hail and wind,  
Lay the wide forest bare around :  
The fearful hart, and frightened hind,  
Leap at the terror of the sound.

**PSALM XXX.**

**5**

language there the Lord  
els of his grace imparts :  
raging storm, his word  
ace and courage to our hearts.

**PSALM 30. L. M.**

*Sickness healed.*

extol thee, Lord, on high,  
y command diseases fly :  
a God, can speak, and save  
dark borders of the grave ?

e Lord, ye saints of his,  
ow large his goodness is ;  
ur pow'rs rejoice and bless,  
a record his holiness.

r but a moment stays ;  
s life and length of days :  
f and tears the night employ,  
ing-star restores the joy.

my health, my day was bright,  
esum'd 'twould ne'er be night :  
said within my heart,  
e and peace shall ne'er depart."

got thine arm was strong,  
ade my mountain stand so long \* .  
hy face began to hide,  
h was gone, my comforts died.

loud to thee, my God :  
an'st thou profit by my blood ?  
the dust can I declare  
ath, or sing thy glories there ?

ie, O God of grace," I said,  
ing me from among the dead :"  
d rebuk'd the pains I felt ;  
l'ning love remov'd my guilt.

PSALM 31. *First Part.* C. M. -

*Deliverance from death.*

**I**NTO thy hand, O God of truth,  
My spirit I commit;  
Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,  
And sav'd me from the pit.

The passions of my hope and fear  
Maintain'd a doubtful strife;  
While sorrow, pain, and sin conspir'd  
To take away my life.

"My times are in thy hand," I cried,  
"Tho' I draw near the dust;"  
Thou art the refuge where I hide,  
The God in whom I trust.

O make thy reconciled face  
Upon thy servant shine,  
And save me for thy mercy's sake!  
For I'm entirely thine.

"T was in my haste my spirit said,  
"I must despair and die;  
"I am cut off before mine eyes."

PSALM XXXI.

51

- 7 O love the Lord, all ye his saint's,  
And sing his praises loud :  
He'll bend his ear to your complaints,  
And recompense the proud.

PSALM 31. *Second Part.* C. M.

*Deliverance from slander and reproach.*

- 1 **M**Y heart rejoices in thy name,  
My Gcd, my help, my trust :  
Thou hast preserv'd my face from shame,  
Mine honour from the dust.
- 2 "My life is spent with grief," I cried,  
"My years consum'd in groans ;  
"My strength decays ; mine eyes are dried ;  
"And sorrow wastes my bones."
- 3 Among mine enemies my name  
Was a mere proverb grown ;  
While to my neighbours I became  
Forgotten and unknown.
- 4 Slander and fear on ev'ry side  
Seized and beset me round :  
I to the throne of grace applied,  
And speedy rescue found.
- 5 How great deliv'rance thou hast wrought  
Before the sons of men !  
The lying lips to silence brought,  
And made their boastings vain !
- 6 Thy children, from the strife of tongues,  
Shall thy pavilion hide ;  
Guard them from infamy and wrong,  
And crush the sons of pride.
- 7 Within thy secret presence, Lord,  
Let me for ever dwell :  
No fenceless wall'd and barr'd  
Secures a saint so well

IN SORROWS AND PAINS  
Angry foes my peace assail;  
In dangers thicken all around;  
Thee alone my help is found.

O' all the road, each day, each hour,  
When evils threaten to devour:  
The new complaint, some painful case,  
Thou drives me to the throne of grace.

Former friends their friend forget,  
And change their love to cruel hate;  
But truth and love with thee remain;  
Thy Saviour always is the same.

Support me in this sharp distress,  
While all forsake, and some oppress;  
And if my ways the Lord approve,  
Then turn their hatred into love.

**PSALM 32. First Part. L. M.**

*The justified believer.*

**B**LEST is the man, for ever blest,  
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God



PSALM XXXII, XXXIII.

With deep repentance well agree :  
And join to prove his faith sincere.

- 4 How glorious is that righteousness,  
That hides and cancels all his sins !  
While a bright evidence of grace,  
Thro' his whole life, appears and shines.

PSALM 32. *Second Part.* L. M.

*Benefits following confession.*

- 1 **W**HILE I keep silence, and conceal  
My heavy guilt within my heart,  
What torments doth my conscience feel !  
What agonies of inward smart ?
- 2 I spread my sins before the Lord,  
And all my secret faults confess :  
Thy gospel speaks a pard'ning word,  
Thy holy Spirit seals the grace.
- 3 For this shall ev'ry humble soul  
Make swift addresses to thy seat ;  
When floods of huge temptations roll,  
There shall they find a blest retreat.
- 4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,  
When days grow dark, and storms appear ;  
And when I walk, thy watchful eye  
Shall guide me safe from every snare.

PSALM 33. *First Part.* C. M.

*Creation and providence.*

- 1 **R**EJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord  
This work belongs to you :  
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,  
How holy, just and true !
- 2 His mercy and his righteousness  
Let heav'n and earth proclaim :

His works of nature and of *grace*  
Reveal his wond'rous name.

3 His wisdom and almighty word  
The heav'nly arches spread ;  
And by the spirit of the Lord  
Their shining hosts were made.

4 He bid the liquid waters flow  
To their appointed deep :  
The flowing seas their limits know,  
And their own station keep.

5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,  
With fear before him stand :  
He spake, and nature took its birth,  
And rests on his command.

6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,  
And breaks their vain designs ;

# PSALM XXXIV.

6

But holy souls from God obtain  
A strong and sure defence.

5 God is their fear, and God their trust,  
When plagues or famine spread :  
His watchful eye secures the just  
Among ten thousand dead.

6 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,  
And bless us from thy throne :  
For we have made thy word our choice,  
And trust thy grace alone.

## PSALM 34. *First Part.* C. M.

*Praise for eminent deliverance.*

1 **T**HRO' all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,  
And high exalt his name :  
When in distress on him I call'd,  
He to my rescue came.

3 The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just ;  
Deliv'rance he affords to all,  
Who on his succour trust.

4 O make but trial of his love :  
Experience will decide,  
How bless'd they are, and only they,  
Who in his truth confide.

5 Fear him, ye saints ; and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear :  
His service your delight ;  
Your wants his care.

PSALM 34. *Second Part.* L. M.*God's care of saints.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I will bless thee all my days ;  
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue :  
My soul shall glory in thy grace ;  
While saints rejoice to hear the song.
- 2 Come, magnify the Lord with me ;  
Come, let us all exalt his name :  
I sought th' eternal God, and he  
Has not expos'd my hope to shame :
- 3 I told him all my secret grief ;  
My secret groaning reach'd his ears :  
He gave my inward pains relief,  
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.
- 4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,  
Their faces feel the heav'nly beam :

your feet from impious ways,  
from slander and deceit.

of God regard his saints ;  
are open to their cries :  
his frowning face against  
of violence, and lies.

his souls and broken hearts  
his grace is ever nigh :  
and hope his love imparts,  
and in deep contrition lie.

their tears, he counts their groans ;  
redeems their souls from death :  
heals their broken bones ;  
and in praise employ their breath.

PSALM 34. *Fourth Part.* C. M.

*God's care of Saints.*

God for ever guards the just,  
his ears attend their cry :  
his spirits dwell in dust,  
and of grace is nigh.

' the sorrows, here they taste  
proud and tedious too ;  
, who saves his saints at last,  
' supporter now.

he smite the wicked dead ;  
and secures his own ;  
he mischief when they slide,  
and the broken bone

isolation, like a flood,  
: proud sinner rolls ;  
! a refuge in their God :  
: redeems their souls.

PSALM 35. *First Part.* C. M.*Judgments threatened on persecutors.*

- 1 **N**OW plead my cause, Almighty God,  
With all the sons of strife;  
And fight against the men of blood,  
Who fight against my life.
- 2 Draw out thy spear, and stop their way :  
Lift thine avenging rod ;  
But, to my soul in mercy say,  
“I am thy Saviour God.”
- 3 They plant their snares to catch my feet,  
And nets of mischief spread :  
Plunge the destroyers in the pit,  
That their own hands have made.

PSALM XXXV, XXXVI.

PSALM 35. *Second Part.* C. M.

*The love of Christ typified in David.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the love, the gen'rous love  
That holy David shows!  
Mark how his tender bowels move  
For his afflicted foes!
- 2 When they are sick, his soul complains,  
And seems to feel the smart;  
The spirit of the gospel reigns,  
And melts his pious heart.
- 3 How did his flowing tears condole  
As for a brother dead!  
And fasting mortified his soul,  
While for their life he pray'd.
- 4 They groan'd and curs'd him on their bed;  
Yet still he pleads and mourns:  
And double blessings on his head  
The righteous God returns.
- 5 O glorious type of heav'nly grace!  
Thus Christ the Lord appears;  
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,  
And pities them with tears.
- 6 He, the true David, Israel's king,  
Blest and belov'd of God,  
To save us rebels dead in sin,  
Paid his own dearest blood.

PSALM 36. *First Part.* S. M.

*Description and doom of practical atheism*

- 1 **W**HEN man grows bold in sin,  
My heart within me cries,  
He hath no faith of God within,  
"Nor fear before his eyes."
- 2 He walks a while conceal'd  
In a flattering dream:

- 4 He plots upon his bed  
New mischiefs to fulfil:  
He sets his heart, his hand and head,  
To practise all that's ill.

5 But there's a dreadful God,  
Tho' men renounce his fear:  
His justice, hid behind the cloud,  
Shall one great day appear.

6 His truth transcends the sky;  
In heav'n his mercies dwell;  
Deep as the sea his judgments lie;  
His anger burns to hell.

7 How excellent his love,  
Whence all our safety springs!  
O never let my soul remove  
From underneath his wings!

**PSALM 36. Second Part. L. M**

*Confidence in Divine Providence.*

1 **O** LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,  
The highest orb of heav'n transcend  
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope  
Beyond the spreading sky extends.



## PSALM XXXVII.

Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make :  
And saints to thy protection trust ?

1 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,  
To banquet on thy love's repast ;  
And drink, as from a fountain head,  
Of joys that shall for ever last.

5 With thee the springs of life remain ;  
Thy presence is eternal day :  
O ! let thy grace thy saints sustain :  
To upright hearts thy truth display.

### PSALM 37. *First Part.* C. M.

*Folly of envying the wicked.*

1 **W**HY should I vex my soul and fret  
To see the wicked rise ?  
Or envy sinners waxing great  
By violence and lies ?

2 As flow'ry grass, cut down at noon,  
Before the ev'ning fades ;  
So shall their glories vanish soon,  
In everlasting shades.

3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,  
And practise all that's good ;  
So shall I dwell among the just,  
And he'll provide me food.

4 I, to my God, my ways commit,  
And cheerful wait his will :  
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,  
Shall my desires fulfil.

5 Mine innocence shalt thou display ;  
And make thy judgments known,  
Fair as the light of dawning day,  
And glorious as the noon.

6 The meek at last the earth possess,  
And are the heirs of heav'n :

True riches, with abundant peace,  
To humble souls are giv'n.

7 Rest in the Lord, and keep his way,  
Nor let your anger rise;  
Tho' providence should long delay,  
To punish haughty vice.

8 Let sinners join to break your peace,  
And plot, and rage, and foam;  
The Lord derides them, for he sees  
Their day of vengeance come.

9 They have drawn out the threat'ning sword  
Have bent the murd'rous bow,  
To slay the men, that fear the Lord,  
And bring the righteous low.

His ready tongue declares to men,  
What he has learn'd of God.

The law and gospel of the Lord  
Deep in his heart abide;  
Led by the Spirit and the word,  
His feet shall never slide.

When sinners fall, the righteous stand  
Preserv'd from ev'ry snare;  
They shall possess the promis'd land,  
And dwell for ever there.

PSALM 37. *Third Part. C. M.*

*The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.*

**M**Y God, the steps of pious men  
Are order'd by thy will:  
Tho' they should fall, they rise again,  
Thy hand supports them still.

The Lord delights to see their ways,  
Their virtues he approves;  
He ne'er deprives them of his grace,  
Nor leaves the men he loves.

The heav'nly heritage is theirs,  
Their portion and their home:  
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs  
Of blessings long to come.

Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,  
Nor fear when tyrants frown:  
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,  
When justice casts them down.

The haughty sinner have I seen,  
Not fearing man or God,  
Like a tall bay-tree fair and green,  
Spreading his arms abroad.

*And lo! he vanish'd from the ground,  
Destroy'd by hands unseen:*

PSALM 38. C. M.

*The troubled conscience relieved.*

- 1 **A**MID thy wrath remember love;  
Restore thy servant, Lord;  
Nor let a father's chast'ning prove  
Like an avenger's sword.
- 2 Thine arrows stick within my heart;  
My flesh is sorely prest:  
Between the sorrow and the smart  
My spirit finds no rest.
- 3 My sins a heavy load appear,  
And o'er my head are gone;  
Too heavy for my soul to bear,  
Too hard for me to atone.
- 4 My thoughts are like a troubled sea,  
My head still bending down;  
And I go mourning all the day,  
Beneath my Father's frown.
- 5 Lord, I am afflicted and in pain;  
My heart is sorely vexed;  
My eyes are dim with tears, and I am  
Gone from the living.

My God will bear my spirit up,  
When Satan bids me die.

8 My foes rejoice to see me slide  
Into the miry pit:  
They raise their pleasure and their pride,  
When they supplant my feet.

9 But I'll confess my guilt to thee,  
And grieve for all my sin:  
I feel how weak my graces be,  
And beg support divine.

10 My God, forgive my follies past,  
And be for ever nigh:  
O Lord of my salvation, haste.  
Before thy servant die.

PSALM 39. *First Part.* C. M.

*Watchfulness over the tongue.*

**T**HUS I resolv'd before the Lord:  
"Now will I watch my tongue,  
"Lest I let slip one sinful word,  
"Or do my neighbour wrong."

And, if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay  
With men of lives profane;  
I'll set a double guard that day,  
Nor let my talk be vain.

I'll scarce allow my lips to speak  
The pious thoughts I feel;  
Lest scoffers should th' occasion take  
To mock my holy zeal.

Yet if some proper hour appear,  
I'll not be overaw'd;  
But let the scoffing sinners hear,  
That I can speak for God

- 2 A span is all that we can boast;  
How short, how fleet our time!  
Man is but vanity and dust,  
In all his flow'r and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move  
Like shadows o'er the plain:  
They rage and strive, desire and lo  
But all their noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show  
Some dig for golden ore;  
They toil for heirs they know not  
And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for then  
From creatures, earth and dust?  
They make our expectations vain,  
And disappoint our trust.
- 6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,  
My fond desires recall;  
I give my mortal interest up.

Thy soft attempts & murm'ring word,  
Against thy chast'ning hand.

Let I may plead with humble cries,  
"Remove thy sharp rebukes:"  
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,  
Thro' thy repeated strokes.

Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,  
We moulder to the dust:  
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withstand,  
And all our beauty's lost.

This mortal life decays apace,  
How soon the bubble's broke!  
Adam, and all his num'rous race,  
Are vanity and smoke.

I'm but a sojourner below,  
As all my fathers were;  
Say I be well prepar'd to go,  
When I the summons hear!

But, if my life be spar'd a while  
Before my last remove,  
Thy praise shall be my business still,  
And I'll declare thy love.

**PSALM 40. First Part. C. M**

*Deliverance from great distress.*

[ WAITED patient for the Lord;  
He bow'd to hear my cry:  
He saw me resting on his word,  
And brought salvation nigh.

He rais'd me from a horrid pit,  
Where mourning long I lay;  
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,  
Deep bonds of miry clay.

*Firm on a rock he made me stand;  
And taught my cheerful tongue*

To praise the wonders of his hand,  
In a new, thankful song.

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad  
The saints with joy shall hear;  
And sinners learn to make my God  
Their only hope and fear.

5 How many are thy thoughts of love!  
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!  
We have not words, nor hours enough,  
Their numbers to repeat.

6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,  
And light and peace depart,  
My God beholds my heavy woe,  
And bears me on his heart. -



aus by the woman's promis'd seed  
The serpent's head was broke.

**PSALM 40. Third Part. L. M.**

*Christ our sacrifice.*

**THE** wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,  
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought  
could I attempt the long detail,  
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

Thy blood of beasts on altars spilt,  
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt;  
But thou hast set before our eyes  
Thy all-sufficient sacrifice.

Thou heav'n before his Father's throne,  
Thy complacent smiles th' eternal Son;  
And pleas'd, presents with boundless grace  
Thyself, a ransom for our race.

"Behold! I come," (the Saviour cries,  
With love and duty in his eyes)  
I come to bear the heavy load  
Of sins, and do thy will, my God.

Thine ear is open'd to thy voice,  
My heart delighted with thy choice:  
Pleas'd, I assume a fleshly form;  
Akin to man, that dying worm.

'Tis written in thy great decree;  
'Tis in thy book foretold of me;  
I must fulfil the Saviour's part;  
And lo! thy law is in my heart.

I'll magnify thy holy law,  
And rebels to obedience draw;  
When on my cross I'm lifted high,  
Or to my crown above the sky.

The Spirit shall descend, and show  
What thou hast done, and what I do

"The wond'ring world shall learn thy grace,  
"Thy wisdom and thy righteousness."

## PSALM 41. L. M.

*Charity to the poor.*

- 1 **B**LEST is the man whose bowels move,  
And melt with pity to the poor;  
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,  
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.
- 2 His heart contrives, for their relief,  
More good than his own hands can do:  
He, in the time of gen'ral grief,  
Shall find the Lord has bowels too.
- 3 His soul shall live secure on earth,  
With secret blessings on his head;  
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth,  
Around him multiply their dead.

Is with a mournful pleasure now  
 I think on ancient days ;  
 When to thy house did numbers go,  
 And all our work was praise.

But why's my soul sunk down so far  
 Beneath this heavy load ?  
 Why do my thoughts indulge despair,  
 And sin against my God ?

Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand  
 Can all thy woes remove :  
 For I shall yet before him stand,  
 And sing restoring love.

**PSALM 42. Second Part. 'L. M.**

*Hope in affliction.*

**M**Y spirit sinks within me, Lord,  
 But I will call thy name to mind ;  
 And times of past distress record,  
 When I have found my God was kind.

Large troubles, with tumultuous noise,  
 Well like a sea, and round me spread ;  
 Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,  
 And rising waves roll o'er my head.

Yet will the Lord command his love,  
 When I address his throne by day ;  
 For in the night his grace remove :  
 The night shall hear me sing and pray.

'I'll cast myself before his feet,  
 And say, " My God, my heav'nly Rock !  
 Why doth thy love so long forget  
 The soul, that groans beneath thy stroke ?"

'I'll chide my heart that sinks so low ;  
 Why should my soul indulge her grief ?  
 Hope in the Lord, and praise him too :  
 He is my rest, my sure relief.

- 6 Thy light and truth shall guide me still :  
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ  
And lead me to thine heav'nly hill,  
My God, my most exceeding joy.

## PSALM 43. P. M.

*Complaint mingled with hope.*

- 1 **M**Y God, defend my cause  
Against a host of foes :  
O ! save me from th' unjust,  
Who triumph in my woes.  
Why dost thou faint,  
My trembling heart ?  
To God impart  
Thy sad complaint.

- 2 Why dost thou, O my shield,

PSALM XLIV.

I'll hear thy word  
With faith sincere,  
And learn to fear  
And praise the Lord.

There reach thy bounteous hand,  
And all my sorrows heal,  
There health and strength divine  
O! make my bosom feel.

Like balmy dew,  
Shall Jesus' voice  
My bones rejoice,  
My strength renew.

Then, in thy holy hill,  
Before thine altar, Lord,  
My harp and song shall sound  
The glories of thy word.

Henceforth to thee,  
O God of grace,  
A hymn of praise  
My life shall be.

My soul, awake to joy,  
And triumph in the Lord,  
My health, my hope, my song,  
And my divine reward.

Ye fears, remove,  
No more I mourn;  
But blest return  
To sing his love.

PSALM 44. C. M

*The Church's complaint in persecution.*

**L**ORD, we have heard thy works of old,  
Thy works of pow'r and grace;  
When to our ears our fathers told  
The wonders of their days:

And grace was all their song.

But now our souls are seiz'd with shame,  
Confusion fills our face,  
To hear the enemy blaspheme,  
And fools reproach thy grace.

Yet have we not forgot our God  
Nor falsely dealt with heav'n;  
Nor have our steps declin'd the road  
Of duty thou hast giv'n.

Tho' dragons all around us roar,  
With their destructive breath;  
And thine own hand has bruis'd us sore  
Hard by the gates of death.

We are expos'd all day to die,  
As martyrs for thy cause;  
As sheep for slaughter, bound we lie,  
By sharp and bloody laws.

Awake, arise, Almighty Lord!  
Why sleeps thy wonted grace?  
Why should we look like men abhorr'd  
Or banish'd from thy face?

## PSALM XLV

Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,  
And all their pow'rs confound.

- 11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,  
Our Saviour and our God :  
We plead the honours of thy name,  
The merits of thy blood.

### PSALM 45. *First Part.* L. M.

#### *The glory of Christ.*

- 1 **N**OW be my heart inspir'd to sing  
The glories of my Saviour King ;  
Jesus the Lord ; how heav'nly fair  
His form ! how bright his beauties are !
- 2 O'er all the sons of human race,  
He shines with a superior grace ;  
Love from his lips divinely flows,  
And blessings all his state compose.
- 3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord !  
Gird on the terror of thy sword !  
In majesty and glory ride,  
With truth and meekness at thy side.
- 4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,  
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart .  
Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,  
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.
- 5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands :  
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands ;  
Thy laws and works are just and right :  
Justice and grace are thy delight.
- 6 O God, thy God has richly shed  
His oil of gladness on thy head,  
And with his sacred Spirit blest  
Th' eternal Son above the rest.

- 2 At his right hand our eyes behold  
The queen array'd in purest gold :  
The world admires her heav'nly dress  
Her robe of joy and righteousness.
- 3 He forms her beauties like his own,  
He calls and seats her near his throne  
Fair stranger, let thy heart forget  
The idols of thy native state.
- 4 So shall the King the more rejoice  
In thee, the fav'rite of his choice ;  
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd :  
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.
- 5 O happy hour ! when thou shalt rise  
To his fair palace in the skies ;  
And all thy sons (a numerous train)  
Each, like a prince, in glory reign.
- 6 Let endless honours crown his head ;  
Let ev'ry age his praises spread ;  
While we with cheerful songs approve  
The condescencion of his love.

PSALM 46. *First Part.* L.

*The safety of the Church.*



PSALM XLVI.

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Or lofty hills from their abode,  
Torn piecemeal by the roaring flood.

Let angry waves together roll'd  
Rage on with fury uncontrol'd ;  
We will not fear, whilst we depend  
On God, who is our constant friend.

A gentler stream, that ever flows,  
And joy to all around bestows,  
The city of the Lord shall fill,  
The city where he's worshipp'd still.

God dwells in Zion, whose strong tow'rs  
Shall mock th' assault of earthly pow'rs ;  
And his almighty aid is nigh,  
To those who on his strength rely.

PSALM 46. *Second Part.* L. M.

*The Church's safety amid national distress*

[ET Sion in her King rejoice,  
Tho' tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise ;  
He utters his almighty voice,  
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

The Lord of old for Jacob fought,  
And Jacob's God is still our aid :  
Behold the works his hand hath wrought,  
What desolations he hath made !

From sea to sea thro' all the shores,  
He makes the noise of battles cease ;  
Then from on high his thunder roars,  
He awes the trembling world to peace.

He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,  
Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame :  
Keep silence all the earth, and hear  
The sound and glory of his name.

iance to the gates of hell.

**PSALM 47. C. M.**

*Christ ascending and reigning*

**FOR** a shout of sacred joy,  
To God the sov'reign King !  
Ev'ry land their tongues employ,  
And hymns of triumph sing.  
Our God, our God, ascends on high ;  
His heav'nly guards around  
Attend him rising thro' the sky,  
With trumpets' joyful sound.  
While angels shout and praise their King  
Let mortals learn their strains :  
Let all the earth his honours sing ;  
O'er all the earth he reigns.  
To hear his praise with awe profound,  
Let knowledge lead the song ;  
Nor mock him with a solemn sound  
Upon a thoughtless tongue.  
Israel stood his ancient throne,  
He lov'd that chosen race ;

PSALM XLVIII.

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PSALM 48. *First Part.* S. M.

*The Church is the honour and safety of a nation.*

1 **G**REAT is the Lord our God,  
And let his praise be great;  
As makes his churches his abode,  
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,  
How beautiful they stand!  
The honour of our native place,  
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known,  
A refuge in distress:  
How bright hath his salvation shone  
Thro' all her palaces!

4 When Kings against her join'd,  
And saw the Lord was there;  
In wild confusion of the mind  
They fled with hasty fear.

5 When navies tall and proud  
Attempt to spoil our peace,  
He sends his tempests roaring loud,  
And sinks them in the seas.

6 Oft have our fathers told;  
Our eyes have often seen;  
How well our God secures the fold,  
Where his own sheep have been.

7 In ev'ry new distress,  
We'll to his house repair:  
We'll think upon his wond'rous grace,  
And seek deliv'rance there.

PSALM 48. *Second Part.* S. M.

*The worship and order of the Church*

**F**AR as thy name is known,  
The world declares thy praise:

And say where we dwell,  
Compass and view the holy ground,  
And mark the building well;

4 The orders of thy house,  
The worship of thy court,  
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,  
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise!  
How glorious to behold,  
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,  
And rites adorn'd with gold!

6 The God we worship now,  
Will guide us till we die;  
Will be our God while here below,  
And ours above the sky.

PSALM 49. *First Part.* C. M  
*The vanity of life and riches.*

1 **W**HY doth the man of riches grow  
To insolence and pride,  
To see his wealth and honours flow

**PSALM XLIX.**

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One guilty hour,  
Can make his brother live.

Life is a blessing can't be sold,  
The ransom is too high;  
Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold,  
That man may never die.

He sees the brutish and the wise,  
The tim'rous and the brave,  
But their possessions, close their eyes,  
And hasten to the grave.

'Tis his inward thought and pride,  
"My house shall ever stand;  
And that my name may long abide,  
"I'll give it to my land."

'Tis his thoughts, his hopes are lost,  
How soon his mem'ry dies!  
His name is buried in the dust,  
Where his own carcass lies.

This is the folly of their way;  
And yet their sons, as vain,  
Approve the words their fathers say,  
And act their works again.

Men void of wisdom and of grace,  
If honours raise them high,  
Live like the beasts, a thoughtless race,  
And like the beasts they die.

Laid in the grave like silly sheep,  
Death feeds upon them there;  
Till the last trumpet breaks their sleep  
In terror and despair.

**PSALM 49. Second Part. C. M.**

*Death and the resurrection.*

*YE sons of pride that hate the just,  
And trample on the poor;*

And break the prison of the grave,  
To raise my bones afresh.

- 4 Heav'n is my everlasting home,  
Th' inheritance is sure;  
Let men of pride their rage resume,  
But I'll repine no more.

**PSALM 50. First Part. C. M.**

*The last judgment, Saints rewarded.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the Judge, before his throne  
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,  
The nations near the rising sun,  
And near the western sky.
- 2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,  
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"  
No more abuse his long delay  
To impudence and sin.
- 3 Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come,  
Bright flames prepare his way;  
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm

Redeemer's sacrifice,  
And it with his blood.

And works brought forth to light,  
Make the world confess  
That of reward is right,  
And we adore thy grace."

*PS. 50. Second Part. C. M.*

*Knowledge is better than sacrifice.*

With the Lord, "The spacious fields,  
Flocks and herds, are mine :  
The cattle of the hills  
Are a right divine.

Sheep for sacrifice,  
Bullocks burnt with fire ;  
And love, to pray and praise,  
That I require.

Thy name when trouble's near,  
And shall set thee free ;  
Let thy thankful lips declare  
Thy honour due to me.

That offers humble praise,  
Is my glory best ;  
That tread my holy ways,  
Thy salvation taste.

We want of bullocks slain  
The world reprove :  
Thy rites and forms are vain,  
Not the fire of love.

Have hypocrites to do  
With their sacrifice ?  
Thy statutes just and true,  
Not in theft and lies.

Expect to 'scape my sight,  
Without control ?

**PSALM 50. Third Part. L. M.**

*Hypocrisy warned.*

**THE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns :**

Let hypocrites attend and fear,  
no place their hope in rites and forms,  
nor make not faith nor love their care.

These wretches dare rehearse his name  
with lips of falsehood and deceit.  
Friend or brother they defame,  
and soothe and flatter those they hate

They watch to do their neighbours wrong  
nor dare to seek their Maker's face ;  
they take his cov'nant on their tongue,  
nor break his laws, abuse his grace.

How heav'n they lift their hands unclean,  
defil'd with lust, defil'd with blood :  
By night, they practise ev'ry sin ;  
By day, their mouths draw near to God.

And, while his judgments long delay,  
they grow secure, and sin the more :



PSALM L, LI.

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PSALM 50. *Fourth Part.* P. M.

*The last judgment.*

- 1 **T**HE God of glory sends his summons forth,  
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north  
From east to west the sov'reign orders spread,  
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead.  
*The trumpet sounds ; hell trembles ; heav'n rejoices*  
*Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.*
- 2 No more shall atheists mock his long delay ;  
His vengeance sleeps no more : behold the day !  
Behold the Judge descends ! his guards are nigh ;  
Tempests and fire attend him down the sky.  
*When God appears, all nature shall adore him :*  
*While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.*
- 3 Sinners, awake betimes ; ye fools, be wise ;  
Awake, before this dreadful morning rise :  
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works  
amend,  
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend :  
*Then join, ye saints ; wake ev'ry cheerful passion,*  
*When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.*

PSALM 51. *First Part.* L. M.

*A penitent pleading for pardon.*

- 1 **S**HOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,  
Let a repenting rebel live ;  
Are not thy mercies large and free ?  
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass  
The pow'r and glory of thy grace :  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound ;  
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

Lord, should thy judgment given be,  
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
'Hose hope, still hov'ring round thy word  
'ould light on some sweet promise there  
Some sure support against despair. 

**PSALM 51. Second Part. L. M**

*Original and actual sins confessed.*

[ LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,  
And born unholy and unclean :  
Sprung from the man, whose guilty fall  
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our infant breath,  
The seeds of sin grow up for death :  
Thy law demands a perfect heart ;  
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.

Great God, create my heart anew,  
And form my spirit pure and true ;  
O ! make me wise betimes, to see  
My danger and my remedy.

Behold ! I fall before thy face ;  
My only refuge is thy grace :

PSALM LI.

9

Jesus, my God, thy blood alone  
hath pow'r sufficient to atone :  
thy blood can make me white as snow ;  
no Jewish type could cleanse me so.

While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,  
or flesh nor soul hath rest or ease :  
ord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,  
and make my broken bones rejoice.

PSALM 51. *Third Part.* L. M.

*a backslider reclaimed, or, Repentance and faith  
in the blood of Christ.*

THOU, that hear'st when sinners cry,  
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,  
vert from them thy angry look,  
and blot their mem'ry from thy book.

create my nature pure within,  
and form my soul averse to sin ;  
et thy good spirit ne'er depart,  
or hide thy presence from my heart.  
cannot live without thy light,  
cast out and banish'd from thy sight :  
thy holy joys, my God, restore,  
and guard me that I fall no more.

Tho' I have griev'd thy spirit, Lord,  
thine help and comfort still afford :  
and let a wretch come near thy throne,  
to plead the merits of thy Son.

broken heart, my God, my King,  
all the sacrifice I bring :  
the God of grace will ne'er despise  
broken heart for sacrifice.

My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
and owns thy dreadful sentence just .  
look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
and save the soul condemn'd to die.

salvation shall be all my song :  
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless  
The Lord, my strength and righteousness:

PSALM 52. *First Part.* L. 1

*The destruction of tyrants and persec*

- 1 **W**HY should the haughty tyrant boast  
His vengeful arm, his warlike host  
While blood defiles his cruel hand,  
And desolation wastes the land.
- 2 He joys to hear the captive's cry,  
The widow's groan, the orphan's sigh ;  
And, when the weary sword would spare  
His falsehood spreads the fatal snare.
- 3 He triumphs in the deeds of wrong,  
And arms with rage his impious tongue ;  
With pride proclaims his dreadful pow'r,  
And bids the trembling world adore.
- 4 But God is good, and with a frown,  
Casts to the dust his honours down :  
The righteous, freed, their hopes recall,  
And hail the proud oppressor's fall.
- 5 How low the arrogant will fall

PSALM 52. *Second Part.* L. M.

*the experience of the Lord's people in his house.*

**W**ORD in reason, spoke with pow'r,  
I've often heard within these walls;  
at none surpassing, what this holy  
tends the precious gospel calls.

When Christ unveils his lovely face,  
and grace for grace is largely giv'n;  
glory shines, which makes this place  
his house of God, the gate of heav'n.

Here, in thy courts, let me be seen,  
growing in faith, and hope, and love:  
like olives fair, and fresh, and green,  
and rip'ning for the world above.

Here will I view thy glory, Lord,  
and songs for all thy goodness raise:  
here will I wait to hear thy word,  
and join with saints who sing thy praise.

PSALM 53. *First Part.* L. M.*Practical Atheism.*

**T**HERE is a God," all nature cries:  
The heav'n's and earth this truth confess;  
Yet this, the atheist fool denies,  
And dares his impious thoughts express.

The Lord, from his celestial tow'r,  
look'd down, the sons of men to view;  
To see if any own'd his pow'r,  
if any truth and justice knew.

But all he saw were gone aside,  
All, in their hearts, were atheists grown;  
None took religion for their guide,  
Not one did God his sov'reign own.

...no appoints,  
To them his grace with pow'r extends;  
And changes atheists into saints.

PSALM 53. *Second Part.* C. M.  
*The folly of persecutors—Security of Sai*

- 1 **A**RE all the foes of Zion fools,  
Who thus devour her saints?  
Do they not know her Saviour rules,  
And pities her complaints?
- 2 They shall be seiz'd with sad surprise:  
For God's avenging arm  
Scatters the bones of them, that rise  
To do his children harm.
- 3 In vain the sons of Satan boast  
Of armies in array:  
When God has first dispers'd their host,  
They fall an easy prey.
- 4 O for a word from Zion's King,  
Her captives to restore!  
Jacob with all his tribes shall sing,  
And Judah weep no more.

PSALM 54. P. M.

**PSALM I.V**

**29**

against me rise,  
from the skies :  
thy church and kingdom, Lord !  
thy fearful name :  
in their shame,  
he wonders of thy word.

King divine,  
friends are thine,  
that still my soul sustain :  
my foes subdue,  
their hearts anew,  
bless them from eternal pain ?

in ev'ry woe,  
and here below,  
thy name with those I love :  
beyond the skies,  
unbodied rise,  
in the realms above.

**PS. 55. First Part. C. M.**

*For the afflicted and tempted soul.*

my refuge, hear my cries,  
my flowing tears :  
and quell my hurt devise,  
triumph in my fears.

is levell'd at my life ;  
with guilt they load ;  
thoughts with inward strife,  
my hope in God.

I pain my heart-strings sound,  
with ev'ry breath :  
fear beset me round,  
the shades of death.

like a feather'd dove,  
and I stretch my wings,

5 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all,  
To 'scape the rage of hell!  
The mighty God on whom I call,  
Can save me here as well.

PSALM 55. *Second Part.* S. M.

*Daily devotions.*

1 **L**ET sinners take their course,  
And choose the road to death;  
But in the worship of my God  
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts 'address his throne,  
When morning brings the light:  
seek his blessing ev'ry noon,  
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,  
O my eternal God!  
While sinners perish in surprise,  
Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,  
And no sad changes feel;  
They neither fear nor trust thy name,  
Nor learn to do thy will



It makes the oppressor cease ;  
how envious sinners try  
to break my peace.

As of violence and lies  
to devour me, Lord ;  
my hourly dangers rise,  
refuge is thy word.

Most holy, just, and true,  
I repose'd my trust ;  
I I fear what flesh can do  
offspring of the dust.

Rest my words to mischief still,  
Re me with unknown faults :  
If doth all their counsels fill,  
Malice all their thoughts.

They escape without thy frown ?  
Their devices stand ?  
O the haughty sinner down,  
Let him know thy hand !

**SALM 56. Second Part. C. M**

*God's care of his people.*

He counts the sorrows of his saints.

"How righteous all thy ways!"

- Thou hast secur'd my soul from death;  
O! set thy pris'ner free;  
That heart and hand, and life and breath  
May be employ'd for thee.

PSALM 57. L. M.

*Providence praised.*

- 1 **M**Y God, in whom are all the springs  
Of boundless love, and grace unknown  
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,  
Till the dark cloud is overblown.
- 2 Up to the heav'ns I send my cry,  
The Lord will my desires perform:  
He sends his angels from the sky,  
And saves me from the threat'ning storm
- 3 Be thou exalted, O my God!  
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell:  
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,  
Let land to land thy wonders tell.
- 4 My heart is fix'd; my song shall raise  
Immortal honours to thy name:

**Warning to magistrates.**

Who rule the world by laws,  
Who despise the righteous cause,  
Whose oppression wastes the land?  
Whom the righteous poor,  
Whom sinners 'scape secure,  
Whom old and greatness bribe your hand?

When, or never knew,  
Will judge the judges too?  
The heav'n's his justice reigns:  
He vades the rights of God,  
Whom our bold decrees abroad,  
Whom the conscience in your chains.

Whom arrow is your tongue,  
Whom sharp, the poison strong,  
Whom attends where'er it wounds;  
Whom counsels, cries, nor tears;  
Whom adder stops her ears  
Whom the pow'r of charming sounds.

Whom their teeth, eternal God!  
Whom of lions, dy'd in blood;

Or snails that perish in their slime,  
Or births that come before their time,  
Vain births, that never see the sun.

- 6 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord,  
Safety and joy to saints afford :  
' And all that hear shall join and say,  
" Sure there's a God that rules on high,  
" A God that hears his children cry,  
" And will their suff'rings well repay."

## PSALM 59. S. M.

*Prayer against invading foes.*

- 1 **F**ROM foes that round us rise,  
O God of heav'n, defend ;  
Who brave the vengeance of the skies,  
And with thy saints contend.

But drive them, with thine angry breath,  
Thro' distant lands to roam.

7 Then shall our grateful voice  
Proclaim our guardian God;  
The nations round the earth rejoice,  
And sound thy praise abroad.

## PSALM 60. C. M.

*On a day of humiliation in war.*

1 **L**ORD, thou hast scourged our guilty land  
Behold, thy people mourn:  
Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand?  
Shall mercy ne'er return?

2 Beneath the terrors of thine eye,  
Earth's haughty tow'rs decay:  
Thy frowning mantle spreads the sky,  
And mortals melt away.

3 Our Zion trembles at thy stroke,  
And dreads thy lifted hand:  
O! heal the nation thou hast broke,  
And save the sinking land.

4 Exalt the banner in the field,  
For those that fear thy name;  
From barb'rous hosts thy people shield,  
And put our foes to shame.

5 Attend our armies to the fight,  
And be their guardian God:  
In vain shall num'rous pow'rs unite,  
Against thy lifted rod.

6 Our troops, beneath thy guiding hand,  
Shall gain a glad renown:  
'Tis God, who makes the feeble stand,  
And treads the mighty down.

2 O lead me to the rock,  
That's high above my head;  
And make the covert of thy wings  
• My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,  
For ever I'll abide;  
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,  
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot  
Of those that fear thy name:  
If endless life be their reward,  
I shall possess the same.

PSALM 61. *Second Part.* L. M  
*Jesus our king.*

**M**Y soul, of thy protection sure,  
Against her foes shall rest secure;  
For thou, O God, hast heard my vows,  
And brought me joyful to thy house.

With all thy saints I'll strive to sing  
The glories of my heav'nly King;  
Whom thou in mercy didst ordain,  
Should ever praise thy name.

I'll devote our future days,  
our vows and sing thy praise.

PSALM 62. L. M.

*On the grace and pow'r of the Redeemer.*

Spirit looks to God alone ;  
My rock and refuge is his throne ;  
My fears, in all my straits,  
On his salvation waits.

Oh, ye saints, in all your ways,  
Set your hearts before his face :  
When helpers fail and foes invade,  
On his all-sufficient aid.

See the men of high degree,  
Of what sort are vanity ;  
The balance both appear  
As a puff of empty air.

Not increasing gold your trust,  
Your hearts on glitt'ring dust ;  
Will ye grasp the fleeting smoke,  
Or believe what God has spoke ?

With his awful voice declar'd,  
And again my ears have heard  
That his pow'r is his eternal due ;  
Must be fear'd and trusted too."

His sovereign pow'r reigns not alone,  
But a partner of the throne :  
His grace and justice, mighty Lord,  
Shall divide our last reward.

PSALM 63. *First Part.* C. M.

*Lord's Day morning.*

Oh, my God, without delay,  
Haste to seek thy face ;  
My spirit sinks away  
Without thy cheering grace.

Let my best passions move ;  
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,  
As thy forgiving love.

- 4 Thus, till my last expiring day,  
I'll bless my God and king ;  
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
And tune my lips to sing.

PSALM 63. *Second Part.* L. M.

*Delight in God and his worship.*

**G**REAT God, indulge my humble claim,  
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;  
The glories, that compose thy name,  
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

Thou Great and Good, thou Just and Wise,  
Thou art my Father and my God ;  
And I am thine by sacred ties,  
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

With early feet I love t' appear  
Among the saints, and seek thy face ;  
Oft have I seen thy glory there,  
And felt the pow'r of sov'reign grace.

Not fruits nor wines that I desire



**PSALM LXIII, LXIV.**

the wakeful hours of night,  
my cares afflict my head;  
light of thee gives new delight,  
a refreshment to my bed.

my hands, I'll raise my voice,  
have breath to pray, or praise;  
thou shalt make my heart rejoice,  
as the remnant of my days.

**PSALM 63. Third Part. S. M**

*Seeking God.*

O God, permit my tongue  
This joy, to call thee mine;  
My early cries prevail  
In thy love divine.

My thirsty fainting soul  
Thy mercy does implore;  
As in desert lands  
I wait for water more.

In thy churches, Lord,  
I seek to find my place,  
And glory to behold,  
Feel thy quick'ning grace.

For thou hast been my help,  
When my spirit flies;  
By thy watchful providence,  
My cheerful hope relies.

In the shadow of thy wings  
My soul in safety keeps;  
Where my Father leads,  
Thou supports my steps.

**PSALM 64. L. M.**

*Seeking deliverance from enemies.*

O God, attend to my complaint,  
And let my drooping spirit faint:

When foes in secret spread the snare,  
Let my salvation be thy care.

2 Shield me without, and guard within;  
From vile temptations and from sin;  
May envy, lust, and pride depart,  
And heav'nly grace expand my heart.

3 Thy justice and thy pow'r display,  
And scatter far thy foes away;  
While list'ning nations learn thy word,  
And saints, triumphant, bless the Lord.

4 Then shall thy Church exalt her voice,  
And all that love thy name rejoice:  
By faith approach thine awful throne,  
And plead the merits of thy Son.

and distant islands fly to thee,  
And make thy name their trust.

- They dread thy glitt'ring tokens, Lord,  
When signs in heav'n appear;  
But they shall learn thy holy word,  
And love as well as fear.

**PSALM 65. Second Part. C. M.**

*The providence of God in air, earth, and sea.*

- 1 **T**HIS by thy strength the mountains stand,  
God of eternal pow'r;  
The sea grows calm at thy command,  
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light and ev'ning shade  
Successive comforts bring;  
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,  
Thy flow'rs adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and times, and months, and hours,  
Heav'n, earth, and air are thine;  
When clouds distil in fruitful show'rs,  
The Author is divine.
- 4 Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky,  
Borne by the winds around,  
With wat'ry treasures well supply  
The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,  
And ranks of corn appear;  
Thy ways abound with blessings still,  
Thy goodness crowns the year.

**PSALM 65. Third Part. P. M.**

*The providence of God in the seasons*

- 1 **H**OW pleasing is thy voice,  
O Lord, our heav'nly King,  
That bids the frosts retire,  
And wakes the lovely spring!

**Thro' earth and skies, with terror spread  
Thy tokens dread, all lands surprise.**

**3 The morn, with glory crown'd,  
Thy hand arrays in smiles;  
Thou bid'st the eve decline,  
Rejoicing o'er the hills.  
Soft suns ascend ; the mild wind blows;  
And beauty glows to earth's far end.**

**4 Thou mak'st the pasture green;  
Thou call'st the flocks abroad;  
The springing corn proclaims  
The footsteps of our God.  
Both bird and beast partake thy care,  
And happy share the gen'ral feast.**

**5 Thy show'rs make soft the fields;  
On ev'ry side, behold!  
The rip'ning harvests wave  
Their loads of richest gold.  
The lab'ers sing with cheerful voice,  
And, blest, rejoice in God their King.**

**6 The thunder is his voice;  
His arrows blessing sweep**

He spreads th' autumnal feast,  
 And rides in wintry storms.  
 His gifts divine thro' all appear,  
 And round the year his glories shine.

PSALM 66. *First Part.* C. M.  
*Almighty and gracious Providence.*

- 1 **S**ING, all ye nations, to the Lord,  
 Sing with a joyful noise;  
 With melody of sound record  
 His honours, and your joys.
- 2 Say to the Pow'r that shakes the sky,  
 "How terrible art thou!  
 "Sinners before thy presence fly,  
 "Or at thy feet they bow."
- 3 He rules by his resistless might;  
 Will rebel mortals dare  
 Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,  
 And tempt that dreadful war?
- 4 O bless our God, and never cease;  
 Ye saints, fulfil his praise;  
 He keeps our life, maintains our peace,  
 And guides our doubtful ways.
- 5 Lord, thou hast prov'd our suff'ring souls,  
 To make our graces shine:  
 So silver bears the burning coals,  
 The metal to refine.
- 6 Thro' wat'ry deeps, and fiery ways,  
 We march at thy command,  
 Led, to possess the promis'd place,  
 By thine unerring hand.

PSALM 66. *Second Part.* C. M.  
*Praise to God for hearing prayer.*

- 1 **N**OW shall my solemn vows be paid  
 To that Almighty pow'r,

- 3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,  
 I sought his heav'nly aid ;  
 He sav'd my sinking soul from hell,  
 And death's eternal shade.
- 4 If sin lay cover'd in my heart,  
 While pray'r employ'd my tongue,  
 The Lord had shown me no regard,  
 Nor I his praises sung. ●
- 5 But God (his name be ever blest)  
 Hath set my spirit free ;  
 Nor turn'd from him my poor request,  
 Nor turn'd his heart from me.

PSALM 67. C. M.

*The prosperity of the nation, and increase  
 the church.*

- 1 **S**HINE on our land, Jehovah, shine,  
 With beams of heav'nly grace !  
 Reveal thy pow'r thro' all our coasts,  
 And show thy smiling face.
- 2 Here fix thy throne exalted high,  
 And, here, our glory stand :  
 And, like a wall of guardian fire,  
 Surround the faithful band.

et thankful tongues exalt his praise,  
And thankful hearts rejoice.

le, the great Lord, the sov'reign Judge,  
That sits enthron'd above,  
Visely commands the worlds, he made,  
In justice and in love.

erth shall confess her Maker's hand,  
And yield a full increase:  
For God will crown his chosen land  
With fruitfulness and peace.

led, the Redeemer, scatters round  
His choicest favours here;  
While the creation's utmost bound  
Shall see, adore, and fear.

**PSALM 68. First Part. L. M.**

*Majesty and compassion of God.*

[ET God arise in all his might,  
And put the troops of hell to flight:  
As smoke, that sought to cloud the skies,  
Before the rising tempest flies.

He rides and thunders thro' the sky;  
His name Jehovah sounds on high;  
Singing to his name, ye sons of grace:  
The saints, rejoice before his face.

The widow and the fatherless  
Fly to his aid in sharp distress;  
To him, the poor and helpless find  
A Judge, that's just, a Father kind.

He breaks the captive's heavy chain,  
And pris'ners see the light again;  
But rebels, that dispute his will,  
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;  
Crown him, ye nations, in your song:

- 7 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest ;  
He's your defence, your joy, your rest :  
When terrors rise, and nations faint,  
God is the strength of ev'ry saint.

PSALM 68. *Second Part.* L. M

*The ascension of Christ, and the gift of the*

- 1 **L**ORD, when thou didst ascend on high,  
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky :  
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,  
Like chariots, that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear  
More glorious when the Lord was there ;  
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,  
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,  
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,  
That thousand souls have captive made,  
Were all in chains like captives led.
- 4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,  
He sent the promis'd Spirit down,  
With gifts and grace for rebel men,  
That God might dwell on earth again



**PSALM LXIX.**

**117**

he sun his circuit round,  
he fruits, to warm the ground ;  
e clouds, with plenteous rain,  
e thirsty earth again.

care we owe our breath,  
r near escapes from death :  
health to God belong,  
he weak and guards the strong.

the saint and sinner prove  
ion blessings of his love :  
ide diff'rence that remains,  
joy, and endless pains.

that bruis'd the serpent's head,  
serpent's seed shall tread :  
orn sinner's hope confound,  
him with a lasting wound.

ght hand his saints shall raise  
deep earth, or deeper seas ;  
them to his courts above :  
all they taste his special love.

**PSALM 69. First Part. L. M**

*Christ's passion.*

in our hearts let us record  
deeper sorrows of our Lord ,  
he rising billows roll,  
helm his holy soul.

omplaints he spends his breath  
sts of hell, and pow'rs of death  
ie sons of malice join  
te their curs'd design.

ious God, thy pow'r and love  
le the curse a blessing prove :  
adful suff'rings of thy Son  
: sins which we had done.

... shall heal us in his name,  
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to sha:

PSALM 69. *Second Part.*

*The sufferings and zeal of (*

- 1 **T**'WAS for my sake, eternal God  
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy  
Of base reproach, and sore disgrace  
And shame defil'd his sacred face.
- 2 The Jews, his brethren and his kin,  
Abus'd the man that check'd their s  
While he fulfill'd thy holy laws,  
They hate him, but without a cause.
- 3 "My Father's house," said he, "wa  
"A place for worship, not for trade:  
Then scatt'ring all their gold and br  
He scourg'd the merchants from the
- 4 Zeal for the temple of his God  
Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood;  
Reproaches, at thy glory thrown,  
He felt, and mourn'd them as his ow
- 5 His friends forsook, his follow'rs fled,  
While foes and arms were

- 7 Wretches, with hearts as hard as stones,  
 Insult his piety and groans ;  
 Gall was the food they gave him there,  
 And mock'd his thirst with vinegar.
- 8 But God beheld ; and from his throne  
 Mark'd out the men that hate his Son :  
 The hand that rais'd him from the dead,  
 Shall pour due vengeance on their head.

PSALM 69. *Third Part.* C. M.*Praise for the obedience and death of Christ.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, I sing thy wond'rous grace  
 I bless my Saviour's name ;  
 He bought salvation for the poor,  
 And bore the sinner's shame.
- 2 His deep distress hath rais'd us high :  
 His duty and his zeal  
 Fulfill'd the law, which mortals broke,  
 And finish'd all thy will.
- 3 His dying groans, his living songs  
 Shall better please my God,  
 Than harp's or trumpet's solemn sound,  
 Than goat's or bullock's blood.
- 4 This shall his humble follow'rs see,  
 And set their hearts at rest :  
 They, by his death, draw near to thee,  
 And live for ever blest.
- 5 Let heav'n and all that dwell on high,  
 To God their voices raise ;  
 While lands and seas assist the sky,  
 And join t' advance the praise.
- 6 Zion is thine, most holy God :  
 Thy Son shall bless her gates ;  
 Thy Son shall bless her blood,

- 2 While stupid wretches, sunk in sleep,  
Slide onward to the fiery deep,  
To sense, and sin and madness giv'n,  
Believe no hell, and wish no heav'n ;
- 3 While fools deride, while foes oppress,  
And Zion mourns in deep distress ;  
Her friends withdraw, her foes grow bold  
Truth fails, and love is waxen cold.
- 4 O haste, with ev'ry gift inspir'd,  
With glory, truth, and grace attir'd,  
Thou Star of heav'n's eternal morn ;  
Thou Sun, whom beams divine adorn !
- 5 Assert the honour of thy name ;  
O'erwhelm thy foes with fear and shame  
Then, send thy spirit from above,  
And change their enmity to love.
- 6 Saints shall be glad before thy face,  
And grow in faith, in truth, and grace :  
Thy church shall blossom in thy sight,  
Yield fruits of peace and pure delight.
- 7 O hither, then, thy footsteps bend ;  
Swift as a roe, from hills descend .

~~My strength and grace.~~

My life new wonders seen  
In ev'ry year;  
My days that yet remain,  
Commend to thy care.

Let off when strength declines,  
My hairs arise;  
Let me let thy glory shine,  
For thy servant dies.

Let hist'ry of my age,  
When review my days,  
Find thy love in ev'ry page,  
And thy praise.

AM 71. *Second Part.* C. M.  
*Our strength and righteousness.*

In thy honour, my Almighty Friend,  
When I begin thy praise,  
Before the growing numbers end,  
How many of thy grace?

My everlasting trust,  
Whom I adore!

I knew thy graces first.

My Saviour and my God ;  
His death hath brought my foes to shame ,  
He sav'd me by his blood.

' Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs,  
With this delightful song :  
I'll entertain the darkest hours,  
Nor think the season long.

PSALM 71. *Third Part. C. M.*

*The aged Christian's prayer and song.*

1 **G**OD of my childhood, and my youth,  
The Guide of all my days,  
I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth,  
And told thy wond'rous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,  
And leave my fainting heart ?  
Who shall sustain my sinking years,  
If God, my strength, depart ?

3 Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim  
To the surviving age ;

experience have I known  
ov'reign pow'r to save :  
ommand, I venture down  
ly to the grave.

lie buried deep in dust,  
sh shall be thy care :  
ith'ring limbs with thee I trust,  
se them strong and fair.

**PSALM 72. First Part. L. M.**

*The kingdom of God.*

AT God, whose universal sway  
e known and unknown worlds obey  
e the kingdom to thy Son,  
is pow'r, exalt his throne.

stre well becomes his hands,  
n submits to his commands ;  
ce shall avenge the poor,  
le and rage prevail no more.

*Universal reign of Christ.*

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign, where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more
- 2 For him shall endless pray'r be made,  
And praises circle round his head :  
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of ev'ry tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,  
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains ;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.



Shine the sun.

Nations of the world  
completely blest ;  
upheld righteousness  
tongue confess'd.

'd be God, the mighty Lord,  
d whom Israel fears ;  
wond'rous in his works,  
compare appears.

be with his glory fill'd ;  
: bless his name ;  
his praise, the list'ning world  
lad assent proclaim.

**LM 73. First Part. S. M.**

*mystery of Providence unfolded*

there's a righteous God,  
is religion vain :  
vice may boast aloud,  
n of grace complain.

- 6 But I with flowing tears  
Indulg'd my doubts to rise ;  
" Is there a God that sees or hears  
" The things below the skies ?"
- 7 The tumults of my thought  
Held me in hard suspense ;  
Till to thy house my feet were brought,  
To learn thy justice thence.
- 8 Thy word with light and pow'r  
Did my mistake amend ;  
I view'd the sinners' life before,  
But here I learn'd their end.
- 9 On what a slipp'ry steep  
The thoughtless wretches go ;  
And, O that dreadful fiery deep,  
That waits their fall below !
- 10 Lord, at thy feet I bow,  
My thoughts no more repine ;  
I call my God my portion now,  
And all my pow'rs are thine.

PSALM 73. *Second Part.* C. N

PSALM LXXIV.

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Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,  
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heav'n without my God,  
'Twould be no joy to me;  
And while this earth is my abode,  
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,  
And flesh and heart should faint ?  
God is my soul's eternal rock,  
The strength of ev'ry saint.

5 Behold ! the sinners, that remove  
Far from thy presence, die :  
Not all the idol gods they love,  
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,  
Shall be my sweet employ ;  
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,  
And tell the world my joy.

PSALM 74. *First Part.* C. M.

*The church pleading under sore persecution.*

1 **W**ILL God for ever cast us off ?  
His wrath for ever smoke  
Against the people of his love,  
His little chosen flock ?

2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought  
With their Redeemer's blood !  
Nor let thy Zion be forgot,  
Where once thy glory stood.

3 Lift up thy feet, and march in haste ;  
Aloud our ruin calls :  
See what a wide and fearful waste  
Is made within thy walls.

4 Where once thy churches pray'd and sang,  
Thy foes profanely roar

- 6     Thy names they threaten to destroy,  
       Thy children in their nest :  
       "Come, let us burn at once," they cry  
       "The temple and the priest."  
 7   And still to heighten our distress,  
       Thy presence is withdrawn ;  
       Thy wonted signs of pow'r and grace  
       Thy pow'r and grace are gone  
 8   No prophet speaks to calm our woes  
       The best, the wisest, mourn :  
       And not a friend nor promise, shows  
       The time of thy return.

PSALM 74. *Second Part.*

*A Prayer of the church for deliverance  
from afflictions.*

- 1   **H**OW long, eternal God, how long  
       Shall men of pride blaspheme !  
       Shall saints be made their endless so  
       And bear immortal shame ?  
 2   Is not the world of nature thine.

**PSALM LXXV.**

**29**

**Will not thy hand, that form'd them first,  
Avenge thine injur'd name !**

**Think on the cov'nant thou hast made,  
And all thy words of love ;  
Nor let the birds of prey invade,  
And vex thy mourning dove.**

**Our foes would triumph in our blood,  
And make our hope their jest ;  
Plead thine own cause, Almighty God,  
And give thy children rest.**

**PSALM 75. L. M.**

*Praise for National Deliverance.*

**1** **T**OO thee, most high and holy God,  
To thee our thankful hearts we raise ;  
Thy works declare thy name abroad,  
Thy wond'rous works demand our praise.

**2** To slav'ry doom'd, thy chosen sons  
Beheld their foes triumphant rise :  
And sore oppress'd by earthly thrones,  
They sought the sov'reign of the skies.

**3** 'Twas then, great God, with equal pow'r  
Arose thy vengeance and thy grace,  
To scourge their legions from the shore,  
And save the remnant of thy race.

**4** Thy hand, that form'd the restless main,  
And rear'd the mountain's awful head,  
Bade raging seas their course restrain,  
And desert wilds receive their dead.

**5** Such wonders never come by chance,  
Nor could the wind such blessings blow :  
'Tis God the Judge doth one advance,  
'Tis God that lays another low.

**6** *Let haughty tyrants sink their pride,  
Nor lift so high their scornful head*

in Salem stood his holy throne,  
And Zion was his seat.

What are the earth's wide kingdoms else,  
Than mighty hills of prey ?  
The hill, on which Jchovah dwells,  
More glorious is than they.

'Twas Zion's king, who stopt the breath  
Of captains, and their hosts :  
The men of might slept fast in death ;  
And vain were all their boasts.

At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,  
Both horse and chariot fell ;  
Who knows the terrors of thy rod !  
Thy vengeance who can tell !

When God in his own sov'reign ways  
Comes down to save th' opprest ;  
The wrath of man shall work his praise,  
And he'll restrain the rest.

Vow to the Lord, and tribute bring,  
Ye princes, fear his frown ;  
His terror shakes the proudest king,  
And cuts an army down.

PSALM 77. *First Part.* C. M.*Melancholy rebuked.*

- 1 **T**O God I cried with mournful voice,  
I sought his gracious ear :  
In the sad hour when troubles rose,  
And fill'd my heart with fear.
- 2 Gloomy my days, and dark my nights;  
My soul refus'd relief:  
I thought on God, the just and wise,  
But thoughts increas'd my grief.
- 3 Still I complain'd, and, still oppress'd,  
My heart began to break ;  
My God, thy wrath forbade my rest,  
And kept my eyes awake.
- 4 My overwhelming sorrows grew,  
Till I could speak no more ;  
Then I within myself withdrew,  
And call'd thy judgments o'er.
- 5 I call'd back years and ancient times,  
When I beheld thy face ;  
My spirit search'd for secret crimes,  
That might withhold thy grace.
- 6 I call'd thy mercies to my mind,  
Which I enjoy'd before ;  
And will the Lord no more be kind ?  
His face appear no more ?
- 7 Will he for ever cast me off ?  
And will his promise fail ?  
Hath he forgot his tender love ?  
Shall anger still prevail ?
- 8 But we forbid this hopeless thought,  
This dark, despairing frame ;  
Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought,  
Thy hand is still the same.

The counsels of the Lord.

PSALM 77. *Second Part.* C. M

*Providence towards ancient Israel impr*

1 " **H**OW awful is thy chast'ning rod !"  
(May thy own children say)

" The great, the wise, the dreadful God,  
" How holy is his way !"

2 I'll meditate his works of old,  
The King that reigns above :  
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,  
And learn to trust his love.

3 Long did the house of Jacob lie  
With Egypt's yoke opprest :  
Long he delay'd to hear their cry,  
Nor gave his people rest.

4 Israel, his people and his sheep,  
Must follow where he calls ;  
He bids them venture thro' the deep,  
And makes the waves their walls.

5 The waters saw thee, mighty God !  
The waters saw thee come ;  
Backward the floods were driven



He gave them water from the rock,  
 And safe by Moses' hand,  
 Tho' a dry desert led his flock

**Home to the promis'd land.**

**PSALM 78. First Part. C. M.**

*Children instructed by the Providence of God.*

LET children hear the mighty deeds,  
 Which God perform'd of old,  
 Which in our younger years we saw,  
 And which our fathers told.

He bids us make his glories known:  
 His works of pow'r and grace:  
 And we'll convey his wonders down  
 Thro' ev'ry rising race.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,  
 And they again to theirs;  
 That generations yet unborn  
 May teach them to their heirs.

Thus shall they learn in God alone  
 Their hope securely stands;  
 That they may ne'er forget his works,  
 But practise his commands.

**PSALM 78. Second Part. C. M.**

*Sins and chastisements of Israel improved.*

WHAT a stiff, rebellious house  
 Was Jacob's ancient race!  
 False to their own most solemn vows,  
 And to their Maker's grace.

They broke the cov'nant of his love,  
 And did his laws despise;  
 Forgot the works he wrought, to prove  
 His pow'r before their eyes.

They saw the plagues on Egypt light,  
 From his avenging hand:

- 5 A wond'rous pillar mark'd the road,  
 Compos'd of shade and light ;  
 By day it prov'd a shelt'ring cloud,  
 A leading fire by night.
- 6 He from the rock their thirst supplied ;  
 The gushing waters fell ;  
 And ran in rivers by their side,  
 A constant miracle.
- 7 Yet they provok'd the Lord most high,  
 And dar'd distrust his hand :  
 "Can he with bread our host supply  
 "Amidst this desert land?"
- 8 The Lord with indignation heard,  
 And caus'd his wrath to flame :  
 His terrors ever stand prepar'd  
 To vindicate his name.

PSALM 78. *Third Part.* C. M.

*Abuse of temporal mercies followed by chastisen*

1 WHEN Israel sinn'd the Lord would

The corn of heav'n, so light, so pure,  
As tho' 'twere angel's meat.

But they in murm'ring language said,  
"Manna is all our feast :  
'We loathe this light, this airy bread ;  
"We must have flesh to taste."

'Ye shall have flesh to please your lust,"  
The Lord in wrath replied ;  
And sent them quails, like sand or dust,  
Heap'd up from side to side.

He gave them all their own desire ;  
And, greedy as they fed,  
His vengeance burnt with secret fire,  
And smote the rebels dead.

When some were slain, the rest return'd,  
And sought the Lord with tears ;  
Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd,  
But soon forgot their fears.

Oft he chastis'd, and still forgave :  
Till, by his gracious hand,  
The nation, he resolv'd to save,  
Possess'd the promis'd land.

## PSALM 79. L. M.

*The Church pleading under sore persecution.*

**B**EHOLD ! O God, what cruel foes,  
Thy peaceful heritage invade :  
Thy holy temple stands defil'd ;  
In dust thy sacred walls are laid.

Wide o'er the valleys, drench'd in blood,  
Thy people fall'n in death remain :  
The fowls of heav'n their flesh devour ;  
And savage beasts divide the slain.

Th' insulting foes with impious rage,  
Reproach thy children to their face :

- 5 Let those who dar'd t' insult thy rei,  
Return dismay'd with endless shame  
While heathens, who thy grace desp  
Shall from thy vengeance learn thy
- 6 So shall thy children, freed from dea  
Eternal songs of honour raise;  
And ev'ry future age shall tell  
Thy sov'reign pow'r and pard'ning g

PSALM 80. *First Part.* 1

*The prayers of the church under c*

- 1 **G**REAT Shepherd of thine Israel,  
Who didst between the cherubi  
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep  
Safe thro' the desert and the deep.
- 2 Thy church is in the desert now,  
Shine from on high, and guide us th  
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,  
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

PSALM LXXX.

1

PSALM 80. *Second Part.* L. M.

*Seeking the revival of the Church.*

1 **L**ORD, thou hast planted with thy hands  
A lovely vine in heathen lands;  
Thy pow'r defended it around,  
And heav'nly dews enrich'd the ground.

2 How did the spreading branches shoot,  
And bless the nations with the fruit !  
But now, dear Lord, look down and see  
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

3 Why is its beauty thus defac'd ?  
Why hast thou laid her fences waste ?  
Strangers and foes against her join,  
And ev'ry beast devours thy vine.

4 Return, Almighty God, return ;  
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn :  
Turn us to thee, thy love restore ;  
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PSALM 80. *Third Part.* L. M.

*Christ, the defender of his church.*

1 **L**ORD, when thy vine in Canaan grew  
Thou wast its strength and glory too  
Attack'd in vain by all its foes,  
Till the fair branch of promise rose.

2 Fair Branch, ordain'd of old to shoot  
From David's stock, from Jacob's root  
Himself a noble Vine, and we  
The lesser branches of the Tree.

3 'Tis thy own Son ; and he shall stand,  
Girt with thy strength, at thy right hand  
Th' eternal Son, enthron'd and blest,  
To give his suffering people rest.

4 O for his sake attend our cry,  
Shine on thy churches, lest they die :

God is our strength, our Saviour God;  
Let Israel hear his voice.

2 "From vile idolatry  
"Preserve my worship clean;  
"I am the Lord, who set thee free  
"From slavery and sin.

3 "Stretch thy desires abroad,  
"And I'll supply them well;  
"But if ye will refuse your God,  
"If Israel will rebel,

4 "I'll leave them," saith the Lord,  
"To their own lusts a prey,  
"And let them run the dang'rous road,  
"Tis their own chosen way.

5 "Yet O, that all my saints  
"Would hearken to my voice!  
"Soon would I ease their sore complaints,  
"And bid their hearts rejoice.

6 "While I destroy'd their foes,  
"I'd richly feed my flock,  
"And they should taste the stream, that flows  
"From their eternal Rock."

# PSALM LXXXIII.

1

- 2 Why will ye then frame wicked laws?  
Or why support th' unrighteous cause?  
When will ye once defend the poor,  
That sinners vex the saints no more?
- 3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know;  
Dark are the ways in which they go:  
Their name of earthly gods is vain:  
For they shall fall, and die like men.
- 4 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son  
Possess his universal throne;  
And rule the nations with his rod:  
He is our Judge, and he our God.

## PSALM 83. S. M.

*The prayer of the church against persecutors.*

- 1 **A**ND will the God of grace  
Perpetual silence keep?  
The God of justice hold his peace,  
And let his vengeance sleep?
- 2 Behold what cursed snares  
The men of mischief spread!  
The men, that hate thy saints and thee,  
Lift up their threat'ning head.
- 3 Against thy hidden ones  
Their counsels they employ;  
And malice, with her watchful eye,  
Pursues them to destroy.
- 4 "Come, let us join," they cry,  
"To root them from the ground;  
"Till not the name of saints remain,  
"Nor mem'ry shall be found."
- 5 Awake, almighty God!  
And call thy wrath to mind:  
Give them like forests to the fire,  
Or stubble to the wind.

...as thy name alone,  
And thou the sov'reign Lord.

PSALM 84. *First Part.* L. 1

*The pleasure of public worship.*

- 1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are  
With long desire my spirit fairs  
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,  
My panting heart cries out for God;  
My God, my King, why should I be  
So far from all my joys, and thee?
- 3 The sparrow chooses where to rest,  
And for her young provides her nest;  
But will my God to sparrows grant  
That pleasure which his children want?
- 4 Blest are the saints who sit on high,  
Around thy throne of majesty;  
Thy brightest glories shine above,  
And all their work is praise and love.
- 5 Blest are the souls that find a place  
Within thy house of prayer.



1 **C**heerful they walk with growing strength,  
Till all shall meet in heav'n at length ;  
Till all before thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.

PSALM 84. *Second Part.* L. M.

*Grace and glory.*

1 **G**REAT God attend, while Zion sings  
The joy, that from thy presence springs :  
To spend one day, with thee on earth,  
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place  
Within thy house, O God of grace ;  
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r  
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day ;  
God is our shield, he guards our way  
From all th' assaults of hell and sin ;  
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace God will bestow,  
And crown that grace with glory too  
He gives us all things, and withholds  
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, thy sov'reign sway,  
The glorious hosts of heav'n obey ;  
And devils at thy presence flee :  
Blest is the man that trusts in thee !

PSALM 84. *Third Part.* P. M

*Longing for the house of God.*

1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair,  
The dwellings of thy love,  
Thine earthly temples are !  
To thine abode my heart aspires,  
With warm desires to see my God

Where God appoints to hear!  
O happy men that pay  
Their constant service there!  
They praise thee still; and happy they  
That love the way to Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength,  
Thro' this dark vale of tears;  
Till each arrives at length;  
Till each in heav'n appears.  
O glorious scat, when God our King  
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

5 To spend one sacred day,  
Where God and saints abide,  
Affords diviner joy,  
Than thousand days beside:  
Where God resorts, I covet more  
To keep the door, than shine in courts.

6 God is our sun and shield,  
Our light and our defence:

Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,  
Whose spirit trusts alone in thee !

PSALM 85. *First Part.* L. M.

*The Spirit's influence acknowledged, and desired in  
greater measure.*

**L**ORD, thou hast call'd thy grace to mind,  
Thou hast revers'd our heavy doom :  
So God forgave when Israel sinn'd,  
And brought his wand'ring captives home.

Thou hast begun to set us free,  
And made thy fiercest wrath abate :  
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,  
And thy salvation be complete.

Revive our dying graces, Lord,  
And let thy saints in thee rejoice :  
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word ;  
We wait for praise to tune our voice.

We wait to hear what God will say ;  
He'll speak, and give his people peace :  
But let them run no more astray,  
Lest his returning wrath increase.

PSALM 85. *Second Part.* L. M.

*Salvation by Christ.*

**S**ALVATION is for ever nigh  
The souls, that fear and trust the Lord ;  
And grace, descending from on high,  
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

Mercy and truth on earth are met,  
Since Christ the Lord came down from heav'n  
By his obedience so complete,  
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is giv'n.

Now truth and honour shall abound ;  
Religion dwell on earth again :  
*And heav'nly influ'nce bless the ground,  
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.*

- 4 His righteousness is gone before,  
To give us free access to God :  
Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more,  
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

PSALM 86. *First Part.* C. M.  
*Majesty and grace of God.*

- 1 **A**MONG the princes, earthly gods,  
There's none hath pow'r divine :  
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord !  
Nor are their works like thine.
- 2 The nations, thou hast made, shall bring  
Their off'rings round thy throne :  
For thou alone dost wond'rous things ;  
For thou art God alone.
- 3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet :  
Teach me thy heav'nly ways ;

I hedged, I see no light,  
 are prostrate in the dust.  
 that all experience past,  
 delusive, false and vain,  
 at falling short at last,  
 all the prize obtain.  
 the cross I wish to fly,  
 the blood of sprinkling flow ;  
 mount, not Calvary,  
 spirit bids me go.  
 stretch my wither'd arms,  
 and give myself away ;  
 and guilt excite alarms,  
 at a near approach to thee.  
 ready I've believ'd,  
 and I indeed be one :  
 'twill be my Help and Shield  
 : work be now begun.  
 a token, Lord, for good,  
 we know that I am thine ;  
 doubts, disperse the cloud,  
 thy soul benignant shine.  
 thy Spirit from above,  
 send to my troubled heart ;  
 abroad my Father's love,  
 confidence impart.  
 O my foes, who hate me, see  
 how faithful to his saints ;  
 hath heard and helped me,  
 'd to praise my sad complaints.

PSALM 87. L. M.

*ry of the Church, and happiness of  
 belonging to her.*

*his earthly temple lays  
 foundations for his heav'nly praise ;*

- 3 What glories were describ'd of old :  
 What wonders are of Zion told !  
 Thou city of our God below,  
 Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.
- 4 Egypt and Tyre, the Greek and Jew,  
 Shall there begin their lives anew ;  
 Angels and men shall join to sing  
 The Hill, where living waters spring.
- 5 When God makes up his last account  
 Of natives in his holy mount,  
 'Twill be an honour to appear,  
 As one new born and nourish'd there.

PSALM 88. *First Part.* L. M

*Life the only accepted time.*

- 1 **W**HILE life prolongs its precious li  
 Mercy is found and peace is giv'  
 But soon, ah soon ! th' approaching nigh  
 Shall blot out ev'ry hope of heav'n.
- 2 While God invites, how bless'd the day  
 How sweet the gospel's charming sound  
 O' haste away,

on my strength away.  
Turn'd my sinking soul  
To bath's hours divine;  
O grace, that precious day,  
In sense, and sin!  
O work, the mighty work  
So long delay'd;  
Yet to be begun,  
Lying bed!  
O the Lord I pray'd,  
O'd a bitter cry:  
O God, and save my soul,  
For ever die."  
O my humble cry;  
O my soul from death:  
O ve my heart and hands,  
O deplete my breath.

**Now, fear the Lord,  
That 'tis call'd to-day;  
The awful voice of death  
Is your souls away.**

THE END OF THE FIRST PART OF THE

- 4 Faith sees the bright eternal ~~world~~  
 Unfold, to make his children way :  
 They shall be clothed with endless life,  
 And shine in everlasting day.
- 5 The trump shall sound ; the dust awake ;  
 From the cold tomb the slumb'ers spring,  
 Thro' heav'n with joy their myriads rise,  
 And hail their Saviour and their King.

PSALM 88. *Fourth Part.* L. 1

*A believer walking in darkness.*

- 1 **L**ORD, in a day of pow'r divine  
 Thy grace prevail'd, and made me  
 To thee, my soul, when young, I gave,  
 And trusted in thy pow'r to save.
- 2 But where remain my joy and peace,  
 Which, then I thought, would never cease  
 If I am thine, how can it be,  
 That comforts should for ever flee ?
- 3 Involv'd in glooms of darkest night,  
 And banish'd from thy blissful sight,  
 I seek thy face on ev'ry side ;  
 But still the glooms of night abide.



and let, of future rest, an heir,  
 the drop of consolation share.

**PSALM 89. First Part. L. M.**

*The covenant made with Christ.*

**N**OR ever shall my song record  
 The truth and mercy of the Lord ;  
 Mercy and truth for ever stand,  
 As heav'n establish'd by his hand.  
 As to his Son he sware, and said,  
 With thee my cov'nant first was made ;  
 In thee shall dying sinners live ;  
 Glory and grace are thine to give.

Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest ;  
 Thy children shall be ever blest ;  
 Thou art my chosen King ; thy throne  
 Shall stand eternal, like my own."

Now let the church rejoice, and sing  
 Praise her Saviour, and her King :  
 Let his heav'nly wonders show,  
 And saints declare his works below.

**PSALM 89. Second Part. C. M.**

*The faithfulness of God.*

**M**Y never-ceasing song shall show  
 The mercies of the Lord :  
 And make succeeding ages know  
 How faithful is his word.

These sacred truths his lips pronounce,  
 Shall firm as heav'n endure ;  
 And if he speaks a promise once,  
 Th' eternal grace is sure.

How long the race of David held  
 The promis'd Jewish throne !  
 And there's a nobler cov'nant seal'd  
 To David's greater Son.

AND SAINTS ON EARTH WITH HOLY ANGELS  
To thine unchanging love.

PSALM 89. *Third Part.* C. M

*The power and majesty of God.*

- 1 **W**ITH rev'rence let thy saints appear  
And bow before the Lord ;  
His high commands adoring hear,  
And tremble at his word.
- 2 How terrible thy glories be !  
How bright thine armies shine !  
Where is the pow'r that vies with thee ?  
Or truth compar'd with thine ?
- 3 The northern pole and southern rest  
On thy supporting hand ;  
Darkness and day from east to west  
Move round at thy command.
- 4 Thy words the raging winds control,  
And rule the boist'rous deep :  
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,

PSALM 89. *Fourth Part.* C M.

*the blessedness of knowing the gospel.*

JUST are the souls that hear and know  
The gospel's joyful sound;  
They shall attend the path they go,  
And light their steps surround.

Their joy shall bear their spirits up  
Thro' their Redeemer's name;  
His righteousness exalts their hope,  
Nor Satan dares condemn.

- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,  
Strength and salvation gives;  
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,  
Thy God for ever lives.

PSALM 89. *Fifth Part.* C. M.

*Christ's mediatorial Kingdom.*

- 1 **H**EAR what the Lord in vision said,  
And made his mercy known;  
"Sinners, behold, your help is laid  
"On my almighty Son."

- 2 High shall he reign on David's throne,  
My people's better King;  
My arm shall beat his rivals down,  
And still new subjects bring.

- 3 My truth shall guard him in his way,  
With mercy by his side;  
While in my name thro' earth and sea  
He shall in triumph ride.

- 4 My cov'nant stands for ever fast,  
My promises are strong;  
Firm as the heav'ns his throne shall last,  
His seed endure as long.

- 2 Their sins I'll visit with the rod,  
And make their folly smart ;  
But I'll not cease to be their God,  
Nor from my truth depart.
- 3 My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,  
But keep my grace in mind ;  
And what eternal love hath spoke,  
Eternal truth shall bind.
- 4 Once have I sworn, (I need no more)  
And pledg'd my holiness,  
To seal my sacred promise sure  
To David and his race.
- 5 The sun shall see his offspring rise,  
And spread from sea to sea,  
Long as he travels round the skies  
To give the nations day.
- 6 Sure as the moon that rules the night,  
His kingdom shall endure ;  
Till the fix'd laws of shade and light  
Shall be observ'd no more.

~~weeping must arise.~~

hour, that dreadful day,  
watch of saints away ;  
e honour of thy word :  
xals, and bless the Lord.

**M 90. First Part. L. M.**

*and God eternal. A funeral psalm*

ry age, eternal God !  
t our rest, our safe abode ;  
' throne, ere heav'n was made,  
humble footstool laid.

hou reign'd ere time began,  
ashion'd into man ;  
kingdom shall endure,  
nd time shall be no more.

k man, is born to die,  
uilt and vanity :  
sentence, Lord, was just,  
inners. to your dust."

- 6 Teach us, O Lord, how men are vain,  
And kindly lengthen out our span;  
Till faith, and love, and piety,  
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

PSALM 90. *Second Part.* C. M

*Man frail, and God our refuge.*

- 1 **O**UR God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home!
- 2 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth receiv'd her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 3 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the op'ning day.
- 4 Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come.

PSALM XC.

11

Thine anger turns our frame to dust ;  
By one offence to thee,  
Adam and all his sons have lost  
Their immortality.

**Life, like a vain amusement, flies,  
A fable or a song :  
By swift degrees our nature dies,  
Nor can our joys be long.**

**1 'Tis but a few, whose days amount  
To three score years and ten ;  
And all, beyond that short account,  
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.**

**2 Almighty God, reveal thy love,  
And not thy wrath alone :  
O let our sweet experience prove  
The mercies of thy throne !**

PSALM 90. *Fourth Part.* C. M.

*Breathing after Heaven.*

**1 RETURN, O God of love, return ;  
Earth is a tiresome place :  
How long shall we, thy children, mourn  
Our absence from thy face ?**

**2 Let heav'n succeed our painful years,  
Let sin and sorrow cease ;  
And, in proportion to our tears,  
So make our joys increase.**

**3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,  
Make thine own work complete ;  
Then shall our souls thy glory know,  
And own thy love was great.**

**4 Then shall we shine before thy throne,  
In all thy beauty, Lord ;  
*And, the poor service, we have done  
Meet a divine reward.***

- 2 Then will I say, " My God, thy pow'r  
" Shall be my fortress and my tow'r :  
" I, that am form'd of feeble dust,  
" Make thine almighty arm my trust."
- 3 Thr'ice happy man ! thy Maker's care  
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare,  
Satan, the tempter, who betrays  
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.
- 4 Just as a hen protects her brood  
From birds of prey, that seek their blood,  
Under her feathers ; so the Lord  
Makes his own arm his people's guard.
- 5 If burning beams of noon conspire  
To dart a pestilential fire,  
God is their life : his wings are spread  
To shield them, with an healthful shade.
- 6 If vapours with malignant breath  
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,  
Israel is safe : the poison'd air  
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.



The sword, the pestilence, or fire,  
 Shall but fulfil their best desire:  
 From sins and sorrows set them free,  
 And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

PSALM 91. *Second Part.* C. M.

*The same.*

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, a feeble race,  
 Expos'd to ev'ry snare,  
 Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place,  
 And try, and trust his care.
- 2 No ill shall enter where you dwell;  
 Or if the plague come nigh,  
 And sweep the wicked down to hell,  
 'Twill raise his saints on high.
- 3 He'll give his angels charge to keep  
 Your feet in all their ways;  
 To watch your pillow, while you sleep,  
 And guard your happy days.
- 4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall,  
 And dash against the stones:  
 Are they not servants at his call,  
 And sent t' attend his sons?
- 5 Adders and lions ye shall tread;  
 The tempter's wiles defeat:  
 For he that broke the serpent's head  
 Puts him beneath your feet.
- 6 "Because on me they set their love,  
 "I'll save them; (saith the Lord)  
 "I'll bear their joyful souls above  
 "Destruction, and the sword.
- 7 "My grace shall answer when they call;  
 "In trouble I'll be nigh:  
 "My pow'r shall help them when they fall,  
 "And raise them when they die.

- 1 **S**WEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,  
To show thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,  
No mortal care shall seize my breast:  
O! may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless his works, and bless his word:  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine  
How deep thy counsels! how divine!
- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;  
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die:  
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath  
Blasts them in everlasting death.
- 5 But I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath well refin'd my heart;  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 6 Sin (my worst enemy before)  
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;  
My inward foes shall all be slain.

PSALM 92. *Second Part.* L. M.*Aged Saints.*

'Tis a pleasant thing to stand  
 Gardens planted by thy hand;  
 Within thy courts be seen,  
 Young cedar fresh and green.

Now thy saints in faith and love,  
 In thine influ'nce from above;  
 With all its trees  
 With a comely sight as these.

Those of grace shall ever live;  
 Decay, but grace must thrive;  
 At doth all things else impair,  
 As them flourish strong and fair

With fruits of age, they show  
 That is holy, just and true;  
 At attend his gates, shall find  
 Unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM 93. L. M.

*Eternity and dominion of God.*

YAH reigns: He dwells in light,  
 Adorned with majesty and might:  
 The world, created by his hands,  
 Its first foundation stands.

His spacious world was made,  
 Its first foundation laid;  
 One eternal ages stood,  
 The ever-living God.

As the angry nations rise,  
 Their rage against the skies;  
 As, that aim their rage so high  
 Shook the billows die.

Shall thy throne endure;  
 None stands for ever sure.

- Let sov'reign pow'r redress our wrongs,  
Let justice smite the proud.
- 2 They say, "The Lord nor sees nor hears :"  
When will the fools be wise ?  
Can he be deaf, who form'd their ears ?  
Or blind, who made their eyes ?
- 3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,  
And they shall feel his pow'r :  
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain  
In some surprising hour.
- 4 But if thy saints deserve rebuke,  
Thou hast a gentler rod ;  
Thy providences and thy book  
Shall make them know their God.
- 5 Blest is the man, thy hands chastise,  
And to his duty draw :  
Thy chast'nings make thy children wise,  
When they forget thy law.
- 6 But God will ne'er cast off his saints,  
Nor will his own promise break ;

not the Lord, my rock, my help,  
 sustain'd my fainting head,  
 life had now in silence dwelt;  
 My soul among the dead.

See, my sliding feet!" I cried,  
 Thy promise was my prop:  
 Thy grace stood constant by my side,  
 Thy spirit bore me up.

While multitudes of mournful thoughts  
 Within my bosom roll;  
 Thy boundless love forgives my faults,  
 Thy comforts cheer my soul.

Where of iniquity may rise,  
 And frame pernicious laws;  
 O God, my refuge, rules the skies;  
 He will defend my cause.

Let malice vent her rage aloud,  
 Let bold blasphemers scoff:  
 O Lord our God shall judge the proud,  
 And cut the sinners off.

### PSALM 95. *First Part.* C. M.

#### *Introductory psalm.*

PRaising to the Lord Jehovah's name,  
 And in his strength rejoice:  
 When his salvation is our theme,  
 Exalted be our voice.

With thanks approach his awful sight,  
 And psalms of honour sing:  
 O Lord's a God of boundless might,  
 The whole creation's King.

O princes hear, let angels know,  
 How mean their natures seem,  
 As gods on high, and gods below,  
 When once compar'd with him.

- 4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,  
Lies in his spacious hand ;  
He fix'd the seas, what bounds to keep,  
And where the hills must stand.
- 5 Come, and with humble souls adore,  
Come, kneel beforo his face ;  
O ! may the creatures of his pow'r  
Be children of his grace !
- 6 Now is the time : he bends his ear,  
And waits for your request :  
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,  
" Ye shall not see my rest."

PSALM 95. *Second Part.* S. M.

*A call to delaying sinners.*

1 COME, sound his praise abroad.

**6** The Lord in vengeance drest,  
Will lift his hand and swear ;  
**Ye** that despise my promis'd rest,  
" Shall have no portion there."

PSALM 95. *Third Part.* L. M.

*A call to delaying sinners.*

- 1** **C**OME, let our souls address the Lord,  
Who fram'd our natures with his word :  
He is our shepherd ; we the sheep,  
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.
- 2** Come, let us hear his voice to-day,  
The counsels of his love obey ;  
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew  
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.
- 3** Seize the kind promise, while it waits,  
And march to Zion's heav'nly gates ;  
Believe, and take the promis'd rest :  
Obey, and be for ever blest.

PSALM 96. *First Part.* C. M.

*The first and second coming of Christ.*

- 1** **S**ING to the Lord, ye distant lands,  
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue ;  
His rich display of grace demands  
A new and nobler song.
- 2** Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,  
God's own almighty Son :  
His pow'r the sinking world sustains,  
His grace surrounds his throne.
- 3** Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day ;  
Joy thro' the earth be seen :  
Let cities shine in bright array  
And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 Let an unusual joy surprise  
The islands of the sea :*

Ye mountains, sink ; ye valleys, rise ;  
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold he comes ! he comes to bless  
The nations as their God :  
To show the world his righteousness,  
And send his truth abroad.

6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,  
And bid the world draw near ;  
How will the guilty nations dread,  
To see their Judge appear !

PSALM 96. *Second Part.* P. M.

*Universal acknowledgment of God.*

1 **T**HE heathen know thy glory, Lord ;  
The wond'ring nations read thy word ;  
In these far climes Jehovah's known :



## PSALM XCVII.

Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,  
And distant islands join their voice.

- 2 Deep are his counsels and unknown ;  
But grace and truth support his throne :  
Tho' gloomy clouds his way surround,  
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of Judgment, lo, he comes,  
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs ;  
Before him burns devouring fire ;  
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies, with sore dismay,  
Fly from the sight, and shun the day :  
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,  
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

PSALM 97. *Second Part.* L. M.

*Christ adored by angels.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord is come ; the heav'ns proclaim  
His birth ; the nations learn his name :  
An unknown star directs the road  
Of eastern sages to their God.
- 2 All ye bright armies of the skies,  
Go, worship, where the Saviour lies :  
Angels and kings before him bow,  
Those Gods on high, and Gods below.
- 3 Let idols totter to the ground,  
And their own worshippers confound :  
Let Judah shout, let Zion sing,  
And earth confess her sov'reign King.

PSALM 97. *Third Part.* L. M.

*Grace and glory.*

- 1 **T**HE Almighty reigns, exalted high  
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky :  
*Tho' clouds and darkness veil his feet,  
' the mercy-seat.*

And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

- 4 Rejoice ye righteous, and record  
The sacred honours of the Lord :  
None but the soul that feels his grace,  
Can triumph in his holiness.

**PSALM 98. First Part. C. M**

*Praise for the gospel.*

- 1 **T**O our almighty Maker, God,  
New honours be address :  
His great salvation shines abroad,  
And makes the nations blest.
- 2 He spake the word to Abraham first ;  
His truth fulfils the grace :  
The Gentiles make his name their trust,  
And learn his righteousness.
- 3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim,  
With all her diff'rent tongues ;  
And spread the honours of his name  
In melody and songs.

## PSALM XCIX.

While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground:  
He comes, to make his blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.

PSALM 99. *First Part.* S. M  
*The kingdom and majesty of Christ*

1 **T**HE Lord, Jehovah, reigns,  
Let all the nations fear;  
Let sinners tremble at his throne;  
And saints be humbled there

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
Let earth adore its Lord:  
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,  
And swift fulfil his word.

3 In Zion is his throne;  
His honours are divine;  
His church shall make his wonders known  
For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his name!  
How terrible his praise!  
Justice and truth, and judgment join,  
In all his works of grace.

PSALM 99. *Second Part.* S. M  
*The majesty and grace of God acknowledged*

1 **E**XALT the Lord our God,  
And worship at his feet;  
His wisdom, power and truth  
at.

When they abus'd his grace.  
4 Exalt the Lord our God;  
His grace is still the same:  
still he's a God of holiness,  
And jealous for his name.

**PSALM 100. First Part. L. M.**

*Praise to our Creator.*

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy:  
Know that the Lord is God alone;  
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;  
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd  
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care;  
Our souls and all our mortal frame:  
What lasting honours shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

**PSALM 100. Second Part. P. M.**

*Praise to our Preserver.*

to the Lord most high ;  
 ev'ry land adore :  
 grateful voice make known  
 his power and his pow'r.  
 His songs declare his ways,  
 praise inspire your tongues.

His courts with joy ;  
 we address the Lord ;  
 'Tis he who led us with his hand,  
 spoken'd by his word.  
 His command he spreads his sway  
 o'er sea, and ev'ry land.

He will provide our food,  
 his blessing give :  
 upon his care,  
 his pastures live.  
 His songs declare his ways,  
 praise inspire your tongues.

Glory to the Lord, our God,  
 his love and mercy sure ;  
 earth and heav'n shall last,  
 his mercies endure.  
 His gracious hand he spreads his sway  
 o'er sea, and ev'ry land.

**PSALM 101. First Part. L. M.**

*The magistrate's psalm.*

Truth and judgment are my song :  
 and since they both to thee belong,  
 O righteous God, my righteous King,  
 my songs and vows I'll bring.

rais'd to bear the sword,  
 thy counsels from thy word :

Thy justice and thy heav'nly grace  
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,  
And let my God with me reside :  
No wicked thing shall dwell with me,  
Which may provoke thy jealousy.

4 I'll search the land, and raise the just  
To posts of honour, wealth and trust :  
The men that work thy holy will,  
Shall be my friends and fav'rites still.

5 In vain shall sinners hope to rise  
By flatt'ring or malicious lies ;  
And while the innocent I guard,  
The bold offender shan't be spar'd.

6 The impious crew, that factious band,  
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land :

These are the friends that I shall trust,  
The servants I'll employ.

The wretch that deals in sly deceit,  
I'll not endure a night :  
The liar's tongue I'll ever hate,  
And banish from my sight.

I'll purge my family around,  
And make the wicked flee ;  
I shall my house be ever found,  
A dwelling fit for thee.

**PSALM 102. First Part. C. M.**

*A prayer for the afflicted.*

**F**EAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,  
But answer, lest I die :  
Lest thou not built a throne of grace  
To hear when sinners cry ?

My days are wasted like the smoke  
Dissolving in the air ;  
My strength is dried, my heart is broke,  
And sinking in despair.

My spirits flag like with'ring grass  
Burnt with excessive heat ;  
In secret groans my minutes pass,  
And I forget to eat.

As on some lonely building's top,  
The sparrow tells her moan ;  
Far from the tents of joy and hope,  
I sit and grieve alone.

My soul is like a wilderness,  
Where beasts of midnight howl ;  
There the sad raven finds her place,  
And there the screaming owl.

*Dark dismal thoughts and boding fears  
Dwell in my troubled breast ;*

While sharp reproaches wound my ears,  
Nor give my spirit rest.

7 My cup is mingled with my woes,  
And tears are my repast;  
My daily bread like ashes grows  
Unpleasant to my taste.

8 Sense can afford no real joy  
To souls that feel thy frown;  
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high;  
Thy hand hath cast me down.

9 My looks like wither'd leaves appear;  
And life's declining light  
Grows faint as ev'ning shadows are,  
That vanish into night.

10 But thou for ever art the same,  
O ever eternal God!  
Thou shalt hear thy name,



Those ruins shall be built again,  
And all that dust shall rise.

The Lord will raise Jerusalem,  
And stand in glory there :  
Nations shall bow before his name,  
And kings attend with fear.

He sits a sov'reign on his throne,  
With pity in his eyes :  
He hears the dying pris'ners' groan,  
And sees their sighs arise.

He frees the souls condemn'd to death ;  
And when his saints complain,  
It shan't be said, " That praying breath  
" Was ever spent in vain."

This shall be known when we are dead,  
And left on long record ;  
That ages yet unborn may read,  
And trust, and praise the Lord.

PSALM 102. *Third Part.* L. M.

*Perpetuity of the church, though the saints die.*

**I**T is the Lord our Saviour's hand  
Weakens our strength amid the race :  
Disease and death, at his command,  
Arrest us and cut short our days.

2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,  
Nor let our sun go down at noon :  
Thy years are one eternal day ;  
And must thy children die so soon ?

3 Yet in the midst of death and grief,  
This thought our sorrow shall assuage ,  
" Our Father and our Saviour live :  
" Christ is the same thro' ev'ry age."

4 'Twas he, this earth's foundation laid •  
Heav'n is the building of his hand :

This earth grows old, these heav'ns shall fade,  
And all be chang'd at his command.

- 5 The starry curtains of the sky,  
Like garments, shall be laid aside;  
But still thy throne stands firm and high;  
'Thy church for ever must abide.
- 6 Before thy face thy church shall live,  
And on thy throne thy children reign.  
'This dying world shall they survive,  
And the dead saints be rais'd again.

**PSALM 103. First Part. S. M.**

*Praise for spiritual and temporal mercies.*

- 1 **O** BLESS the Lord, my soul!

Let all within me join,

I laid my tongue to bless his name,  
For his mercies are divine.

## PSALM CIII.

But sent the world his truth and grace,  
By his beloved Son.

PSALM 103. *Second Part, S. M.*

*Praise for spiritual and temporal mercies.*

1 **M**Y soul, repeat his praise,  
Whose mercies are so great  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide:  
And when his strokes are felt,  
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,  
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heav'ns are rais'd  
Above the ground we tread;  
So far the riches of his grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His pow'r subdues our sins:  
And his forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord,  
To those that fear his name,  
Is such, as tender parents feel:  
He knows our feeble frame.

6 He knows we are but dust,  
Scatter'd with ev'ry breath;  
His anger, like a rising wind,  
Can send us swift to death.

7 Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flow'r:  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.

*mercies, Lord,  
are.*

And children's children ever find  
Thy words of promise sure.

PSALM 103. *Third Part. S. M.*

*General song of praise,—Introductory.*

1 **T**HE Lord, the sov'reign King,  
Hath fix'd his throne on high:  
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,  
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels, great in might,  
And swift to do his will;  
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,  
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Let the bright hosts who wait  
The orders of their King,  
And guard his churches when they pray,  
Join in the praise they sing.

PSALM CIV.

1

The world's foundations by his hand  
Are pois'd, and shall for ever stand :  
He binds the ocean in his chain,  
Lest it should drown the earth again.

When earth was cover'd with the flood,  
Which high above the mountains stood,  
He thunder'd; and the ocean fled,  
Confin'd to its appointed bed.

The swelling billows know their bounds,  
And in their channels walk their rounds;  
Yet thence convey'd by secret veins,  
They spring from hills, and drench the plains.

He bids the crystal fountains flow;  
And cheer the valleys as they go;  
Fame heifers there their thirst allay,  
And for the stream wild asses bray.

From pleasant trees which shade the brink,  
The lark and linnet light to drink;  
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,  
And chide our silence in his praise.

PSALM 104. *Second Part.* L. M.

*Providence.*

**G**OD, from his cloudy cistern, pours  
On the parch'd earth enriching show'rs;  
The grove, the garden, and the field,  
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

He makes the grassy food arise,  
And gives the cattle large supplies;  
With herbs for man, of various pow'r,  
To nourish nature, or to cure.

What noble fruit the vines produce,  
The olive yields a shining juice:  
Our hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous wine;  
With inward joy our faces shine.

- 1 **B**EHOLD! the stately cedar stands,  
Rais'd in the forest by his hands;  
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,  
And build their nests secure on high.
- 2 To craggy hills ascends the goat;  
And at the airy mountain's foot,  
The feeble creatures make their cell:  
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.
- 3 He sets the sun his circling race,  
Appoints the moon to change her face;  
And when thick darkness veils the day,  
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.
- 4 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,  
And roaring, ask their meat from God;  
But when the morning beams arise,  
The savage beast to covert flies.
- 5 Then man to daily labour goes;  
The night was made for his repose:  
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief  
From tiresome toil, and wasting grief.

- 8 There ships divide their wat'ry way,  
And flocks of scaly monsters play;  
There dwells the huge Leviathan,  
And foams and sports in spite of man.

PSALM 104. *Fourth Part.* L M.*Providence.*

- 1 **V**AST are thy works, Almighty Lord!  
All nature rests upon thy word:  
And the whole race of creatures stands,  
Waiting their portion from thy hands.
- 2 While each receives his diff'rent food,  
His cheerful looks pronounce it good:  
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms  
Rejoice, and praise in diff'rent forms.
- 3 But when thy face is hid, they mourn,  
And, dying, to their dust return;  
Both man and beast their souls resign:  
Life, breath, and spirit, all are thine.
- 4 Yet thou can'st breathe on dust again,  
And fill the world with beasts and men:  
A word of thy creating breath  
Repairs the wastes of time and death.
- 5 Thy works, the wonders of thy might,  
Are honour'd with thine own delight:  
How awful are thy glorious ways!  
Lord, thou art dreadful in thy praise.
- 6 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,  
And at thy touch the mountains smoke:  
Yet humble souls may see thy face,  
And tell their wants to sov'reign grace.
- 7 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,  
And make *my meditations* sweet:  
*Thy praises shall my breath employ,*  
*Till it expire in endless joy.*

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God, invoke his name,  
And tell the world his grace ;  
Sound thro' the earth his deeds of fame,  
That all may seek his face.
- 2 His cov'nant, which he kept in mind  
For num'rous ages past,  
To num'rous ages yet behind,  
In equal force shall last.
- 3 He sware to Abraham and his seed,  
And made the blessing sure :  
Gentiles the ancient promise read,  
And find his truth endure.
- 4 "Thy seed shall make the nations blest  
Said the Almighty voice ;  
"And Canaan's land shall be their rest,  
"The type of heav'nly joys."
- 5 How large the grant ! how rich the grace !  
To give them Canaan's land,  
When they were strangers in the place,  
A little feeble hand.



EN Pharaoh dar'd to vex the saints,  
and thus provok'd their God;  
as sent to their complaints,  
with his dreadful rod.

For darkness; darkness came,  
an o'erwhelming flood;  
each lake, and ev'ry stream,  
a stream of blood.

The sign, and noisome flies  
the whole country spread;  
s, in croaking armies, rise  
the monarch's bed.

lds and towns, and palaces,  
unfold vengeance flew:  
in swarms devour'd their trees,  
fall their cattle slew.

an angel's midnight stroke,  
ov'r of Egypt died;  
ngth of ev'ry house was broke,  
slaw and their wife

Egyptian spoils supplied their need,  
Nor was one feeble found.

2 The Lord himself chose out their way,  
And mark'd their journeys right;  
Gave them a leading cloud by day,  
A fiery guide by night.

3 They thirst, and waters from the rock  
In rich abundance flow;  
And, foll'wing still the course they took,  
Ran all the desert through.

4 O wondrous stream! O blessed type  
Of ever-flowing grace!  
So Christ our rock maintains our life,  
Thro' all the wilderness.

5 Thus guarded by th' Almighty's hand,  
The chosen tribes possess

PSALM CVI.

1d

And with the same salvation bless  
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

O may I see thy tribes rejoice,  
And aid their triumphs with my voice !  
This is my glory, Lord, to be  
Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

PSALM 106. *Second Part.* S. M.

*Inconstancy of saints,—unchangeable love of God.*

1 GOD of eternal love,  
How fickle are our ways !  
And yet how oft did Israel prove  
Thy constancy of grace !

2 They saw thy wonders wrought,  
And then thy praise they sung ;  
But soon thy works of pow'r forgot,  
And murmur'd with their tongue.

3 Now they believ'd his word,  
While rocks with rivers flow ;  
Now with their lusts provok'd the Lord,  
And he reduc'd them low.

4 Yet when they mourn'd their faults,  
He hearken'd to their groans ;  
Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts,  
And call'd them still his sons.

5 Their names were in his book ;  
He sav'd them from their foes :  
Of he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook  
The people that he chose.

6 Let Israel bless the Lord,  
Who lov'd their ancient race ;  
And *Christians join the solemn word,*  
*Amen, to all their praise.*

PSALM 107. *First Part.* L. M.*Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to heaven.*

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God ; he reigns above ;  
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love :  
His mercy ages past have known,  
And ages long to come shall own.
- 2 Let the redeemed of the Lord  
The wonders of his grace record ;  
Israel, the nation whom he chose,  
And rescued from their mighty foes.
- 3 In their distress to God they cried,  
God was their Saviour and their guide ;  
He led their march far wand'ring round :  
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.
- 4 Thus when our first release we gain

reject his heav'nly word,  
 ght the counsels of the Lord ;  
 ing their spirits to the ground,  
 deliv'rer shall be found :  
 with grief, they waste their breath  
 now, and the shades of death.

o the Lord they raise their cries ;  
 as the dawning light arise ;  
 utter all that dismal shade,  
 and so heavy round their head.

o the bars of brass in two,  
 as the smiling pris'ners through,  
 off the load of guilt and grief,  
 ves the lab'ring soul relief.

the sons of men record  
 ndrous goodness of the Lord !  
 eat his works, how kind his ways !  
 y tongue pronounce his praise.

**PSALM 107. Third Part. L. M**  
*temperance punished and pardoned*  
 N man, on foolish pleasures bent,  
 spares for his own punishment :  
 ains, what loathsome maladies  
 xury and lust arise !

unkard feels his vitals waste,  
 owns his health to please his taste  
 his active pow'rs are lost,  
 nting life draws near the dust.

otton groans, and loathes to eat ;  
 l abhors delicious meat :  
 with heavy loads opprest,  
 yeld to death to be releas'd.

*the frighten'd sinners fly  
 for help with earnest cry !*

The wondrous goodness of the Lord !  
And let their thankful off'rings prove  
How they adore their Maker's love.

PSALM 107. *Fourth Part.* C. M

*The mariner's psalm.*

- 1 **T**HY works of glory, mighty Lord,  
Thy wonders in the deeps,  
The sons of courage shall record,  
Who trade in floating ships.
- 2 At thy command the winds arise,  
And swell the tow'ring waves ;  
The men astonish'd mount the skies,  
And sink in gaping graves.
- 3 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,  
They pant with flutt'ring breath ;  
And hopeless of the distant shore,  
Expect immediate death.
- 4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,  
He hears their loud request :

That waves are under his command,  
And all the winds that blow

- 7 O that the sons of men would praise  
The goodness of the Lord!  
And those that see thy wond'rous ways,  
Thy wondrous love record.

PSALM 107. *Fifth Part.* L. M.

*Nations blest and punished. A psalm for America*

- 1 **W**HEN God, provok'd with daring crimes,  
Scourges the madness of the times,  
He turns the fields to barren sand,  
And dries the rivers from the land.

- 2 His word can raise the springs again,  
And make the wither'd mountains green;  
Send show'ry blessings from the skies;  
And harvests in the desert rise.

- 3 Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,  
Or men as fierce and wild as they;  
He bids th' opprest and poor repair,  
And builds them towns and cities there.

- 4 They sow the fields, the trees they plant;  
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want.  
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks;  
Their wealth increases with their flocks.

- 5 Thus they are blest; but if they sin,  
He lets the heathen nations in:  
A savage crew invades their lands;  
Their people die by barb'rous hands;

- 6 Their captive sons, expos'd to scorn,  
Wander unpitied and forlorn:  
The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,  
And desolation spreads the field.

- 7 Yet if the humbled nation mourns,  
Again his dreadful hand he turns;

9 How few with pious care record  
These wondrous dealings of the Lord !  
But wise observers still shall find,  
The Lord is holy, just and kind.

PSALM 108. *First Part.* L. M.

*God's care of his church.*

- 1 **A** GAIN, my tongue, thy silence break,  
My heart, and all my pow'rs, awake,  
My tongue, the glory of my frame,  
Awake, and sing Jehovah's name.
- 2 O'er heaven exalted is his throne ;  
In ev'ry world his glory shown :  
The church, he loves, his hand shall save  
From death, and sorrow, and the grave.
- 3 Ye kingdoms, hear his awful voice !  
" In Zion shall my heart rejoice ;  
" This hand shall all her foes dismay,  
" And make their scatter'd strength a prey.



**PSALM CVIII.**

11

neath whose sov'reign sway,  
and worlds, in dust decay,  
sweet smile has been withdrawn,  
denied, thy presence gone ;

thou still with love return ;  
teach our hearts to burn :  
graces, Lord, revive,  
thy fainting children live.

from sin, and fear, and woe,  
thy snare, and ev'ry foe,  
lead us boldly to contend,  
resist, and truth defend.

**PSALM 109. Second Part. C. M.**

*General praise,—Introductory.*

THEE, my soul, with fervent praise,  
like my heart to sing ;  
thy pow'rs the song to raise,  
morning incense bring.

For people of his care,  
round the nations round,  
songs of praise will I prepare,  
high his name resound.

Exalted, O my God,  
the starry train ;  
thy heav'nly grace abroad,  
through each the world thy reign.

Which is thine ; thou wilt maintain  
thy use in ev'ry age :  
a rock, her foes in vain  
thy rights engage.

thy chosen sons rejoice,  
through thy courts above ;  
thy voice hear thy pard'ning voice,  
thy redeeming love.

- 2 When in the form of mortal man  
Thy Son on earth was found;  
With cruel slanders, false and vain,  
They compass'd him around.
- 3 Their mis'ries his compassion move,  
Their peace he still pursu'd;  
They render hatred for his love,  
And evil for his good.
- 4 Their malice rag'd without a cause  
Yet with his dying breath,  
He pray'd for murd'ers on his cross,  
And blest his foes in death.
- 5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine  
In vain before my eyes?  
Give me a soul akin to thine,  
To love mine enemies.
- 6 The Lord shall on my side engage;  
And in my Saviour's name,  
I shall defeat their pride and rage,  
Who slander and condemn.

**PSALM CX.**

And the hearts of rebels bleed,  
And their wills to thy command.  
Thy day shall show thy pow'r is great;  
When saints shall flock with willing minds,  
And sinners crowd thy temple-gate,  
Where holiness in beauty shines."

blessed pow'r! O glorious day!  
That a large vict'ry shall ensue!  
And converts, who thy grace obey,  
Rejoice the drops of morning dew.

**PSALM 110. Second Part. C. M.**

*Christ's kingdom and priesthood.*

[**ESUS**, our Lord, ascend thy throne,  
And near thy Father sit:  
Zion shall thy pow'r be known,  
And make thy foes submit.

What wonders shall thy gospel do!  
Thy converts shall surpass  
The numerous drops of morning dew,  
And own thy sov'reign grace.

God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,  
Nor changes what he swore:  
Eternal shall thy priesthood be,  
"When Aaron is no more.

Melchisedec, that wondrous priest,  
"That king of high degree;  
That holy man, whom Abraham blest,  
"Was but a type of thee."

Jesus our Priest for ever lives,  
To plead for us above;  
Jesus our King for ever gives  
The blessings of his love.

And shall exalt his glorious head,  
His lofty throne maintain;

Between the Father and the Son,  
Proceed with honour and success.

2 Thro' the whole earth his reign shall spread,  
And crush the pow'rs that dare rebel :  
Then shall he judge the rising dead,  
And send the guilty world to hell.

3 Tho' while he treads his glorious way,  
He drinks the cup of tears and blood ;  
The suff'rings of that dreadful day  
Shall but advance him near to God.

PSALM 111. *First Part.* C. M.

*Perfections of God in Nature.*

1 **S**ONGS of immortal praise belong  
To my almighty God :  
He hath my heart, and he my tongue,  
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works, his hand hath wrought !  
How glorious in our sight !  
And men in ev'ry age have sought

## PSALM CXI, CXII.

time, and earth and skies,  
 Only skill proclaim :  
 we do to make us wise,  
 to read thy name ?  
 thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,  
 divinest skill ;  
 the wisest of our race,  
 best obeys thy will.

LM 111. *Second Part.* C. M.

*Perfections of God in Grace.*  
 AT is the Lord, his works of might  
 demand our noblest songs :  
 assembled saints unite  
 in harmony of tongues.

is the mercy of the Lord,  
 gives his children food ;  
 ever mindful of his word,  
 makes his promise good.

son, the great Redeemer, came  
 to seal his cov'nant sure :  
 and rev'rend is his name ;  
 his ways are just and pure.

oy that would grow divinely wise,  
 must with his fear begin ;  
 or fairest proof of knowledge lies  
 in hating ev'ry sin.

## PSALM 112. L. M.

*Liberality rewarded.*

**H**APPY is he that fears the Lord,  
 And follows his commands ;  
 Who lends the poor, without reward,  
 Or gives with lib'ral hands.

As pity dwells within his breast  
 To all the sons of need ;

- 4 In times of general distress  
Some beams of light shall shine,  
To show the world his righteousness,  
And give him peace divine.
- 5 His works of piety and love  
Remain before the Lord:  
Honour on earth, and joys above,  
Shall be his sure reward.

**PSALM 113. L. M.**

*The sovereignty and goodness of God*

- 1 **YE** servants of th' Almighty King,  
In ev'ry age his praises sing:  
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,  
The nations shall his praise repeat.
- 2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,  
Stands his high throne of majesty:  
Nor time, nor place, his pow'r restrain,  
Nor bound his universal reign.
- 3 Which of the sons of Adam dare

in the honour of his sons,  
 them for their heav'nly thrones.

of his creating voice  
 e the barren house rejoice ;

**th's ninety years were past,  
 th's seed is born at last.**

**the mother views her son,  
 the wonders God has done :  
 y grow strong, when sense despairs ;  
 ire fails, the promise bears.**

**PSALM 114. L. M.**

*lous power attending Israel's journey*

**EN** Israel freed from Pharaoh's hand  
 oft the proud tyrant and his land ;  
 is with cheerful homage own  
 ng, and Judah was his throne.

**se deep their journey lay ;  
 divides to make them way ;  
 sheld their march, and fled  
 kward current to his head.**

**ntains shook, like frightened sheep ;  
 bs, the little hillocks leap,  
 i, on her base, could stand,  
 s of sov'reign pow'r at hand.**

**w'r could make the deep divide ?  
 n, backward roll his tide ?  
 ye leap, ye little hills ?  
 nce the fright that Sinai feels ?**

**r mountain, ev'ry flood,  
 nd know th' approaching God ;  
 g of Israel, see him here ;  
 thou earth, adore and fear.**

*tern, and all nature mourns ;  
 to standing pools he turns ;*

— — — — —  
'Tis thine, great God, the only just,  
The only gracious, wise, and true.

2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful name ;  
Why should a heathen's haughty tongue  
Insult us ; and, to raise our shame,  
Say, " Where's the God you've serv'd so

3 The God, we serve, maintains his throne  
Above the clouds, beyond the skies :  
Thro' all the earth his will is done,  
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.

4 But the vain idols, they adore,  
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood .  
At best a mass of glitt'ring ore,  
A silver saint, or golden god.

5 With eyes and ears they carve the head  
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind .  
To them in vain are off'rings made,  
And vows are scatter'd in the wind.

6 Their feet were never made to move,



it we shall live to sing thy grace,  
and tell the world thy pow'r to save.

**PSALM 116. First Part. C. M.**

*Recovery from sickness.*

**LOVE** the Lord ; he heard my cries,  
And pitied ev'ry groan :  
As I live, when troubles rise,  
I'll hasten to his throne.

Love the Lord ; he bow'd his ear,  
And chas'd my griefs away :  
! let my heart no more despair,  
While I have breath to pray.

My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell,  
And I drew near the dead ;  
While inward pangs, and fears of hell,  
Perplex'd my wakeful head.

My God," I cried, "thy servant save,  
"Thou ever good and just ;  
Thy pow'r can rescue from the grave,  
"Thy pow'r is all my trust."

He Lord beheld me sore distress,  
He bade my pains remove :  
Turn, my soul, to God, thy rest,  
For thou hast known his love.

My God hath sav'd my soul from death,  
And dried my falling tears :  
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,  
And my remaining years.

**PSALM 116. Second Part. C. M.**

*Recovery from danger,—personal consecration.*

**WHAT** shall I render to my God,  
For all his kindness shown ?  
My feet shall visit thine abode,  
My songs address thy throne.

- 2 Among the saints that fill thine house  
My off'rings shall be paid;  
There shall my zeal perform the vows,  
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,  
Thou ever blessed God!  
How dear thy servants in thy sight!  
How precious is their blood!
- 4 How happy all thy servants are!  
How great thy grace to me!  
My life, which thou hast made thy care,  
Lord, I devote to thee.
- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,  
Nor shall my purpose move;  
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain  
And bound me with thy love.

# PSALM CXVIII

19

Whate'er the sons of earth may do,  
Since heav'n affords its aid.

2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,  
And have my God my friend,  
Than trust in men of high degree,  
And on their truth depend.

3 'Tis thro' the Lord my heart is strong,  
In him my lips rejoice;  
While his salvation is my song,  
How cheerful is my voice!

4 Like angry bees, they girt me round;  
When God appears, they fly:  
So burning thorns, with crackling sound,  
Make a fierce blaze, and die.

5 Joy to the saints, and peace belongs,  
The Lord protects their days:  
Let Israel tune immortal songs  
To his almighty grace.

## PSALM 118. *Second Part.* C. M.

*Recovery from sickness publicly acknowledged.*

1 **L**ORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry,  
And rescu'd from the grave;  
Now shall he live: for none can die,  
If God resolve to save.

2 Thy praise more constant than before,  
Shall fill his daily breath;  
Thy hand that hath chastis'd him sore,  
Defends him still from death.

3 Open the gates of Zion now,  
For we shall worship there;  
The house where all the righteous go,  
Thy mercy to declare.

4 *Among th' assemblies of thy saints  
Our thankful voice we raise*

PSALM CXVII

There we have told thee our complaints;  
And there we speak thy praise.

PSALM 118. Third Part. C. M.  
*Christ the foundation of his church.*

1 **BEHOLD** the sure foundation Stone  
Which God in Zion lays,  
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,  
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,  
How glorious is thy name!  
Saints trust their whole salvation here,  
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,  
Reject it with disdain:  
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,  
And envy rage in vain.

4 What tho' the gates of hell withstood!  
Yet must this building rise:  
'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,  
And wondrous in our eyes.

Part. C. M.

He who comes to men  
 brings of grace;  
 God, his Father's name,  
 his faithful race.

In the highest strains  
 church on earth can raise;  
 highest heav'ns in which he reigns,  
 all give him nobler praise.

PSALM 118. Fifth Part. S. M.

*Christ the Living Stone,—for the Lord's day.*

SEE what a living Stone  
 The builders did refuse!  
 And hath built his church thereon,  
 in spite of envious Jews.

Thou scribe and angry priest  
 reject thy only Son:  
 this rock shall Zion rest,  
 the chief Corner Stone.

Thy work, O Lord, is thine,  
 and wondrous in our eyes:  
 thy declares it all divine,  
 this day did Jesus rise.

This is the glorious day,  
 that our Redeemer made;  
 rejoice, and sing, and pray;  
 let all the church be glad.

Glory to the King  
 David's royal blood;  
 him, ye saints; he comes to bring  
 salvation from your God.

Thou bless thy holy word,  
 which all this grace displays;  
 for on thine altar, Lord,  
 our sacrifice of praise



PSALM CXIX.

While salvation long delays,  
Thy word supports my hope.  
Ten times a-day I lift my hands,  
And pay my thanks to thee:  
Thy righteous providence demands  
Repeated praise from me.

When midnight darkness veils the skies,  
I call thy works to mind;  
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,  
And sweet acceptance find.

PSALM 119. *Third Part.* C. M

*Self-Consecration.*

1 **T**HOU art my portion, O my God :  
Soon as I know thy way,  
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,  
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heav'nly truth,  
And glory in my choice :  
Not all the riches of the earth  
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace,  
I set before mine eyes ;  
Thence I derive my daily strength,  
And there my comfort lies.

4 If once I wander from thy path,  
I think upon my ways ;  
Then turn my feet to thy commands,  
And trust thy pard'ning grace.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,  
O save thy servant, Lord !  
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,  
My hope is in thy word.

6 *Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine  
Thy statutes to fulfil :*

- 1 Thy word the conscience clean.  
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it penetrates the mind,  
It spreads such light abroad;  
The meanest souls instruction find,  
And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis, like the sun, a heav'nly light  
That guides us all the day:  
And, thro' the dangers of the night,  
A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 The men, that keep thy law with care,  
And meditate thy word,  
Grow wiser than their teachers are,  
And better know the Lord.
- 5 Thy precepts make me truly wise;  
I hate the sinner's road:  
I hate mine own vain thoughts, that rise  
But love thy law, my God.
- 6 The starry heav'ns thy rule obey;  
The earth maintains her place:



**PSALM CXIX.**

20

**That holy book shall guide our youth,  
And well support our age.**

**PSALM 119. Fifth Part. C M.**

*Delight in the scripture.*

- 1 **O** HOW I love thy holy law !  
    'Tis daily my delight :  
And thence my meditations draw  
    Divine advice by night.
- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day,  
    To meditate thy word :  
My soul with longing melts away,  
    To hear thy gospel, Lord.
- 3 How doth thy word my heart engage !  
    How well employ my tongue !  
And in my tiresome pilgrimage,  
    Yield me a heav'nly song !
- 4 Am I a stranger, or at home,  
    'Tis my perpetual feast ;  
Not honey, dropping from the comb,  
    So much allures the taste.
- 5 No treasures so enrich the mind ;  
    Nor shall thy word be sold  
For loads of silver well refin'd ;  
    Nor heaps of choicest gold.
- 6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,  
    Thy promises of grace  
Are pillars to support my hope :  
    And there I write thy praise.

**PSALM 119. Sixth Part. C M.**

*Holiness and comfort through the Word*

- 1 **L**ORD, I esteem thy judgments right,  
    And all thy statutes just ;  
Thence I maintain a constant fight  
    With ev'ry flatt'ring lust.

- 2 Thy precepts often I survey ;  
I keep thy laws in sight,  
Thro' all the bus'ness of the day,  
To form my actions right.
- 3 My heart in midnight silence cries,  
"How sweet thy comforts be!"  
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,  
And bring their thanks to thee.
- 4 And when my spirit drinks her fill  
At some good word of thine ;  
Not mighty men, that share the spoil,  
Have joys compar'd to mine.

PSALM 119. *Seventh Part.* C M.

*Imperfection of nature, and perfection of scriptu*

1 ¶ ET all the heathen writers join,

PSALM CXIX.

thy faith and love, and ev'ry grace,  
Fall far below thy word;  
But perfect truth and righteousness  
Dwell only with the Lord.

**PSALM 119. Eighth Part. C. M.**

*The excellency and variety of scripture.*

**L**ORD, I have made thy word my choice;  
My lasting heritage;  
Where shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,  
My warmest thoughts engage.

I read the histories of thy love,  
And keep thy laws in sight;  
While thro' thy promises I rove,  
With ever fresh delight.

There is a broad land of wealth unknown,  
Where springs of life arise;  
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
And hidden glory lies.

The best relief that mourners have;  
It makes our sorrows blest;  
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,  
And our eternal rest.

**PSALM 119. Ninth Part. C. M.**

*Seeking Divine instruction.*

**W**HY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,  
How good thy works appear!  
Open mine eyes to read thy word,  
And see thy wonders there.

My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,  
My service is thy due:  
O make thy servant understand  
The duties he must do!

Since I'm a stranger here below,  
Let not thy path be hid:

- 5 IF GOD TO ME HIS STATUTES SHOW,  
 And heav'nly truth impart ;  
 His work for ever I'll pursue,  
 His law shall rule my heart.
- 6 This was my comfort when I bore  
 Variety of grief ;  
 It made me learn thy word the more,  
 And fly to that relief.
- 7 In vain the proud deride me now ;  
 I'll ne'er forget thy law,  
 Nor let that blessed gospel go,  
 Whence all my hopes I draw.
- 8 When I have learn'd my Father's will,  
 I'll teach the world his ways ;  
 My thankful lips, inspir'd with zeal,  
 Shall loud pronounce his praise.

PSALM 119. *Tenth Part.* C. M.

*Pleading the promises.*

- 1 **R**EHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,

Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,  
Which dare reproach my hope.

- 4 Did'st thou not raise my faith, O Lord!  
Then let thy truth appear:  
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,  
And trust as well as fear.

PSALM 119. *Eleventh Part.* C. M.

*Breathing after holiness.*

- 1 **O** THAT the Lord would guide my ways,  
To keep his statutes still!  
O that my God would grant me grace  
To know and do his will!
- 2 O send thy spirit down, to write  
Thy law upon my heart!  
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes;  
Let no corrupt design,  
Nor covetous desires arise,  
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,  
And make my heart sincere:  
Let sin have no dominion, Lord;  
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,  
My feet too often slip;  
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,  
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.
- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands,  
'Tis a delightful road;  
Nor let *my head, nor heart, nor hands*  
*Offend against my God.*

PSALM CXIX.

PSALM 119. *Twelfth Part.* C. M

*Seeking comfort and deliverance.*

**M**Y God, consider my distress,  
Let mercy plead my cause :  
Tho' I have sinn'd against thy grace,  
I can't forget thy laws.

1 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach,  
Which I so justly fear :  
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,  
Nor let my shame appear.

3 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,  
Nor let the proud oppress ;  
But make thy waiting servant see  
The shinings of thy face.

4 Mine eyes with expectation fail :  
My heart within me cries,  
“ When will the Lord his truth fulfil,  
“ And make my comforts rise ?”

5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,  
How thy grace the same ;  
How thy love thy servant afford



## PSALM CXIX.

My sorrows rise, my nature faints,  
When men transgress thy word.  
While sinners do thy gospel wrong,  
My spirit stands in awe:  
My soul abhors a lying tongue;  
But loves thy righteous law.  
My heart with sacred reverence hears  
The threatnings of thy word,  
My flesh with holy trembling fears  
The judgments of the Lord.  
My God, I long, I hope, I wait,  
For thy salvation still;  
While thy whole law is my delight,  
And I obey thy will.

PSALM 119. *Fourteenth Part* C. M  
*Benefit of afflictions.*

CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,  
And thy deliverance send:  
My soul for thy salvation faints;  
When will my troubles end?  
Yet I have found it good for me  
To bear my Father's rod;  
Afflictions make me learn thy law,  
And live upon my God.  
This is the comfort I enjoy,  
When new distress begins;  
I read thy word, I run thy ways,  
And hate my former sins.  
Had not thy word been my delight,  
When earthly joys had fled,  
My soul, opprest with sorrow's weight,  
Had sunk among the dead.  
I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,  
Tho' they may seem severe:

nor wander from thy way.

PSALM 119. *Fifteenth Part.* C M

*Christian perseverance.*

- 1 **O** THAT thy statutes ev'ry hour  
Might dwell upon my mind !  
Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r,  
And daily peace I find.
- 2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,  
Shall be my sweet employ ;  
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word ;  
Thy word is all my joy.
- 3 How would I run in thy commands,  
Should'st thou my heart discharge  
From sin, and Satan's hateful chains,  
And set my feet at large !
- 4 My lips with courage shall declare  
Thy statutes and thy name ;  
I'll speak thy word, tho' kings should hear



**PSALM 119.** *Sixteenth Part.* C. M.*Prayer for quickening grace.*

Y soul lies cleaving to the dust ;  
 Lord, give me life divine :

! vain desires and ev'ry lust,  
 ra off these eyes of mine.

d the influ'nce of thy grace  
 speed me in thy way ;  
 I should loiter in my race,  
 turn my feet astray.

a sore afflictions prest me down,  
 sed thy quick'ning pow'rs ;  
 word, that I have rested on,  
 all cheer my heaviest hours.

not thy mercies sov'reign still,  
 d thou a faithful God ?  
 thou not grant me warmer zeal  
 run the heav'nly road ?

not my heart thy precepts love,  
 d long to see thy face ?  
 yet how slow my spirits move,  
 ithout enliv'ning grace !

shall I love thy gospel more,  
 d ne'er forget thy word ;  
 n I have felt its quick'ning pow'r,  
 o draw me near the Lord.

**PSALM 119.** *Seventeenth Part.* L. M.*Constancy under trials.*

WHEN pain and anguish seize me, Lord,

All my support is from thy word :

soul dissolves with heaviness,

ld me with thy strength'ning grace.

*proud have fram'd their scoffs and lies,*

*watch my feet with envious eyes ;*

*Sanctified afflictions.*

1 **F**ATHER, I bless thy gentle hand;  
How kind was thy chastising rod,  
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,  
And brought my wand'ring soul to God!

2 Foolish and vain I went astray,  
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord;  
I left my guide, and lost my way;  
But now I love and keep thy word.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,  
For pride is apt to rise and swell:  
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,  
That I might learn his statutes well.

4 The law, that issues from thy mouth,  
Shall raise my cheerful passions more  
Than all the treasures of the South,  
Or Western hills of golden ore.

Thy law, O Lord, made my mortal frame,

**I 119. Nineteenth Part. L. M.**

*Perseverance in prayer.*

me from fainting in my prayers,  
to thy footstool, Lord, I come :  
ith God would leave her cares,  
for mercy from the throne.

ame of love and zeal,  
stling for the grace I need ;  
by faith within the veil,  
ne ardently to plead.

the Lord are all my sighs :  
yield to unbelief ;  
ere with fervent cries,  
ear and grant relief.

**A 119. Twentieth Part. C. M.**

*Pleading the Promises.*

MBER all my sorrows, Lord,  
do as thou hast said ;  
according to thy word,  
e the promis'd aid.

mercies in a train  
d my gratitude ;  
my faith and hope sustain,  
ore will be bestow'd.

y work of grace, then, Lord,  
my soul complain ;  
le I rest upon thy word,  
es are still in vain.

**I 119. Twenty-first Part. L. M.**

*Christian sincerity—an appeal to God.*

HER and Saviour of my soul,  
Sun, my Shield, my sov'reign Judge !  
s are naked to thy view,  
my thoughts, my words, my ways.

And now  
If God be for me, all is well.

- 4 Sustain me then with promis'd grace,  
Revive my heart, increase my faith :  
I hate to lie, I love the truth :  
O ! make me be what I profess
- 5 Sev'n times a day my pray'rs ascend,  
With mingled praises, to the throne :  
'Tis good to seek my Father's face,  
And plead in my Redeemer's name.
- 6 Strong peace have they, who love thy law ;  
Firm on a rock their hopes are built ;  
Their faith looks up to nobler scenes,  
And nothing can detain them there.
- 7 Seal to my soul thy pard'ning love,  
Let strength be equal to my day ;  
Then will I run with great delight  
And eager press, to seize the prize.
- 8 Supremely wise, and good, and great ;  
O ! search my heart, and try my ways :  
— and I love thy judgments fear,

**PSALM CXX.**

As prone to wander out of sight,  
I apt to run astray ;  
When once lost, unable quite  
To find again the way.

Lord, which heav'n and earth upholds,  
Keep them free from harms ;  
Shepherd brings them to their folds,  
And bears them in his arms.

O, my Shepherd and my Rock,  
Grateful song I'll raise ;  
The meanest of the flock  
Apt to speak thy praise.

Art my guard ; my all I owe  
Thine amazing love :  
Standing in thy fold below,  
And hopes of bliss above.

Thousand thousand comforts be  
Spens'd in various ways,  
In thy faithfulness and care,  
I claim adoring praise.

Guided, Shepherd, by thy love,  
Feet shall keep thy way ;  
Till I reach thy fold above,  
Go no more astray.

**PSALM 120. C. M.**

*Christian's complaint against strife, and  
his love for peace.*

God of love, thou ever blest,  
My suff'ring state :  
Thou set my soul at rest  
From that love deceit ?

O mine ! my days are cast  
The song of strife ;  
Unceasing brawlings waste  
My hours of life.

I am for peace ; but, when I speak,  
They all declare for arms.

5 New passions still their souls engage,  
And keep their malice strong :  
What shall be done to curb thy rage,  
O thou devouring tongue !

6 Should burning arrows smite thee thro'  
Strict justice would approve ;  
But I would rather spare my foe,  
And melt his heart with love.

PSALM 121. *First Part.* C

*Divine Protection.*

1 **T**O Zion's hill I lift my eyes,  
From thence expecting aid ;  
From Zion's hill, and Zion's God,  
Who heav'n and earth has made.

2 Thou, then, my soul, in safety rest ;  
Thy guardian will not sleep :  
His watchful care, that Israel guards,

PSALM 121. *Second Part.* P. M.*Constant preservation.*

- 1 **U**PWARD I lift mine eyes;  
From God is all my aid;  
The God that built the skies,  
And earth and nature made:  
God is the pow'r,  
To which I fly;  
His grace is nigh  
In ev'ry hour.
- 2 My feet shall never slide,  
Nor fall in fatal snares;  
Since God, my guard and guide,  
Defends me from my fears.  
Those wakeful eyes,  
That never sleep,  
Shall Israel keep  
When dangers rise.
- 3 No burning heats by day,  
Nor blasts of ev'ning air,  
Shall take my health away,  
If God be with me there:  
Thou art my sun,  
And thou my shade,  
To guard my head  
By night, or noon.
- 4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word  
To save my soul from death?  
And I can trust my Lord,  
To keep my mortal breath.  
I'll go and come,  
Nor fear to die,  
Till from *on high*  
*Thou call me home.*

- 2 I love her gates, I love the town ;  
The church adorn'd with grace  
Stands, like a palace built for God,  
To show his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts with joys unknown,  
The holy tribes repair ;  
The Son of David holds his throne,  
And sits in judgment there.
- 4 He hears our praises and complaints ;  
And while his awful voice  
Divides the sinners from the saints,  
We tremble and rejoice.
- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,  
And joy a constant guest ;  
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace  
Be her attendants blest.
- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,  
While life or breath remains :  
There my best friends, my kindred dwell ;  
There God, my Saviour, reigns.



maids before their mistress stand,  
and wait a peaceful look :

be our stay we justly shew  
thy discipline, O God ;  
wait the gracious moment still,  
thou remove thy rod.

see, that in wealth and pleasure live,  
our daily groans deride ;  
thy delays of mercy give  
fresh courage to their pride.

foes insult us, but our hope  
in thy compassion lies :  
thy thought shall bear our spirits up,  
that God will not despise.

## PSALM 124. L. M.

*Thanksgiving for national deliverance*

[AD not the Lord, may Israel say,  
Had not the Lord maintain'd our side  
men men, to make our lives a prey,  
so like the swelling of the tide.

e swelling tide had stopt our breath,  
fiercely did the waters roll ;  
e had been swallow'd deep in death .  
oud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.

e leap for joy, we shout and sing,  
ho just escap'd the fatal stroke ;  
flies the bird with cheerful wing,  
hen once the fowler's snare is broke.

r ever blessed be the Lord,  
ho broke the fowler's cursed snare ;  
ho sav'd us from the murd'ring sword,  
ad made our lives and souls his care.

help us in Jehovah's name,  
e form'd the earth, and built the skies ;

2

PSALM CXXV, CXXVI.

He, that upholds that wondrous frame,  
Guards his own church with watchful eyes

PSALM 125. S. M.

*The trials and safety of believers.*

1 **F**IRM and unmov'd are they  
That rest their souls on God:  
Fix'd as the mount where David dwelt,  
Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard  
The city's sacred ground,  
So God and his almighty love  
Embrace his saints around.

3 What, tho' the Father's rod  
Drop a chastising stroke,  
lest it wound their souls too deep,  
They will be broke.

offer owns thy hand, and pays  
 ling honours to thy name ;  
 we with pleasure shout thy praise,  
 cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

When we review'd our dismal fears,  
 was hard to think they'd vanish so ;  
 With God we left our flowing tears,  
 He makes our joys like rivers flow.

PSALM 126. *Second Part.* C. M.

*The joy of conversion.*

- 1 **W**HEN God reveal'd his gracious name,  
 And chang'd my mournful state,  
 My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,  
 The grace appear'd so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,  
 And did thy hand confess ;  
 My tongue broke out in unknown strains,  
 And sung surprising grace.
- 3 "Great is the work," my neighbours cried,  
 And own'd thy pow'r divine ;  
 "Great is the work," my heart replied,  
 "And be the glory thine."
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,  
 Can give us day for night ;  
 Make drops of sacred sorrow rise  
 To rivers of delight.
- 5 Let those that sow in sadness wait  
 Till the fair harvest come :  
 They shall confess their sheaves are great,  
 And shout the blessings home.
- 6 Tho' seed lie buried long in dust,  
 It shan't deceive their hope :  
 The precious grain can ne'er be lost,  
 For grace insures the crop.

The watchful guard as

What, tho' you rise before the sun,  
And work and toil when day is done ;  
Careful and sparing eat your bread,  
To shun that poverty you dread ;

'Tis all in vain, till God hath blest ;  
He can make rich, yet give us rest :  
Children and friends are blessings too,  
If God, our sov'reign, make them so.

4 Happy the man to whom he sends  
Obedient children, faithful friends !  
How sweet our daily comforts prove,  
When they are season'd with his love !

PSALM 128. C. M.

*A christian blessed in his family.*

1 **O** HAPPY man, whose soul is fill'd  
With faith and rev'rend awe ;  
Whose lips to God their honours yield,  
Whose life adorns the law.

His name shall stand,

Who dwells on Zion's hill,  
Send the blessings home.

To man, whose happy eyes  
See his house increase;  
The sinking church arise,  
Save the world in peace.

## PSALM 129. C. M.

*Persecutors punished.*

From my youth, may Israel say,  
Ere I been nurs'd in tears;  
Thou wast constant as the day,  
And tedious as the years.

From my youth I bore the rage  
Of the sons of strife;  
Thou hast assail'd my riper age,  
And hast destroy'd my life.

Thou hast as the plough had torn my flesh  
Furrows long and deep;  
Thou hast vex'd my wounds afresh,  
And hast not my sorrows sleep.

Thou hast seen their insolence surpris'd,  
As their thunders roll!  
Thou hast seen the foes of Zion seiz'd  
In horror to the soul.

Thou hast seen the men that hate the saints,  
Cast down from the sky;  
Thou hast seen their courage faints,  
And all their projects die.

Thou hast seen them flourish tall and fair!  
They have no root beneath;  
Thou hast seen their growth shall perish in despair,  
And they shall be despis'd in death.

Thou hast seen the sheaf on the house-top stands,  
And the ear of harvest gives;

PSALM 130. G M

*Pardoning grace.*

- 1 **O**UT of the depths of long distress,  
The borders of despair,  
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,  
My groans to move thine ear.
- 2 Great God! should thy severer eye,  
And thine impartial hand,  
Mark and revenge iniquity,  
No mortal flesh could stand.
- 3 But there are pardons, with my God,  
For crimes of high degree;  
Thy Son has bought them with his blood  
To draw us near to thee.
- 4 I wait for thy salvation, Lord,  
With strong desires I wait;  
My soul, invited by thy word,  
Stands watching at thy gate.
- 5 Just as the guards, that keep the night,

ord is good, as well as just,  
 And plenteous in his grace.

ore's full redemption at his throne  
 For sinners long enslav'd :  
 The great Redeemer is his Son ;  
 And Israel shall be sav'd.

PSALM 131. C. M.

*Humility and submission.*

Is there ambition in my heart ?  
 Search, gracious God, and see ;  
 Do I act a haughty part ?  
 Lord, I appeal to thee.

Charge my thoughts, be humble still,  
 And all my carriage mild ;  
 Content, my Father, with thy will,  
 And quiet as a child.

The patient soul, the lowly mind  
 Shall have a large reward :  
 Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,  
 And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM 132. *First Part.* L. M.

*Provisions of Zion.*

**W**HERE shall we go, to seek and find  
 A habitation for our God ;  
 Dwelling for th' eternal mind,  
 Among the sons of flesh and blood ?

The God of Jacob chose the hill  
 Zion for his ancient rest ;  
 And Zion is his dwelling still ;  
 His church is with his presence blest.

Where will I fix my gracious throne,  
 And reign for ever, saith the Lord ;  
 We shall my pow'r and love be known,  
 Blessings shall attend my word.

NOT AARON, as was

Made an appearance so divine.

- 6 The saints, unable to contain  
Their inward joy, shall shout and sing :  
The Son of David here shall reign,  
And Zion triumph in her King.
- 7 Jesus shall see a num'rous seed  
Born here, t' uphold his glorious name ;  
His crown shall flourish on his head,  
While all his foes are cloth'd with shame.

**PSALM 132. Second Part. C. M.**

*Privileges of the New Testament Church*

- 1 **A**RISE, O King of grace, arise,  
And enter to thy rest :  
Lo ! thy church waits with longing eyes,  
Thus to be own'd and blest.
- 2 Enter with all thy glorious train,  
Thy Spirit and thy word ;  
All, that the ark did once contain,



Let the Son of David reign,  
 God's anointed shine ;  
 and truth his court maintain,  
 th love and pow'r divine.

**PSALM 132. Third Part. C. M.**

*Privileges of the church under the New-Testament.*

The Lord in Zion plac'd his throne,  
 His ark was settled there :  
 on the whole nation came,  
 worship thrice a year.

We have no such lengths to walk,  
 nor wander far abroad ;  
 e'er thy saints assemble now,  
 here is a house for God.

Zion still, in God's esteem,  
 other seats excels :  
 ever he records his name,  
 in Zion ; there he dwells.

"store," says he, "I will increase,  
 her poor with plenty bless ;  
 saints shall shout for joy ; her priests  
 by saving health confess.

For David's pow'r shall long remain  
 in his establish'd line ;  
 for David's Son and Lord shall reign,  
 and with fresh lustre shine.

Faces of his vanquish'd foes  
 confusion shall o'erspread ;  
 first, with confirm'd success, his crown  
 shall flourish on his head."

**PSALM 133. First Part. C. M.**

*Brotherly love.*

How what an entertaining sight  
 to brethren that agree ;

3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet,  
On Aaron's rev'rend head :  
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,  
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews  
That fall on Zion's hill ;  
Where God his mildest glory shows,  
And makes his grace distil.

PSALM 133. *Second Part.* S. M.

*Brotherly love.*

1 **B**LEST are the sons of peace,  
Whose hearts and hopes are one ;  
Whose kind designs to serve and please,  
'Thro' all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house,  
Where zeal and friendship meet :  
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,  
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus, on the heav'nly hills  
The saints are blest above.

Lift up your hands by morning light,  
And raise your souls on high ;  
Send your admiring thoughts by night  
Above the starry sky.

- 1 The God of Zion cheers our hearts,  
With rays of quick'ning grace ;  
The God that spread the heav'ns abroad,  
And rules the swelling seas.

PSALM 135. First Part. L. M.

*The church God's house and care,—general praise.*

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,  
While in his earthly courts ye wait,  
Ye saints that to his house belong,  
Or stand attending at his gate.
- 2 Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good ;  
To praise his name is sweet employ :  
Israel he chose of old, and still  
His church is his peculiar joy.
- 3 The Lord himself will judge his saints ;  
He treats his servants as his friends :  
And when he hears their sore complaints,  
Repents the sorrows, that he sends.
- 4 Thro' ev'ry age the Lord declares  
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod ;  
He gives his suff'ring servants rest,  
And will be known th' Almighty God.
- 5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love ;  
People and priests exalt his name :  
Among his saints he ever dwells ;  
His church is his Jerusalem.

PSALM 135. Second Part. L. M.

*Grandeur of God.*

- 1 GREAT is the Lord, exalted high,  
Above all pow'rs and ev'ry throne ;

- 3 'Twas he, those dreadful years  
 O Egypt, thro' thy stubborn land !  
 When all thy first-born, beasts and men  
 Fell dead by his avenging hand.
- 4 What mighty nations, mighty kings  
 He slew, and their whole country gavo  
 To Israel, whom his hand redeem'd,  
 No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave.
- 5 His pow'r the same, the same his grace  
 That saves us from the hosts of hell :  
 And heav'n he gives us to possess,  
 Whence those apostate angels fell.

**PSALM 135. Third Part. C. M.**

*Grandeur of God—Introductory.*

- 1 **A** WAKE, ye saints, to praise your King,  
 Your sweetest passions raise ;  
 Your pious pleasure, while you sing,  
 Increasing with the praise.
- 2 Great is the Lord ; and works unknown  
 And his divine employ :

**PSALM CXXXVI.**

But heathen gods should ne'er be nam'd,  
Where our Jehovah's known.

- 8 O Zion, trust the living God,  
Serve him with faith and fear ;  
He makes thy courts his blest abode,  
And claims his honours there.

**PSALM 136. First Part. P. M.**

*The wonders of creation, providence, and redemption*

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God most high,  
The universal Lord ;  
The sov'reign King of kings ;  
And be his grace ador'd.  
"His pow'r and grace are still the same ;  
"And let his name have endless praise."

- 2 How mighty is his hand !  
What wonders hath he done !  
He form'd the earth and seas,  
And spread the heav'ns alone.  
"Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure ;  
"And ever sure abides thy word."

- 3 His wisdom fram'd the sun,  
To crown the day with light ;  
The moon and twinkling stars,  
To cheer the darksome night.  
"His pow'r and grace are still the same  
"And let his name have endless praise."

- 4 He smote the first-born sons,  
The flow'r of Egypt, dead ;  
And thence his chosen tribes  
With joy and glory led.  
"Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure  
"And ever sure abides thy word."

- 5 His pow'r and lifted rod  
Cleft the Red Sea in two ;

And brought me  
Thro' a long desert ground.  
"Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure;  
"And ever sure abides thy word."

7 The kings of Canaan fell  
Beneath his dreadful hand;  
While his own servants took  
- Possession of their land.  
"His pow'r and grace are still the same;  
"And let his name have endless praise."

8 He saw the nations lie  
All perishing in sin;  
And pitied the sad state  
The ruin'd world was in.  
"Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure,  
"And ever sure abides thy word."

9 He sent his only Son,  
To save us from our woe,  
From Satan, sin, and death,  
From every hurtful foe.  
"His mercy, Lord, shall still the same."

PSALM 136. *Second Part.* L. M.

*ie wonders of creation, providence, and redemption.*

**G**IVE to our God immortal praise ;  
 Mercy and truth are all his ways :  
 Give to the Lord of lords renown,  
 The King of kings with glory crown.

He built the earth, he spread the sky,  
 And fix'd the starry lights on high :  
 He fills the sun with morning light,  
 He bids the moon direct the night.

The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,  
 And brought them to the promis'd land :  
 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,  
 And felt his pity work within.

He sent his Son with pow'r to save  
 From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :  
 " Wonders of grace to God belong,  
 " Repeat his mercies in your song."

Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,  
 And leads us to his heav'nly seat :  
 " His mercies ever shall endure,  
 " When this vain world shall be no more."

PSALM 137. *First Part.* L. M

*The sorrows of Israel in captivity.*

**B**Y Babel's stream the captives sate,  
 And wept for Zion's hapless fate :  
 Useless, their harps on willows hung,  
 While foes requir'd a sacred song.

With taunting voice, and scornful eye,  
 " Sing us a song of heav'n," they cry :  
 " While foes deride our God, and King,  
 " How can we tune our harps or sing ?"

" If Zion's woes our hearts forget,  
 Or cease to mourn for Israel's fate,

- 5 "Remember, Lord, proud enemies  
 "Who cried, exulting at our groans,  
 "While Salem trembled at her base,  
 "Rase them: her deep foundations rase."
- 6 While thus they sung, the mourners view'd  
 Their foes by Cyrus' arm subdu'd,  
 And saw his glory rise, who spread  
 Their streets, and fields, with hosts of dead
- 7 Pleas'd, they foresaw the blest decree,  
 That set their tribes from bondage free;  
 Renew'd the temple, and restor'd  
 The sacred worship of the Lord.

**PSALM 137. Second Part. L. M**

*The Church in distress, seeking God.*

- 1 **L**ORD, in those dark and dismal days,  
 We mourn the hidings of thy face;  
 Proud enemies our path surround,  
 To level Zion with the ground.
- ... worship, they deride, ...



who bade his mercy flow,  
withdraws his blessings now.

ng from thy truth's withdrawn;  
ing, saving influ'nce gone :  
, unwaken'd, sinners hear,  
eir awful danger near.

unseen, in scanty show'rs,  
t sheds his healing pow'rs :  
y ground is parch'd beneath,  
barrenness, and death.

thy name be ever blest,  
ur hope shall safely rest :  
aviour soon shall see  
o set his Israel free.

h vengeance arm'd, shall come  
his foes, and seal their doom ;  
tic Babel whelm in dust,  
o, her idols, pow'r and trust.

ll thy saints exult, and sing  
hless glories of their King ;  
efore his altar bend,  
e from realm to realm extend.

ALM 137. *Third Part.* S. M

*Love for the church.*

VE thy kingdom, Lord,  
e house of thine abode ;  
our blest Redeemer sav'd  
his own precious blood.

thy Church, O God !  
alls before thee stand,  
e apple of thine eye,  
graven on thy hand.

*to bless thy sons  
ce, or hands deny*

Let ev'ry joy this hour  
And ev'ry grief o'erflow.

5 For her my tears shall fall;  
For her my prayers ascend;  
To her my cares and toils be giv'n,  
Till toils and cares shall end.

6 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heav'nly ways;  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.

7 Jesus, thou Friend divine,  
Our Saviour, and our King,  
Thy hand from ev'ry snare and foe  
Shall great deliv'rance bring.

8 Sure as thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be giv'n  
The brightest glories, earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heav'n.

**PSALM 138. L. M**

*Praise for deliverance.*

*Heart and tongue*

PSALM CXXXIX.

21

ot all thy works and names below  
much thy pow'r and glory show.

o God I cried when troubles rose ;  
o heard me, and subdu'd my foes ;  
o did my rising fears control,  
nd strength diffus'd thro' all my soul.

he God of heav'n maintains his state,  
rowns on the proud, and scorns the great  
ut from his throne descends, to see  
he sons of humble poverty.

mid a thousand snares I stand,  
pheld and guarded by thy hand :  
hy words my fainting soul revive,  
nd keep my dying faith alive.

race will complete what grace begins,  
o save from sorrows and from sins :  
he work, that wisdom undertakes,  
ternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALM 139. *First Part.* L. M.

*The omniscience and omnipresence of God.*

**T**HOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known  
My rising up and lying down :  
My secret thoughts are known to thee,  
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

Thine eye my bed and path surveys,  
My public haunts and private ways ;  
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent ;  
My yet unutter'd words' intent.

Within thy circling pow'r I stand ;  
In ev'ry side I find thy hand :  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God.

*! could I so perfidious be,  
think of once deserting thee ?*

- 6 If I the morning wings could gain,  
And fly beyond the western main,  
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,  
And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 7 Or should I try to shun thy sight,  
Beneath the sable wings of night;  
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,  
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 8 The veil of night is no disguise,  
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;  
Thro' midnight shades thou find'st thy  
As in the blazing noon of day.
- 9 "O may these thoughts possess my bre  
"Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!  
"Nor let my weaker passions dare  
"Consent to sin; for God is there."

**PSALM 139. *Second Part.*** (

*The wisdom of God in the formation*

1 **W**HEN I with pleasing wonder st

## PSALM CXXXIX.

Till the whole scheme, thy thoughts had laid,  
Was copied by thine art.

1 Heav'n, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,  
Show me thy wondrous skill;  
But I review myself, and find  
Divine wonders still.

5 Thine awful glories round me shine,  
My flesh proclaims thy praise;  
Lord, to thy works of nature join  
Thy miracles of grace.

PSALM 139. *Third Part. C. M.*

*The mercies of God innumerable.—An evening Psalm.*

1 **L**ORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,  
They strike me with surprise;  
Not all the sands that spread the shore  
To equal numbers rise.

2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,  
The product of thy skill;  
And hourly blessings from thy hands  
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 These on my heart by night I keep;  
How kind, how dear to me!  
O! may the hour that ends my sleep  
Still find my thoughts with thee.

PSALM 139. *Fourth Part. L.*

*Christian integrity—An appeal to God*

1 **M**Y God, what inward grief I feel,  
When impious men transgress th  
I mourn to hear their lips profane,  
Take thy tremendous name in vain.

2 Does not my soul detest and hate  
Of malice and deceit?  
Laws and thee,  
O me,

- 3 Lord, search my soul, try ev'ry thought:  
Tho' my own heart accuse me not  
Of walking in a false disguise;  
I beg the trial of thine eyes.
- 4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?  
Do I indulge some unknown sin?  
O turn my feet whene'er I stray!  
And lead me in thy perfect way

## PSALM 140. S. M.

*A complaint against personal enemies*

- 1 **M**Y God, while impious men,  
With malice in their heart,  
My peace destroy, my life defame,  
Thy guardian grace impart.

**PSALM CXLI, CXLII.**

24

Lord, who hates the proud,  
scorch the sland'rous tongue;  
the wicked from the earth,  
well requite their wrong.

wilt sustain the poor,  
bid th' afflicted sing;  
e shall thy children dwell,  
Father, and their king.

**PSALM 141. L. M.**

*alness and brotherly love.—A morning or  
evening psalm.*

God, accept my early vows,  
like morning incense in thy house;  
my nightly worship rise,  
as the ev'ning sacrifice.

o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,  
v'ry rash and heedless word;  
my feet incline to tread  
ilthy path, where sinners lead.

the righteous, when I stray,  
and reprove my wand'ring way!  
gentle words, like ointment shed,  
never bruise but cheer my head.

Behold them prest with grief,  
to heav'n for their relief;  
my warm petitions prove,  
much I prize their faithful love.

**PSALM 142. C. M.**

*Deliverance in sore distress.*

God I made my sorrows known,  
from God I sought relief;  
complaints before his throne,  
I'd out all my grief.

*was overwhelm'd with woes,  
art began to break:*

neglected or

- 4 Then did I raise a louder cry,  
And call'd thy mercy near;  
"Thou art my portion when I die:  
"Be thou my refuge here."
- 5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low;  
Now let thine ear attend,  
And make my foes who vex me, know,  
I've an Almighty Friend.
- 6 From my sad prison set me free;  
Then shall I praise thy name;  
And holy men shall join with me,  
Thy kindness to proclaim.

PSALM 143. L. M.

*Mourning under afflictions.*

- 1 **M**Y righteous Judge, my gracious God!  
Hear, when I spread my hands abroad  
And cry for succour from thy throne:  
O make thy truth and mercy known!

not not against me pass;



its in musing silence trace  
it wonders of thy grace.

derive a glimpse of hope  
y sinking spirits up ;  
ay hands to God again,  
like parched lands, for rain.

thirst, I pray, I mourn ;  
thy smiling face return ?  
y joys on earth remove ?  
or ever hide his love ?

hy long delay, to save,  
thy pris'ner to the grave ;  
grows faint, and dim mine eye ;  
e to help before I die.

is witness to my tears,  
pains, distressing fears :  
hear thy mourning voice,  
d my wearied pow'rs rejoice !

rust, to thee I sigh,  
my grieved soul on high ;  
it waiting all the day,  
the tiresome hours away.

my fetters, Lord, and show  
the path, my feet should go ;  
and foes beset the road,  
ade me near my God.

to do thy holy will,  
ne to thy heav'nly hill ;  
od Spirit of thy love  
ie to thy courts above.

l my soul no more complain  
ter then *shall* rage in vain :  
*that was my foe* before,  
*vex my spirit* more.

- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,  
He makes my soul his care ;  
Instructs me to the heav'nly fight,  
And guards me thro' the war.
- 3 A friend and helper so divine,  
Does my weak courage raise ;  
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine ;  
And his shall be the praise.

PSALM 144. *Second Part.* C. M.

*The vanity of man—Condescension of God.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what is man, poor feeble man !  
Born of the earth at first ;  
His life a shadow, light and vain,  
Still hast'ning to the dust !
- 2 O what is feeble dying man,  
Or any of his race,  
That God should make it his concern  
To visit him with grace !
- 3 That God, who darts his lightnings down,

**PSALM CXLV.**

**24**

the country, where the sheep,  
and corn, have large increase;  
men securely work, or sleep,  
as of plunder break their peace.

the nation thus endow'd :  
who divinely blest are those,  
in the all-sufficient God,  
with all his grace bestows.

**PSALM 145. First Part. L. M.**

*General praise—Greatness of God.*

God, my King, thy various praise  
shall fill the remnant of my days;  
I will employ my humble tongue,  
and glory raise the song.

Days of ev'ry hour shall bear  
thankful tribute to thine ear;  
Every setting sun shall see  
works of duty done for thee.

Truth and justice I'll proclaim;  
Mercy flows an endless stream,  
Swift thy anger slow;  
Faithful to the stubborn foe.

Heaven with sov'reign glory shine,  
Make thy majesty divine :  
In her courts proclaim  
And honour of thy name

Ant times and nations raise  
A succession of thy praise;  
A thousand ages make my song  
And labour of their tongue.

Who can speak thy wondrous deeds?  
Greatness all our thoughts exceeds :  
Thy unsearchable thy ways;  
Immortal be thy praise.

- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines  
His goodness to the skies;  
Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,  
And ev'ry want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait  
On thee for daily food;  
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,  
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord  
How slow thine anger moves:  
But soon he sends his pard'ning word  
To cheer the souls he loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,  
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;  
But saints that taste thy richer grace  
Delight to bless thy name.

PSALM 145. *Third Part. C. I*  
*The mercy of God.*

- 1 ¶ ET ev'ry tongue thy mercy speak,

## PSALM CXLVI.

Holy and just are all his ways,  
And all his words are truth.

4 He knows the pain his servants feel ;  
He hears his children cry ;  
And their best wishes to fulfil,  
His grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercy never shall remove  
From men of heart sincere :  
He saves the souls, whose humble love  
Is join'd with holy fear.

6 His stubborn foes, his sword shall slay,  
And pierce their hearts with pain ;  
But none, that serve the Lord, shall say,  
"They sought his aid in vain."

7 My lips shall dwell upon his praise,  
And spread his fame abroad :  
Let all the sons of Adam raise  
The honours of their God.

PSALM 146. *First Part.* L. M  
*Goodness and faithfulness of God.*

1 **PRAISE** ye the Lord : my heart shall  
In work so pleasant, so divine ;  
Now while the flesh is my abode,  
And when my soul ascends to God.

2 Praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs,  
While immortality endures ;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last

3 Why should I make a man my trust ?  
Princes must die and turn to dust ;  
Their breath departs, their pomp and  
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour.

*whose hopes rely  
made the sky,*

PSALM 147. *Second Part.*

*The Seasons of the year.*

- 1 **L**ET Zion praise the mighty God,  
And make his honours known at  
For sweet the joy our songs to raise,  
And glorious is the work of praise.
- 2 Our children live secure and blest ;  
Our shores have peace, our cities rest ;  
He feeds our sons with finest wheat,  
And adds his blessing to their meat.
- 3 The changing seasons he ordains,  
The early and the latter rains ;  
His flakes of snow, like wool, he send:  
And thus the springing corn defends.
- 4 With hoary frost he strews the ground  
His hail descends with dreadful sound  
His icy bands the rivers hold,  
And terror arms his winter cold

PSALM 147. *Third Part.* C. M.*The seasons of the year.*

1 **W**ITH songs and honours sounding loud  
Address the Lord on high;  
Around the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,  
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his show'rs of blessings down  
To cheer the plains below;  
He makes the grass the mountains crown,  
And corn in valleys grow.

3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,  
He hears the raven's cry;  
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,  
Should raise his honours high.

4 His steady counsels change the face  
Of the declining year;  
He bids the sun cut short his race,  
And wintry days appear.

5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,  
Descend and clothe the ground:  
The liquid streams forbear to flow,  
In icy fetters bound.

6 When, from his dreadful stores on high,  
He pours the rattling hail;  
The wretch, that dares his God defy,  
Shall find his courage fail.

7 He sends his word, and melts the snow;  
The fields no longer mourn;  
He calls the southern gales to blow,  
And bids the spring return.

8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,  
Obey his mighty word:  
*With songs and honours sounding loud,  
Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.*

Ye holy throng of angels bright,  
In worlds of light, begin the song.

- 2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,  
And moon that rul'st the night,  
Shine to your Maker's praise,  
With stars of twinkling light.  
His pow'r declare, ye floods on high,  
And clouds, that fly in empty air.
- 3 The shining worlds above  
In glorious order stand,  
Or in swift courses move  
By his supreme command.  
He spake the word, and all their frame  
From nothing came, to praise the Lord.
- 4 He mov'd the mighty wheels  
In unknown ages past ;  
And each his word fulfils,  
While time and nature last.  
In diff'rent ways his works proclaim  
His wondrous name, and speak his praise.



And stormy winds, that blow,  
To execute his word.  
When lightnings shine, or thunders roar,  
Let earth adore his hand divine.

7 Ye mountains near the skies,  
With lofty cedars there,  
And trees of humbler size  
That fruit in plenty bear;  
Beasts wild and tame, birds, flies, and worms  
In various forms, exalt his name.

8 Ye kings, and judges, fear  
The Lord, the sov'reign King;  
And, while you rule us here,  
His heav'nly honours sing:  
Nor let the dream of pow'r and state  
Make you forget his pow'r supreme.

9 Virgins, and youth, engage  
To sound his praise divine,  
While infancy and age  
Their feebler voices join.  
Wide as he reigns, his name be sung  
By ev'ry tongue, in endless strains.

10 Let all the nations fear  
The God that rules above;  
He brings his people near,  
And makes them taste his love:  
While earth and sky attempt his praise,  
His saints shall raise his honours high.

PSALM 148. *Second Part.* L. M.

*Universal praise to God.*

1 **L** OUD hallelujahs to the Lord,  
From distant worlds, where creatures dwell,  
Let heav'n begin the solemn word,  
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

- 2 The Lord, how absolute he reigns !  
Let ev'ry angel bend the knee ;  
Sing of his love in heav'nly strains,  
And speak how fierce his terrors be.
- 3 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,  
When nature all around you sings ?  
O for a shout from old and young,  
From humble swains and lofty kings !
- 4 Wide as his vast dominion lies,  
Make the Creator's name be known ;  
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,  
And sound it lofty as his throne.
- 5 Jehovah ! 'tis a glorious word !  
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue !  
But saints, who best have known the Lord  
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

5 Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,  
Their hand shall wield the sword;  
And vengeance shall attend their song;  
The vengeance of the Lord.

6 When Christ the judgment-seat ascends,  
And bids the world appear;  
Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends,  
Who humbly lov'd him here.

7 Then shall they rule, with iron rod,  
Nations that dar'd rebel;  
And join the sentence of their God,  
On tyrants doom'd to hell.

8 The royal sinner bound in chains,  
New triumphs shall afford:  
Such honour for the saints remains;  
Praise ye, and love the Lord.

PSALM 150. *First Part.* P M.

*Universal praise to the God of our salvation.*

1 **I**N Zion's sacred gates,  
Let hymns of praise begin;  
Where acts of faith and love  
With ceaseless beauty shine:  
In mercy there, while God is known,  
Before his throne, with songs appear.

2 In heav'n, his house on high,  
Ye angels, lift your voice;  
Let heav'nly harps resound,  
And happy saints rejoice:  
The glories sing, that ever shine,  
With pomp divine, around your King.

3 His wondrous acts demand,  
His wisdom and his grace,  
The labours of our hands,  
And transports of our praise:

PSALM 150. *Second Part.* L. M.

*Hallelujah.*

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord ; all nature join  
In work and worship so divine :  
Let heav'n and earth unite, and raise  
High hallelujahs to his praise.
- 2 While realms of joy, and worlds around,  
Their hallelujahs loud resound ;  
Let saints below, and saints above,  
Exulting sing redeeming love.
- 3 As instruments well tun'd and strung,  
We'll praise the Lord with heart and tongue  
While life remains, we'll loud proclaim  
High hallelujahs to his name.
- 4 Beyond the grave, in nobler strains,  
When freed from sorrow, sin, and pains,  
Eternally the church will raise  
High hallelujahs to his praise.



NEW ARRANGEMENT

OF

H Y M N S,

ADOPTED BY

GENERAL SYNOD,

AND, BY THEIR AUTHORITY,

IN THE REFORMED PROTESTANT  
DUTCH CHURCH.

(259)

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# HYMNS.

## NEW ARRANGEMENT.

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### INTRODUCTORY.

1—P. M.

Hymn 1. Add.

*Praise.*

- 1 **O**H Zion tune thy voice,  
And lift thy hands on high;  
Tell all the world thy joys,  
And shout salvation nigh:  
Cheerful in God, arise and shine,  
While rays divine stream all abroad.
- 2 He gilds thy mourning face  
With beams that cannot fade;  
His all resplendent grace  
He pours around thy head:  
The nations round, thy form shall view,  
With lustre new, divinely crown'd.
- 3 In honour to his name,  
Reflect that sacred light,  
And loud that grace proclaim,  
Which makes thy darkness bright:  
Pursue his praise, till sov'reign love,  
In worlds above, thy glory raise.

*Praise.*

- 1 **G**O, tune thy voice to sacred song  
Exert thy noblest pow'rs!  
Go, mingle with the choral throng,  
The Saviour's praises to prolong,  
Amid life's fleeting hours.
- 2 O! hast thou felt a Saviour's love,  
That flame of heav'nly birth?  
Then let thy strains melodious prove  
With rapture soaring far above  
The trifling toys of earth.
- 3 Hast found the pearl of price unknown  
That cost a Saviour's blood?  
Heir of a bright celestial crown,  
That sparkles near th' eternal throne  
O, sing the praise of God!
- 4 Sing of the Lamb that once was slain  
That man might be forgiv'n;



C. P. M.

Hymn 3. Add.

*Praise.*

- 1 **B**EGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,  
Let each enraptured thought obey,  
And praise the Almighty name:  
Let heav'n and earth, and seas and skies,  
In one melodious concert rise,  
To swell th' inspiring theme.
- 2 Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,  
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker—God,  
Ye thunders, speak his power;  
Lo! on the lightning's fiery wing,  
In triumph walks th' eternal King:  
Th' astonish'd worlds adore.
- 3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,  
To join the thunders of the skies,  
Praise him who bids you roll:  
His praise in softer notes declare,  
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,  
And breathe it to the soul.
- 4 Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing;  
Ye feather'd warblers of the spring,  
Harmonious anthems raise,  
To him who shaped your finer mould,  
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,  
And tuned your voice to praise.
- 5 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,  
Let man, in God's own image made,  
His breath in praise employ;  
Spread wide his Maker's name around,  
Till heav'n *shall echo back* the sound,  
*In songs of holy joy.*

- 2 Enthroned amid the radiant sphere  
He, glory like a garment, wears :  
To form a robe of light divine,  
Ten thousand suns around him shine
- 3 In all our Maker's grand designs,  
Omnipotence with wisdom shines ;  
His works, through all this wondrous  
Declare the glory of his name.
- 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,  
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing ;  
And let his praise employ thy tongue  
Till list'ning worlds shall join the song

5—C. M.

Hymn

*Perpetual Praise.*

- 1 **Y**ES, I will bless thee, O my God  
Through all my mortal days ;  
And to eternity prolong  
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

here shall my lips in endless praise  
 Their grateful tribute pay ;  
 he theme demands an angel's tongue  
 And an eternal day.

. M.

Hymn 1, B. 2.

*Creation praising God.*

THE spacious firmament on high,  
 With all the blue ethereal sky,  
 nd spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,  
 heir great Original proclaim.

he unwearied sun, from day to day,  
 oes his Creator's pow'r display,  
 nd publishes to every land,  
 he work of an Almighty hand.

on as the evening shades prevail,  
 he moon takes up the wondrous tale ;  
 nd, nightly, to the list'ning earth,  
 epeats the story of her birth.

Whilst all the stars that round her burn  
 nd all the planets in their turn,  
 onfirm the tidings as they roll,  
 nd spread the truth from pole to pole.

What, though in solemn silence all  
 love round this dark terrestrial ball ;  
 What, though no real voice nor sound  
 amidst their radiant orbs be found ;

n reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 nd utter forth a glorious voice,  
 'or ever singing, as they shine,  
 The hand that made us is divine."

## HYMN VII, VIII.

s 7s 4s.

Hymn 6. Ad

### *Invocation.*

**I**N thy name, O Lord, assembling,  
We, thy people, now draw near;  
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;  
Speak, and let thy servants hear—  
Hear with meekness,  
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd,  
Let us give them, Lord, to thee,  
Cheer'd by hope and daily strengthen'd,  
We would run, nor weary be;  
Till thy glory  
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There in worship, purer, sweeter,  
All thy people shall adore,  
Tasting of enjoyment, greater  
Than they could conceive before;  
Full enjoyment,  
Full, unmix'd, for evermore.

Hymn 7. Ad



those who weep and mourn;  
 time of joy return;  
 who are cast down, lift up;  
 e them strong in faith and hope.  
 ant, that all may seek and find  
 ee, a God supremely kind:  
 al the sick, the captive free—  
 t us all rejoice in thee.

M. 7,

Hymn 8. Add.

*Invocation.*

**L**ORD, behold thy people here,  
 Come to learn what thou wilt say;  
 O, in mercy now draw near;  
 Meet thy people when they pray;  
 Thou art God, and thou alone,  
 Lord, we worship at thy throne.

Jesus, 'tis on thee we call,  
 Israel's Saviour, Israel's King;  
 Low before thy feet we fall;  
 Thee, whom angels love, we sing;  
 Saviour, lead us in the way,  
 Only thee would we obey.

Teach us what we do not know,  
 Lord, instruct us in thy will;  
 What we learn, O may we do!  
 To thy voice obedient still;  
 Close to thee may we abide,  
 Thee, our Saviour and our Guide.

—C. P. M.

Hymn 9. Add.

*Social Worship.*

**“W**HERE two or three together meet,  
*My love and mercy to repeat*  
*And tell what I have done,*

There will I be," saith God, "to bless,  
And ev'ry burden'd soul redress,  
Who worships at my throne."

- 2 Make one in this assembly, Lord,  
Speak to each heart some cheering word,  
To set the spirit free ;  
Impart a kind celestial shower,  
And grant that we may spend an hour  
In fellowship with thee.

11—C. M.

Hymn 10. .

*Invocation.*

- 1 **I**N thy great name, O Lord, we come,  
To worship at thy feet ;  
O pour thy Holy Spirit down

- 6 This house, with grace and glory fill,  
 This congregation bless ;  
 Thy great salvation now reveal—  
 Thy glorious righteousness.

12—C. M.

Hymn 11. Add.

*Confession, Prayer, and Praise.*

- 1 **L**ORD! when we bend before thy throne,  
 And our **CONFESSIONS** pour,  
 Teach us to feel the sins we own  
 And hate what we deplore.

- 2 Our broken spirits pitying see,  
 True penitence impart :  
 Then let a kindling glance from thee  
 Beam hope on every heart.

- 3 When we disclose our wants in **PRAYER**,  
 Oh, let our wills resign ;  
 And not a thought our bosom share,  
 Which is not wholly thine.

- 4 Let faith each weak petition fill,  
 And lift it to the skies ;  
 And teach our hearts 't is goodness still  
 Which grants it, or denies.

- 5 When our united voices strive  
 Their cheerful hymns to raise,  
 Let love divine within us live,  
 And lift our souls in **PRAISE**.

13—C. M.

Hymn 12. Add.

*God's Presence sought.*

- 1 **A** **GAIN** our earthly cares we leave,  
 And to thy courts repair ;  
 Again with joyful feet we come,  
 To *meet our Saviour there.*

## HYMN XIV.

Great Shepherd of thy people, hear!  
Thy presence now display:  
We bow within thy house of prayer;  
O! give us hearts to pray.

The clouds which veil thee from our sight,  
In pity, Lord, remove;  
Dispose our minds to hear aright  
The message of thy love.

4 Help us, with holy fear and joy,  
To bow before thy face;  
And make us, creatures of thy power,  
The children of thy grace.

14—C. M.

Hymn 13. Add.

*A Blessing sought.*

1 COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,  
Thy power to us make known;  
Strike with the hammer of thy word,  
And break these hearts of stone.

the dead,



Hymn 14. Add.

*Before Hearing.*

- SOURCE of light and power divine,  
 Deign upon thy truth to shine;  
 Lord, behold thy servant stands,  
 And to thee, he lifts his hands;  
 Satisfy his soul's desire,  
 Touch his lips with holy fire!  
 Source of light and power divine,  
 Deign upon thy truth to shine.
- 2 Breathe thy Spirit, so shall fall  
 Uncion sweet upon us all;  
 Till by odours scatter'd round,  
 Christ himself be traced and found;  
 Then shall ev'ry raptured heart,  
 Rich in peace and joy, depart.  
 Source of light and power divine;  
 Deign upon thy truth to shine.

16—L. M.

Hymn 15. Add.

*Worship.*

- 1 HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,  
 And seek the presence of our Lord!  
 Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,  
 And come according to thy word.
- 2 From busy scenes we now retreat,  
 That we may here converse with thee:  
 Ah, Lord, behold us at thy feet!  
 Let this the "gate of heaven" be.
- 3 "Chief of ten thousand," now appear,  
 That we by faith may see thy face;  
 O, speak, that we thy voice may hear,  
 And let thy presence fill this place.

- 4 Lord, let thy people's views be clear,  
And let their hearts be fill'd with love;  
O may their light to all appear,  
And prove their doctrines from above.

7—L. M. Hymn 123,  
*Commencement of Public Worship.*

- 1 **T**HY presence, gracious God, afford—  
Prepare us to receive thy word;  
Now let thy voice engage our ear,  
And faith be mixt with what we hear.

- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,  
And fix our hearts and hopes above;  
With food divine may we be fed,  
And satisfied with living bread.

- 3 To us thy sacred word apply,

Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
And yields a sweet repast ;  
Sublimar sweets, than nature knows,  
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here springs of consolation rise,  
To cheer the fainting mind ;  
And thirsty souls receive supplies,  
And sweet refreshment find.

5 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heav'nly peace around ;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound !

6 O may these heav'nly pages be  
My ever dear delight ;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light !

7 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be thou for ever near ;  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour there !

19—C. M.

Hymn 16. Add.

*The Scriptures.*

1 **T**HIS is the field where hidden lies  
The pearl of price unknown :  
And they are all divinely wise  
Who make that pearl their own.

2 Here consecrated water flows,  
To quench our thirst for sin :  
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows—  
No danger dwells therein.

3 This is the judge that ends the strife,  
Where wit and reason fail ;  
Our guide to everlasting life,  
Through all this gloomy vale

- 4 O may thy counsels, mighty God,  
Our roving feet command ;  
Nor we forsake the happy road,  
That leads to thy right hand.

20—C. M.

Hymn 17.

*The Scriptures.*

- 1 **H**OW precious is the book divine,  
By inspiration given !  
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,  
To guide our souls to heaven.

- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts  
In this dark vale of tears,  
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,  
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night  
Of life, shall guide our way ;  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day.

Hymn 18.

be his word to all address'd—  
 To make us wise and blest—  
 The whole earth shall own his name,  
 And all, his boundless love proclaim.

—L. M.

Hymn 19. Add.

*The Scriptures.*

**T**HY word, O Lord, is light and food,  
 The law of truth, and source of good :  
 There thou hast pointed out my way  
 To pardon and perpetual day.

2 May I receive it, Lord, as thine,  
 Receive it as thy word divine,  
 With firm assent, with list'ning ear,  
 With bending heart, and filial fear.

3 Make me to know its saving might,  
 Its quick'ning power, its cheerful light :  
 May it my stubborn heart subdue,  
 And still my sinful soul renew !

4 O ! let it richly dwell within,  
 To keep me from the snares of sin,  
 And guide me still to choose thy way,  
 That I no more may go astray.

23—C. M.

Hymn 20. Add.

*The riches of God's word.*

1 **L**ET worldly men from shore to shore  
 Their favourite god pursue ;  
 Thy word, O Lord, we value more  
 Than India or Peru.

2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy  
 Are open to our sight ;  
 The purest gold without alloy  
 And gems divinely bright.

- 3 The counsels of redeeming grace  
These sacred leaves unfold ;  
And here the Saviour's lovely face  
Our raptured eyes behold.
- 4 Our numerous griefs are here redrest,  
And all our wants supplied :  
Nought we can ask to make us blest  
Is in this book denied.
- 5 For these inestimable gains  
That so enrich the mind,  
O may we search with eager pains,  
Assured that we shall find.

4—L. M.

Hymn 21. 1

*A Saviour seen in the Scriptures.*1 **N**OW let my soul, eternal King,

## PERFECTIONS.

Hymn 47, P. 2. B. 1.

*of God exalted above all praise.*

Al Pow'r! whose high abode  
exceeds the grandeur of our God;  
far, beyond the bounds,  
they revolve their little rounds.

One step above thy seat  
high for Gabriel's feet;  
the tallest angel tries  
to reach the height with wond'ring eyes.

How shall earth and ashes do?  
How shall we adore our Maker too;  
And dust to thee we cry,  
The Holy, and the High!

How far, has heard thy fame,  
How have learn'd to lisp thy name;  
How glories of thy mind  
Our soaring thoughts behind.

Heav'n, but man below;  
Our thoughts; our words be few;  
Our reverence checks our songs,

2 The thunders of his hand  
Keep the wide world in awe ;  
His wrath and justice stand  
To guard his holy law :  
And where his love resolves to bless,  
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Thro' all his perfect works  
Surprising wisdom shines ;  
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,  
And breaks their curs'd designs :  
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil  
His great decrees, his sov'reign will.

4 And can this mighty King  
Of glory condescend ?  
And will he write his name,

*My Father and my Friend ?*

I love his word ;

the Lord.



crowned martyrs' noble host,  
 Holy church in ev'ry coast,  
 For Maker for their Father own,  
 Now reconcil'd in Christ his Son.

-L. M.

Hymn 35, Pt. 2, B. 1

*God incomprehensible.*

- 1 CAN creatures, to perfection, find  
 Th' eternal, uncreated Mind?  
 Or can the largest stretch of thought  
 Measure and search His nature out?
- 2 'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell,  
 And what can mortals know, or tell?  
 His glory spreads beyond the sky,  
 And all the shining worlds on high.
- 3 God is a King of pow'r unknown,  
 Firm are the orders of his throne;  
 If he resolve, who dare oppose,  
 Or ask him why, or what he does?
- 4 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole;  
 He calms the tempest of the soul;  
 When he shuts up in long despair,  
 Who can remove the heavy bar?
- 5 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,  
 The fainting sun grows dim at noon;  
 The pillars of heav'n's starry roof  
 Tremble and start at his reproof.
- 6 These are a portion of his ways;  
 But who shall dare describe his face?  
 Who can endure his light, or stand  
 To hear the thunders of his hand?

29—C. M.

Hymn 22. A

*Greatness.*

- 1 **T**HY greatness, Lord, what thought can reach  
What mortal tongue can tell?  
Thy throne is fix'd, thy power extends  
O'er heaven, and earth, and hell.
- 2 Who can evade, or who resist,  
The vengeance of a God?  
Thy fearful wrath, when once provoked,  
Spreads terror all abroad.
- 3 The wide dominion and the power,  
The sov'reignty is thine:  
'T is thine the universe to rule,  
With majesty divine.
- 4 To thee, by all the hosts of heaven.

ondrous knowledge, deep and high !  
 Where can a creature hide ?  
 Within thy circling arms I lie,  
 Encompassed on every side.

Let thy grace surround me still,  
 And like a bulwark prove,  
 To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,  
 Secured by sov'reign love.

**I**—C. M. D.

Hymn 24. Add.

*Omnipotence.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord our God is full of might,  
 The winds obey his will ;  
 He speaks, and in his heav'nly height  
 The rolling sun stands still.  
 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land,  
 With threat'ning aspect roar ;—  
 The Lord uplifts his awful hand,  
 And chains you to the shore.
- 2 Ye winds of night, your force combine ;—  
 Without his high behest,  
 Ye shall not, in the lofty pine,  
 Disturb the sparrow's nest.  
 His voice sublime is heard afar—  
 In distant peals it dies ;  
 He yokes the whirlwind to his car,  
 And sweeps the howling skies.
- 3 He lives, he reigns in ev'ry land,  
 From winter's polar snows  
 To where across the burning sand,  
 The blasting meteor goes.  
 Ye nations, bend, in rev'rence bend :  
 Ye monarchs, wait his nod,  
 And bid the choral song ascend,  
 To celebrate your God !

HYMN XXXII, XXXIII.

—L. M.

Hymn 25.

*Invisible.*

**W**ITH deepest rev'rence at thy throne  
Jehovah, peerless and unknown,  
Our feeble spirits strive, in vain,  
A glimpse of thee, great God, to gain.

- 2 Who, by the closest search, can find  
Thy mighty, uncreated mind?  
Nor men, nor angels can explore  
Thy heights of love, thy depths of power
- 3 We know thee not; but this we know,  
Thou reign'st above, thou reign'st below:  
And though thine essence is unknown,  
To all the world thy power is shown.
- 4 That power we trace on every side;  
Oh may thy wisdom be our guide!  
And while we live, and when we die,  
Thine almighty love be nigh.

Hymn 26

## HYMN XXXIV.

d Jehovah lives,  
 and answer prayer,  
 er in him believes  
 trusts his guardian care,  
 r's tender love shall know,  
 living streams of comfort flow.  
 Lord Jehovah lives,  
 tion to secure :  
 title that he gives  
 ill be forever sure :  
 s drawn in characters of blood,  
 s issued from the throne of God.

Hymn 28. Ad

—C. M.

*God known by his Works.*

- 1 **I** SING th' almighty power of God,  
 That made the mountains rise,  
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
 And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd  
 The sun to rule the day ;  
 The moon shines full at his command,  
 And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
 That fill'd the earth with food ;  
 He form'd the creatures with his word,  
 And then pronounced them good.
- 4 There's not a plant or flower below,  
 But makes thy glories known ;  
 And clouds arise and tempests blow  
 By order from thy throne.
- 5 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,  
 Where'er I turn mine eye ;  
 If I survey the ground I tread,  
 Or gaze upon the sky.

6 Creatures (as numerous as they be)  
Are subject to thy care ;  
There 's not a place where we can flee  
But God is present there.

35—L. M. D.

Hymn 29

*Voice of Creation.*

1 **T**HERE seems a voice in ev'ry gale,  
A tongue in ev'ry op'ning flower,  
Which tells, O Lord, "the wondrous tale  
Of thy indulgence, love, and power.  
The birds that rise on quiv'ring wing,  
Appear to hymn their Maker's praise,  
And all the mingling sounds of spring  
To thee one general chorus raise.

God, alone,

**L** Hymn 27. Add

*The Love of God.*

God, thy boundless love I praise ;  
 Now bright on high its glories blaze,  
 Sweetly bloom below !  
 As from thine eternal throne ;  
 Heaven its joys forever run,  
 'Er the earth they flow.

As that paints the purple morn,  
 As the clouds, in air upborne,  
 Genial drops distil ;  
 Vernal beam it glows,  
 Whithers in every gale that blows,  
 Lides in every rill.

As the gospel it appears  
 Clear, fairer characters,  
 Harms the ravish'd breast ;  
 Ve immortal leaves the sky,  
 The drooping mourner's eye  
 Give the weary rest.

As the love that makes me blest  
 Powerful praise inspire my breast,  
 Ardent gratitude ;  
 My thoughts and passions tend  
 My Father and my Friend—  
 All's eternal good.

Hymn 3, B. 2.

*Love of God.*

O ye that know and fear the Lord,  
 Lift your souls above :  
 Heart and voice accord,  
 That God is love.

- 2 This precious truth his word declares,  
And all his mercies prove ;  
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears  
To show, that God is love.
- 3 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,  
Thunders his dreadful name ;  
But Zion sings, in melting notes,  
The honours of the Lamb.
- 4 In all his doctrines and commands,  
His counsels and designs—  
In ev'ry work his hands have fram'd,  
His love supremely shines.
- 5 Angels and men the news proclaim,  
Thro' earth and heaven above,  
The joyful and transporting news.



## HYMN XXXIX.

- 4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,  
Is in the gospel seen;  
There like a sun thy mercy shines,  
Without a cloud between.
- 5 Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy,  
Through Jesus' name are given;  
He on the cross was lifted high,  
That we might reign in heaven.

Hymn 4, Pt. 2. 1

39—L. M.

*The justice of God.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL King! the greatest, best,  
For ever glorious, ever blest;  
The great I AM, Jehovah, Lord,  
By seraphim and saint ador'd.
- 2 Justice the firm foundation lays,  
Of all thy laws, thy works, and ways:  
Obedient souls will ever find  
A God that's faithful, loving, kind.
- 3 But he who sins, becomes accurs'd,  
Or God would be no longer just;  
Curs'd is the man, who dares withdr  
Obedience from thy holy law.
- 4 Where then, great God, or how shal  
Approach thy dreadful majesty!  
Thy sacred law we oft have broke,  
And stand obnoxious to thy stroke.
- 5 But, O thou holy, just, and true!  
Tho' justice must have all its due,  
Thou canst be just, yet justify  
The soul, that doth on Christ rely
- 6 O boundless wisdom, love and p  
The matchless mercy we adore,  
This amazing pla  
n'd creature, ma



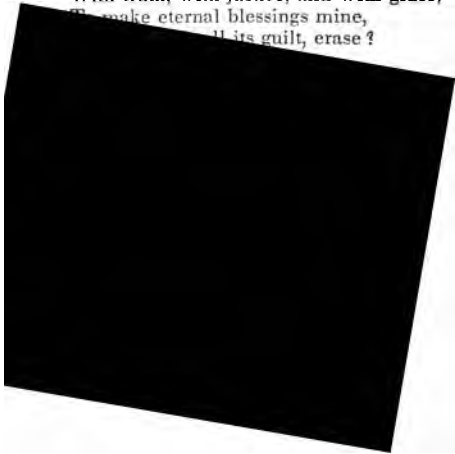
## HYMN XL.

We plead the suff'rings of thy Son,  
We plead his righteousness alone ;  
He bore the curse, whence thou art just  
In pard'ning those, who were accurs'd.

10—L. M.

Hymn 4, Pt. 3. B.

*Justice and mercy united.*

- 1 **I**NFINITE grace ! and can it be  
That heav'n's supreme should stoop so low  
A wretch to visit, vile like me ;  
One who has been his bitt'rest foe !
  - 2 Can holiness and wisdom join,  
With truth, with justice, and with grace,  
To make eternal blessings mine,  
And all its guilt, erase ?
- 

rateful songs, then let our souls  
 And our gracious Father's throne;  
 All between the distant poles  
 Truth and mercy ever own.

L. M.

Hymn 5. B. 2.

*Loving-kindness of God.*

**A** WAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,  
 And sing the great Redeemer's praise;  
 He justly claims a song from me,  
 His loving-kindness, Oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,  
 Yet lov'd me, notwithstanding all:  
 He sav'd me from my lost estate,  
 His loving-kindness, Oh, how great!

3 Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes,  
 Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,  
 He safely leads my soul along,  
 His loving-kindness, Oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
 Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,  
 He near my soul has always stood,  
 His loving-kindness, Oh, how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart,  
 Prone from my Jesus to depart;  
 But, though I have him oft forgot,  
 His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
 Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail;  
 Oh! may my last expiring breath  
 His loving-kindness sing in death!

7 Then let me mount, and soar away  
 To the bright world of endless day,  
 And sing, with rapture and surprise,  
 His loving-kindness in the skies.

Whose love is un-  
And neither knows measure

2 'Tis *Jesus*, the first and the last,  
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home,  
We'll praise him for all that is past,  
And trust him for all that's to come.

**43—C. M.**

**Hymn 122.**

*God speaking Peace to his People.*

1 **U**NITE, my roving thoughts, unite,  
In silence soft and sweet;  
And thou, my soul, sit gently down  
At thy great Sov'reign's feet.

2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,  
Yet gladly I attend ;  
For lo ! the everlasting God  
Proclaims himself my friend.

**3 Harmonious accents to my soul,  
The sounds of peace convey ;  
                This word subsides.**

## TRINITY.

Hymn 8, Pt. 1. B. 1.

*The holy Trinity.*

- HERE is one God, and only one,  
No rivals can his essence share :  
His Jehovah, he alone,  
And with the Lord none can compare.  
His works, thro' all this wondrous frame,  
Express their Maker's vast designs :  
They bear the impress of his name,  
In ev'ry part his wisdom shines.
- 3 If in his works such wonders rise,  
How much more wonderful is he,  
Whose nature's fill'd with mysteries ;  
His being One, his person Three.
- 4 What finite pow'r with ceaseless toil,  
Can comprehend th' eternal Mind ?  
Or, who th' almighty Three and One,  
By searching to perfection, find ?
- 5 Angels and men in vain may raise  
Harmonious, their adoring songs ;  
The lab'ring thoughts sink down opprest,  
And praises die upon their tongues.
- 6 Yet would I lift my trembling voice,  
Th' eternal Three in One to sing ;  
And mingling faith, while I rejoice,  
My humble, grateful tribute bring.
- 7 All glory to th' eternal Three,  
The sacred undivided One :  
To Father, Son, and Spirit be  
*Co-equal praise, and honours done.*

In cov'nant,

- 2 The Father spake, the Son replied,  
The Spirit with them both complied;  
Grace mov'd the cause for saving man  
And wisdom drew the noble plan.
- 3 The Father chose his only Son  
To die for sins, that man had done;  
Immanuel to the choice agreed,  
And thus secur'd a num'rous seed.
- 4 He sends his Spirit from above,  
To call the objects of his love;  
Not one shall perish or be lost:  
He bought them dear; his blood they
- 5 What high displays of sov'reign grace  
What love to save a ruin'd race!  
My soul, adore His lovely name,  
By whom thy free salvation came.

**46**—C. M.

Hymn 8

*Praise to the Holy Trinity.*

and we'll adore his name)  
d us by a word ;  
res our ruin'd frame ;  
to the Lord !

t the earth and skies  
s joyful sound ;  
and vales reflect the voice,  
ernal round.

## Hymn 6. B. 2.

*raise to the Trinity.*

ou Almighty King,  
s thy name to sing,  
o praise !  
lorious,  
torious,  
reign over us,  
of days.

Lord, arise,  
enemies,  
e them fall !  
lmighty aid  
efence be made :  
on thee be stay'd ;  
ur our call !

incarnate Word,  
y mighty sword ;  
'r attend !  
thy people bless,  
thy word success ;  
oliness,  
escend !

7 Comforter,  
d witness bear,  
lad hour ;

## HYMN XLVIII.

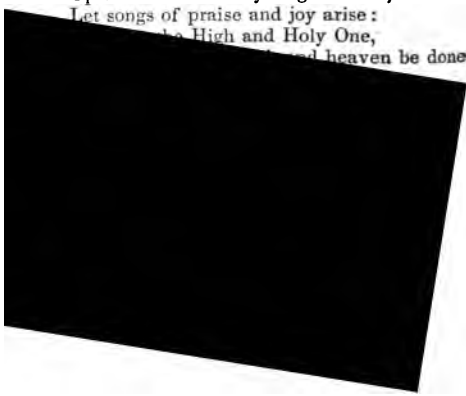
Thou, who almighty art,  
Now rule in ev'ry heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of pow'r.

- 5 To the great **ONE** in **THREE**,  
The highest praises be,  
Hence evermore !  
His sov'reign majesty,  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore.

48—L. M. 6 l.

Hymn 30. Ad

### *Adoration.*

- 1 **Y**ES, I adore thee, O my God,  
Father supreme of earth and skies ;  
Up to the heav'ns thy bright abode,  
Let songs of praise and joy arise :  
Praise the High and Holy One,  
And heaven be done.
- 



## HYMN XLIX.

295

re thee, O my God,  
ee in One, blest One in Three;  
at fill thy high abode,  
e and glory give to thee:  
th her millions shall confess  
dless plenitude of grace.

1. Hymn 31. Add.

*To the Holy Trinity.*

JR Father, who dost lead  
The children of thy grace,  
-born and believing seed,  
ugh this wide wilderness:  
providential care  
angers past we own;  
t thine arm be ever near;  
let thy love be shown.

aviour, Lamb of God!  
gracious dying Friend!  
the virtue of thy blood,  
is thy mercy send;  
art a Master kind,  
voice and person sweet;  
on us a loving mind,  
keep us at thy feet.

1, Holy Spirit, art  
ruth the promised Seal;  
icing power thou dost impart,  
Jesus' grace reveal:  
reathe thy quick'ning breath,  
light and life afford;  
t us how to live by faith,  
*glorify the Lord.*

50—P. M.

Hymn 32. .

*Praise to the Godhead.*

1 **W**E give immortal praise  
To God the Father's love,  
For all our comforts here,  
And better hopes above;  
He sent his own eternal Son  
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs  
Immortal glory too,  
Who bought us, with his blood,  
From everlasting wo;  
And now he lives, and now he reigns,  
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

## AND MEDIATORIAL WORK.

PRAISE TO HIM.

DIVINITY AND SONSHIP.

NAMES, TITLES—VARIOUS APPELLATIONS.

HIS WORK IN GENERAL—ADVENT—DEATH—  
ATONEMENT—RESURRECTION—ASCENSION  
AND EXALTATION.

-P. M. 6, 4.

Hymn 17. B. 2.

*Worthy the Lamb.*

GLORY to God on high :  
 G Let heav'n and earth reply—

Praise ye his name !

His love and grace adore,

Who all our sorrows bore ;

And sing for evermore,

Worthy the Lamb.

All they around the throne,

Cheerfully join in one,

Praising his name ;

We, who have felt his blood,

Sealing our peace with God,

Sound his dear name abroad—

Worthy the Lamb.

Join, all ye ransom'd race,

Our Lord and God to bless ;

Praise ye his name :

In him we will rejoice,

And make a joyful noise,

Shouting with heart and voice—

Worthy the Lamb.

## HYMN LII.

At tho' we change our place—  
we shall never cease  
raising his name :  
him our songs we bring—  
call him our gracious King,  
and without ceasing sing,  
Worthy the Lamb.

—P. M.

Hymn 11

### *Praise to Christ.*

1 **C**OME, ev'ry pious heart  
That loves the Saviour's name,  
Your noblest power exert  
To celebrate his fame :  
Tell all above, and all below,  
The debt of love to him you owe.

2 He left his starry crown,  
And laid his robes aside :

On wings of love came down,

He went, and bled, and died :

Who can tell ?

and he

8, 7.

Hymn 19. B. 2.

*Praise for Redeeming Love.*

- LET us love, and sing, and wonder,  
Let us praise the Saviour's name,  
He has hush'd the law's loud thunder,  
He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame:  
He has wash'd us with his blood;  
He has brought us nigh to God.
- 2 Let us *love* the Lord who bought us,  
Pitied us when enemies,  
Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,  
Gave us ears, and gave us eyes:  
He has wash'd us with his blood,  
He presents our souls to God.
- 3 Let us *sing*, though fierce temptations  
Threaten hard to bear us down!  
For the Lord, our strong salvation,  
Holds in view the conqueror's crown:  
He who wash'd us in his blood  
Soon will bring us home to God.
- 4 Let us *wonder*; grace and justice  
Join, and point to mercy's store;  
When through grace, in Christ our trust is,  
Justice smiles, and asks no more:  
He who wash'd us with his blood,  
Has secur'd our way to God.
- 5 Let us *praise*, and join the chorus  
Of the saints enthron'd on high;  
Here they trusted him before us,  
Now their praises fill the sky:  
"Thou hast wash'd us with thy blood,  
"Thou art worthy, Lamb of God."

## HYMN LIV.

ark! the name of Jesus, sounded  
Loud from golden harps above!  
ord, we blush, and are confounded,  
Faint our praises, cold our love:  
Wash our souls, and songs with blood,  
For by thee we come to God.

—C. M.

Hymn 13, Pt. 5.

*Jesus is our Lord and Master.*

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Saviour's name,  
And joy to make it known,  
The Sov'reign of your hearts proclaim,  
And bow before his throne.
  - 2 Behold your Lord, your Master crown'd  
With glories all divine!  
And tell the wond'ring nations round,  
How bright those glories shine.
  - 3 Infinite pow'r and boundless grace,  
In him unite their rays:  
When he beheld his face,
- 

## Hymn 145. B. 1.

*The song of Moses and the Lamb.*

**A** WAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb;  
Wake, ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,  
Sing of his rising pow'r;  
Sing how he intercedes above,  
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, on your heav'nly way,  
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;  
Sing on rejoicing, ev'ry day,  
In Christ, the exalted King.

4 Soon shall your raptur'd tongue  
His endless praise proclaim;  
And sweeter voices tune the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

3—C. M.

## Hymn 11, Pt. 1. B. 1.

*Glorying in Christ.*

**I**'M not asham'd to own my Lord,  
Nor to defend his cause;  
Maintain the honour of his word,  
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know his name;  
His name is all my trust;  
Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm, as his throne, his promise stands,  
And he can well secure  
What I've committed to his hands,  
Till the decisive hour.

HYMN LVII, LVIII.

When will he own my worthless name,  
Before his Father's face ;  
And in the New Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place.

—L. M.

Hymn 11, Pt. 5. B

*Glorying in Christ.*

**T**HE wond'ring world inquires to know  
Why I should love my Jesus so :  
"What are his charms," say they, "above  
The objects of a mortal love?"

2 All-over glorious is my Lord,  
He must be lov'd and yet ador'd ;  
His worth if all the nations knew,  
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

Christ is strong as death,  
His breath ;



name ! the rock on which I build,  
 My shield and hiding place ;  
 My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd  
 With boundless stores of grace !

Jesus ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
 My Prophet, Priest, and King ;  
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End ;  
 Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
 And cold my warmest thought ;  
 But, when I see thee as thou art,  
 I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then, I would thy love proclaim  
 With ev'ry fleeting breath ;  
 And may the music of thy name  
 Refresh my soul in death.

59—L. M.

Hymn 12, Pt. 3, B. 1.

*Christ is all, and in all.*

1 **I**N Christ I've all my soul's desire ;  
 His Spirit does my heart inspire  
 With boundless wishes large and high :  
 And Christ will all my wants supply.

2 Christ is my Hope, my Strength and Guide,  
 For me he bled, and groan'd, and died :  
 He is my Sun, to give me light,  
 He is my soul's supreme delight.

3 Christ is the source of all my bliss,  
 My Wisdom, and my Righteousness—  
 My Saviour, Brother, and my Friend ;  
 On him alone I now depend.

4 Christ is my King to rule and bless,  
*And all my troubles to redress ;*  
*He's my Salvation and my All,*  
*Whate'er on earth shall me befall.*

HYMN LX, LXI.

st is my Strength and Portion too,  
soul in him can all things do ;  
ro' him I'll triumph o'er the grave,  
ad death, and ev'ry foe outbrave.

Hymn 36. Add.

-C. M.

*All in all.*

- 1 COMPARED with Christ, in all beside  
No comeliness I see ;  
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,  
Is to be one with thee.
  - 2 The sense of thy redeeming love  
Into my soul convey ;  
Thyself bestow, for thee alone,  
My *All in all*, I pray.
- thyself will not suffice  
restore ;  
grave,

the merits of thy death  
 Father smiles again ;  
 y thy interceding breath,  
 Spirit dwells with men.  
 God in human flesh I see,  
 My thoughts no comfort find ;  
 ne holy, just, and sacred Three  
 Are terrors to my mind.  
 ut if Immanuel's face appear,  
 My hope, my joy begins ;  
 his name forbids my slavish fear,  
 His grace removes my sins.  
 While Jews on their own law rely,  
 And Greeks of wisdom boast ;  
 love th' Incarnate Mystery,  
 And there I fix my trust.

-C. M.

Hymn 19, Pt. 2. B. L

*Jesus our vital Head.*

**J**ESUS, we sing thy matchless grace,  
 That calls poor worms thy own ;  
 Gives us among thy saints a place,  
 To make thy glories known.  
 Allied to thee, our vital Head,  
 We live, and grow, and thrive :  
 From thee divided, each is dead,  
 When most he seems alive.  
 Thy saints on earth, and those above,  
 Here join in sweet accord :  
 One body all in mutual love,  
 And thou, our common Lord.  
 May faith from thee each hour derive  
 Supplies with fresh delight ;  
 While death and hell in vain shall strive  
 This bond to ~~dis~~unite.

HYMN LXIII, LXIV.

Whole body wilt present  
By Father's face;  
A wrinkle or a spot  
On form disgrace.

Hymn 32, Pt. 4. B. 1.

*Love to Christ desired.*

THOU lovely Source of true delight  
Whom I unseen adore,  
Reveal thy beauties to my sight;  
That I may love thee more.

Thy glory o'er creation shines;  
But in thy sacred word  
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,  
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,  
And sin and sorrow rise,  
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,  
Thy fainting breath supplies.

Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,  
Thy fainting breath supplies.  
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,  
Thy fainting breath supplies.

Our light and life are found,  
 Though we were dead before;  
 Now he makes our joys abound,  
 And all our sorrows bore.  
 In sore distress'd, he to our aid,  
 On rapid pinions flies;  
 And to the wounds which sin has mad',  
 A healing balm applies.  
 'Tis from his fulness we receive,  
 And daily grace for grace;  
 That to his glory we may live,  
 And see him face to face.

C. M.

Hymn 34. Add.

*Christ \*Precious.*

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,  
 'Tis music to my ear;  
 Fain would I sound it out so loud  
 That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
 My transport, and my trust;  
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
 And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,  
 In thee most richly meet;  
 Not to mine eyes is life so dear,  
 Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 O may thy grace still cheer my heart,  
 And shed its fragrance there;  
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
 The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name,  
 With my last lab'ring breath;  
 When speechless, clasp thee in my arms,  
 My joy in life and death.

## HYMN LXVI, LXVII.

C. M.

Hymn 41. Add.

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

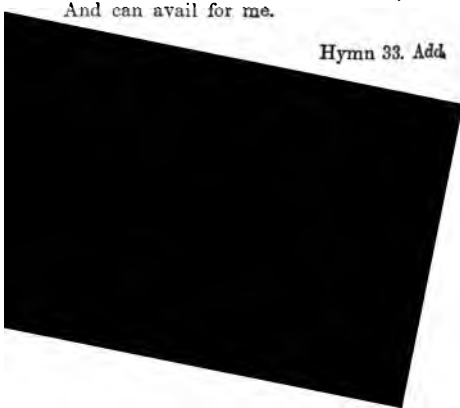
**O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
My dear Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God,  
Let saints thy love proclaim,  
And spread through all the earth abroad  
The honours of thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,  
That bids our sorrow cease;  
'Tis music to our ravish'd ears;  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 It breaks the power of reigning sin,  
And sets the prisoner free;  
Thy blood can cleanse the foulest stain;  
And can avail for me.

Hymn 33. Add.



Thou a rival in my breast?  
 Arch, Lord, for thou canst tell  
 What might can raise my passions thus,  
 And please my soul so well.

Thou art precious to my heart—  
 My portion and my joy;  
 Forever let thy boundless grace  
 My sweetest thoughts employ.

When nature faints, around my bed  
 Let thy bright glories shine;  
 And death shall all his terrors lose,  
 In raptures so divine.

8—C. P. M.

Hymn 35. Add.

*Excellence of Christ.*

1 O, COULD I speak the matchless worth,  
 O, could I sound the glories forth  
 That in my Saviour shine;  
 I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,  
 And vie with Gabriel while he sings  
 In notes that are divine.

2 I'd sing the characters he bears,  
 And all the forms of love he wears  
 Exalted on his throne;  
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
 Would, to everlasting days,  
 Make all his glories known.

Soon the delightful morn will come,  
 When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
 And I shall see his face;  
 There with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
 A blest eternity I'll spend,  
 Triumphant in his grace.

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Hymn 40.

*The Grace of Jesus Christ.*

- 1 JESUS CHRIST, methinks I love thee;  
But I fain would love thee more;  
'Twas thy grace at first did move thee  
To a soul extremely poor.  
Thou wast rich beyond expression—  
Rich in Godhead, rich in grace;  
But to better my condition,  
Thou my nature didst embrace.
- 2 Hungry, naked, and abused  
By the men thou camest to bless;  
By thy Father sorely bruised;  
Groaning, bleeding with distress:  
Thou wast poor beyond expression,  
Bathed in thine own precious blood;  
All to better my condition—



I gladly all things leave ;  
my soul, for ever cleave !

my treasure's all contain'd ;  
my feeble soul's sustain'd ;  
in what favours I receive !  
in I shall for ever live.

in I daily love to walk :  
my soul delights to talk ;  
I cast my ev'ry care :  
in one day I shall appear.

in, my soul, from day to day ;  
in to lead thee on thy way ;  
in thy poor, weak, sinful heart ;  
in O never, never part.

in for strength and righteousness ;  
in thy refuge in distress :  
in above all earthly joy ;  
in in ev'ry thing employ.

in in cheerful, grateful songs,  
your highest praise belongs !  
in, who doth your heav'n prepare ;  
in you'll praise for ever there.

### Hymn 114. B. 2.

#### *Worshipping Jesus.*

' be the gently breathing notes,  
at sing the Saviour's dying love ;  
the ev'ning zephyr floats,  
as the tuneful lyres above :

the morning dews descend,  
e the sweet lark exulting soars,  
to your Almighty Friend,  
ev'ry sigh your bosom pours.

- 3 Pure as the sun's enliv'ning ray,  
That scatters life and joy abroad ;  
Pure as the lucid car of day,  
That wide proclaims its Maker, Go
- 4 True as the magnet to the pole,  
So true let your contrition be—  
So true let all your sorrows roll,  
To Him who bled upon the tree.

72—P. M.

Hymn 14, P

*God with us.*

- 1 **G**OD *with us!* O glorious name!  
Let it shine in endless fame:  
God and man in Christ unite;  
O mysterious depth and height!

- 2 *God with us!* th' eternal Son

By pow'r all things were made;  
Supported, all things stand;  
The whole creation's head,  
Obedient fly at his command.

Who was born, or Satan fell,  
The host of morning stars:  
No creature who can tell,  
The number of his years!

He leaves those heav'nly forms:  
He descends and dwells in clay,  
May converse hold with worms,  
Such feeble flesh as they.

With joy beheld his face,  
The Father's only Son:  
Of truth, how full of grace,  
From his flesh the Godhead shone!

Let us leave their high abode,  
New mysteries here, and tell  
Of our descending God,  
The Son of Immanuel.

Hymn 13, Pt. 1. B. 1.

*He is the eternal Son of God.*

CHRIST, thou glorious King, we own  
Thee to be God's eternal Son:  
Thy Father's fulness, life divine,  
Thyself are also thine.

Thy long years brought on the day  
And fix'd for this display,  
To deliverance to obtain,  
Let our nature not disdain.

In thy right hand, now, Lord, thou'rt plac'd,  
In thy Father's glory grac'd,

True God and man, in person one ;  
A judge to pass our final doom.

- 4 From day to day, O Lord, do we  
On high exalt and honour thee :  
Thy name we worship and adore  
World without end, for evermore.

**75**—L. M.

Hymn 13, Pt.

*God the Son equal with the Father.*

- 1 **B**RIGHT King of glory, dreadful God  
Our spirits bow before thy seat ;  
To thee we lift an humble thought,  
And worship at thine awful feet.
- 2 A thousand seraphs strong and bright  
Stand round the glorious Deity ;  
But who, among the sons of light,

With radiant glories crown'd,  
 As with grace o'erflow.

None can with him compare,  
 Among the sons of men;  
 None so he, than all the fair  
 Fill the heavenly train.

When I plunged in deep distress,  
 How low to my relief;  
 How he bore the shameful cross,  
 And carried all my grief.

I owe my life and breath,  
 All the joys I have:  
 He gives me triumph over death,  
 And saves me from the grave.

Heaven, the place of his abode,  
 Refreshes my weary feet;  
 He shows the glories of my God,  
 And makes my joys complete.

From thy bounty I receive  
 Proofs of love divine,  
 A thousand hearts to give,  
 They should all be thine.

Hymn 38. Add.

*Christ Unchangeable.*

HAT a changing world is this!  
 Void of all substantial bliss;  
 We see beneath the sun,  
 Successive changes run:  
 For Jesus proves the same,  
 His blessings on his name!

Power, holiness, and might,  
 And justice are his right;

## HYMN LXXVIII.

Boundless goodness, love supreme,  
Flow'd eternally from him ;  
Jesus Christ is still the same,  
Endless blessings on his name !

3 Abram's bold rebellious race,  
Found him full of truth and grace ;  
Priests and prophets all have told,  
What he did for saints of old ;  
Jesus Christ is still the same,  
Endless blessings on his name !

4 Let us to his throne repair,  
Wait with humble patience there ;  
He will soon our cries attend,  
Love and save us to the end ;  
He will ever prove the same,  
Endless blessings on his name !

78—L. M.

Hymn 6, Pt 2. **B.**

*Immanuel.*

1 **A** LL hail, thou great Immanuel !  
Thy love, thy glory, who can tell ?  
Thy name, thy host.



ail, thou dear redeeming Lord!  
 ail, thou co-essential Word!  
 ail, thou Root and Branch divine!  
 ail, and be the glory thine!

## Hymn 48. Add.

*Christ, the Day-Star.*

**CHRIST**, whose glory fills the skies—  
 Christ, the true, the only light;  
 O of Righteousness, arise,  
 triumph o'er the shades of night;  
 O spring from on high, be near,  
 O Day-Star, in our hearts appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn,  
 it bring no ray from thee;  
 Joyless is the day's return,  
 Till thy mercy's beams we see.  
 O, thine inward light impart,  
 warming each benighted heart.

Visit every soul of thine,  
 O cease the gloom of sin and grief;  
 Fill with radiancy divine,  
 O scatter all our unbelief;  
 O more and more thyself display,  
 O bring in the perfect day.

M.

Hymn 12, Pt. 1. B. 1

*The Offices of Christ.*

**BLESS** the prophet of the Lord,  
 That comes with truth and grace;  
 O, thy Spirit, and thy word,  
 O lead us in thy ways.

- 2 We rev'rence our High-Priest above,  
Who offer'd up his blood,  
And lives to carry on his love,  
By pleading with our God.
- 3 We honour our exalted King;  
How sweet are his commands!  
He guards our souls from hell and sin,  
By his almighty hands.
- 4 Hosanna to his blessed name,  
Who saves by glorious ways;  
Th' anointed Saviour has a claim  
To our immortal praise.

81—P. M.

Hymn 12, Pt. 2. ]

*The Offices of Christ.*



dear and mighty Lord,  
 Conqu'ror, and my *King*;  
 sceptre and thy sword,  
 reigning grace I sing.  
 As the pow'r; behold! I sit  
 in bonds beneath thy feet.

let my soul arise,  
 tread the tempter down:  
 how low leads me forth  
 to quest and a crown.  
 No saint shall win the day,  
 earth and hell obstruct the way.

I'd all the hosts of hell,  
 pow'rs of death unknown,  
 their most dreadful forms,  
 earth and mischief, on:  
 be safe, for Christ displays  
 his pow'r and guardian grace.

M.                      Hymn 16, Pt. 2. B. 1.

*The Lamb of God.*

HOLD the sin-atonng Lamb,  
 With wonder, gratitude, and love!  
 Take away our guilt and shame;  
 him descending from above.  
 His sins and griefs on him were laid;  
 heekly bore the mighty load:  
 ransom-price he fully paid,  
 oceans and tears, in sweat and blood.  
 Save his guilty church, he dies;  
 now, behold the bleeding Lamb!  
 him lift up your longing eyes,  
 hope for mercy in his name.

0

HYMN LXXXIII.

4 Pardon and peace thro' him abound ;  
He can the richest blessings give :  
Salvation in his name is found ;  
He bids the dying sinner live.

5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee ;  
Where else can helpless sinners go ?  
Thy boundless love shall set me free  
From all my wretchedness and woe.

83—C. M.

Hymn 47. Ad

*The Lamb of God.*

1 CONTEMPLATE, saints, the source divin  
Whence all your joys have flow'd ;  
With gladsome hearts and grateful tongues  
“ Behold the Lamb of God ! ”

2 If saved from wrath, and from the stroke  
Of Heaven's avenging rod,  
Remembered for you,

A. M.

Hymn 46. Add.

*The Lamb of God.*

- 1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts,  
 On Jewish altars slain,  
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
 Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
 Takes all our sins away;  
 A sacrifice of nobler name,  
 And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand  
 On that dear head of thine,  
 While like a penitent I stand,  
 And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see  
 The burdens thou didst bear,  
 When hanging on the accursed tree,—  
 And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice  
 To see the curse remove;  
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
 And sing his bleeding love.

B.—P. M.

Hymn 30, Pt. 2. B. 1.

*Christ our High Priest.*

- 1 **A** GOOD High Priest is come,  
 Supplying Aaron's place,  
 And taking up his room,  
 Dispensing life and grace;  
 The law by Aaron's priesthood came,  
 But grace and truth by Jesus' name.
- 14°

2 My Lord a Priest is made,  
As sware the mighty God,  
To Israel and his seed,  
Ordain'd to offer blood ;  
For sinners, who his mercy seek,  
A Priest, as was Melchizedec.

3 He once temptations knew,  
Of ev'ry sort and kind,  
That he might succour show,  
To ev'ry tempted mind :  
He once for us was sacrific'd,  
And only once for us he died.

4 I other priests disclaim,  
And laws and off'rings too,  
None but the bleeding Lamb  
The mighty work can do :  
He shall have all the praise : for he

And how to shield us from the foes  
Which he himself o'ercame.

5 Nor time nor distance e'er shall quench  
The fervour of his love;  
For us, he died in kindness here,  
Nor is less kind above.

6 O may we ne'er forget his grace,  
Nor blush to bear his name;  
Still may our hearts hold fast his faith,  
Our lips his praise proclaim.

87—L. M.

Hymn 13, B. 2.

*Christ our sympathizing High-Priest.*

1 **W**HERE high the heav'nly temple stands,  
The house of God not made with hands;  
A great High-Priest our nature wears,  
Our friend and advocate appears.

2 Though now ascended up on high,  
He bends on earth a brother's eye;  
Partaker of the human name,  
He knows the frailty of our frame.

3 Our fellow suff'rer yet retains  
A fellow feeling of our pains,  
And still remembers in the skies,  
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

4 In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,  
The man of sorrows had a part;  
He sympathizes with our grief,  
And to the suff'rer sends relief.

5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,  
Let us make all our sorrows known;  
And ask the aid of heav'nly pow'r,  
To help us in the evil hour.

His bosom glows with

- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame ;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,  
Pour'd out his cries and tears ;  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame ;  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power ;  
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace  
In every trying hour.

29—C. M.

Hymn 10

*... of Christ's blood.*

ng Lamb, thy precious blood  
never lose its pow'r,  
he ransom'd church of God  
r'd, to sin no more.

e, by faith, I saw the stream,  
owing wounds supply,  
ing love has been my theme,  
hall be—till I die.

a nobler, sweeter song,  
ig thy power to save ;  
is poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,  
ilent in the grave.

## Hymn 1, Pt. 4. B. 1.

*The good old way.*

righteousness, th' atoning blood.  
Jesus, is the way to God ;  
we then no longer stray,  
e to Christ, the good old way.

phets and apostles too,  
this path while here below ;  
efore will, without dismay,  
alk in Christ, the good old way.

th and love, and holy care,  
ear way, I'll persevere ;  
en I die, triumphant say,  
he right, the good old way.

## Hymn 45. Add.

*The Way, &c.*

J art the *Way* ; to thee alone  
m sin and death we flee ;  
who would the Father seek,  
seek him, Lord, in thee.

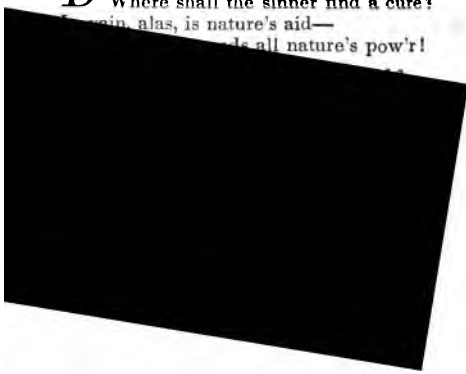
## HYMN XCII.

- 2 Thou art the *Truth* ; thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart ;  
Thou only canst instruct the mind,  
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the *Life* ; the rending tomb  
Proclaims thy conquering arm ;  
And those who put their trust in thee  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,—  
Grant us to know that Way,  
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,  
Which leads to endless day.

92—L. M.

Hymn 11. B. 2

*Christ the Physician of Souls.*

- 1 **D**EEP are the wounds which sin has made ;  
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?  
For gain, alas, is nature's aid—  
And none can reach all nature's pow'r !
- 



**HYMN XCIII, XCIV.**

**327**

**Hymn 11, Pt. 4. B. 1.**

*Jesus the only Saviour.*

1, the spring of joys divine,  
ence all our hopes and comforts flow;  
no other name, but thine,  
re us from eternal woe.

1 would boasting reason find  
ay to happiness and God;  
weak directions leave the mind  
der'd in a dubious road.

her name will heav'n approve;  
art the true, the living way,  
in'd by everlasting love,  
he bright realms of endless day.

lead us thro' this world of night,  
I bring us to the blissful plains,  
regions of unclouded light,  
ere perfect joy for ever reigns.

**C. M.**

**Hymn 5, Pt. 2.**

*Saviour.*

**T**HE Saviour! O what endless charm  
Dwell in the blissful sound!  
Its influ'nce ev'ry fear disarms,  
And spreads sweet comfort round.

Here pardon, life, and joys divine,  
In rich effusion flow,  
For guilty rebels lost in sin,  
And doom'd to endless woe.

3 Th' almighty Former of the skies  
Stoop'd to our vile abode!  
While angels view'd, with wond'rin  
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

**HYMN XCV.**

O the rich depths of love divine,  
Of bliss a boundless store !  
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine ;  
I cannot wish for more.

5 On thee alone my hope relies,  
Beneath thy cross I fall ;  
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,  
My Saviour, and my all.

**15**—8s 7s 4s.

**Hymn 52.**

*Meekness of Christ.*

1 **G**ENTLE Jesus, how I love thee !  
Words cannot my love express ;  
Day and night how much I prove thee  
Full of mercy, full of grace ;  
Wretched sinners,  
Thou dost take delight to bless.

2 Of thy condescending goodness,  
What examples do I find !  
Contempt and rudeness,



-L. M.

Hymn 11, Pt. 3. B. 1.

*Jesus the gift of God.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, my love, my chief delight,  
For thee I long, for thee I pray,  
Amid the shadows of the night,  
Amid the bus'ness of the day.
- 2 When shall I see thy smiling face,  
Which I, thro' faith, have often seen ?  
Arise, thou Sun of Righteousness,  
Dispel the clouds that intervene.
- 3 Thou art the glorious gift of God,  
To sinners weary and distress ;  
The first of all his gifts bestow'd,  
And certain pledge of all the rest.
- 4 Now I can say, This gift is mine,  
I'll tread the world beneath my feet ;  
No more at pain or want repine,  
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.
- 5 This precious jewel let me keep,  
And lodge it deep within my heart ;  
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,  
It never shall from thence depart.

-C. M.

Hymn 23, Pt. 3. B. 1.

*The Lord our Righteousness.*

**S**AVIOUR divine, we know thy name,  
And in that name we trust ;  
Thou art the Lord our Righteousness,  
Thou art thine Israel's boast.

The sins of ev'n the best spent day  
Might plunge us in despair ;  
Yet all the crimes of num'rous years  
*Shall our great Surety clear.*

## HYMN XCVIII.

- 3 That spotless robe, which he hath wrought,  
Shall deck us all around;  
In his imputed righteousness,  
No blemish shall be found.
- 4 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope  
To sinners now are giv'n;  
And weeping saints shall change ere long,  
Their wilderness for heav'n.
- 5 With joy we taste that manna now,  
Thy mercy scatters down;  
We seal our humble vows to thee,  
And wait the promis'd crown.

98—L. M.

Hymn 12. R.

*Christ as hiding-place.*

- 1 **H**AIL! sov'reign love, that first began  
The scheme to rescue fallen man!  
Hail! matchless, free, eternal grace,  
That gave my soul a hiding place.

That rules the sky

Justice cried, with frowning face :  
 "This mountain is no hiding place."

But a heav'nly voice I heard—  
 And mercy's angel soon appear'd;  
 He led me on a pleasing pace,  
 To Jesus Christ, my hiding place.

On him Almighty vengeance fell,  
 Which must have sunk a world to hell;  
 He bore it for his chosen race,  
 And now he is my hiding place.

A few more rolling suns at most,  
 Will land me on fair Canaan's coast;  
 There I shall sing the song of grace,  
 And see my glorious hiding place.

—L. M.

Hymn 14. B. 2.

*Christ our example.*

**A**ND is the gospel peace and love?  
 Such let our conversation be;  
 The serpent blended with the dove,—  
 Wisdom and meek simplicity.

Whene'er the angry passions rise,  
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife;  
 To Jesus let us lift our eyes,  
 Bright pattern of the Christian life.

How benevolent and kind!  
 How mild—how ready to forgive!  
 Be this the temper of our mind,  
 And these the rules by which we live.

To do his heav'nly Father's will,  
 Was his employment and delight;  
 Humility and holy zeal  
 Shone through his life divinely bright.

## HYMN C, CL

Dispensing good where'er he came,  
The labours of his life were love ;  
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,  
By his example let us move.

10—P. M. 7s.

Hymn 1

### *Christ the Rock of Ages.*

- 1 **R**OCK of ages ! cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee ;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy side, a healing flood,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears for ever flow,  
Should my zeal no languor know,  
This for sin could not atone,  
Thou must save, and thou alone ;  
In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling.

... dear this fleeting breath,  
... in death,



giving affections, so often astray,  
 kindness and care will reclaim,  
 and holiness point out the way,  
 in praise of his glorious name.

When I walk through the dark valley of  
 death,  
 still my spirit will fear;  
 the Lord is with me, his arm is beneath,  
 love and his comfort are near.

Of his bounty my table supplies,  
 cup of enjoyment o'erflows:  
 keeps me in safety when troubles arise,  
 shields to th' assaults of my foes.

Grace and mercy around me are found,  
 love shall forever endure;  
 'I'll dwell in the house of the Lord;  
 the word of salvation is sure.

M. Hymn 49. Add.

*Unchangeable Friend.*

THEME, let our hearts and voices join,  
 To praise the Saviour's name;  
 whose truth and kindness are divine,  
 whose love's a constant flame.

For most we need his gracious hand,  
 his Friend is always near;  
 heaven and earth at his command,  
 he waits to answer prayer.

Love no end nor measure knows,  
 no change can turn its course;  
 eternally the same, it flows  
 from one eternal source.

When frowns appear to veil his face,  
 and clouds surround his throne;

## 103—8s 7s

## Hymn

*Christ a Friend.*

- 1 **O**NE there is, above all others,  
 Well deserves the name of Friend  
 His is love beyond a brother's,  
 Costly, free, and knows no end :  
 They who once his kindness prove  
 Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,  
 Could or would have shed his blood  
 But our Jesus died to have us  
 Reconciled in him to God :  
 This was boundless love indeed,  
 Jesus is a Friend in need !
- 3 When he lived on earth abased,  
*Friend of Sinners* was his name ;  
 Now above all glory raised,  
 He is the same.



411

## Hymn 44. Add.

*He is our Peace.*

Be the Saviour's sacred name ;  
 embassies of peace he came ;  
 His chanted at his birth,  
 ill to men, and peace on earth."

ur peace ;" for by his blood  
 re reconciled to God ;  
 rmony is now restored,  
 a beloved, and God adored.

ur peace ;" in him we find  
 serenity of mind ;  
 us his own bequest,  
 res the soul supremely blest.

ur peace" 'tween man and man,  
 his harmonizing plan,  
 n, Scythian, bond and free,  
 at fellowship agree.

the bleeding Saviour's name ;  
 issies of peace he came.  
 als to their latest breath  
 his reconciling death.

I.

## Hymn 54. Add.

*Mediatorial Work.*

AT wisdom, majesty and grace,  
 hrough all the gospel shine ;  
 that speaks, and we confess,  
 octrine most divine.

om his starry throne on high,  
 lmighty Saviour comes ;  
 bright robes of glory by,  
 eble flesh assumes.

- 3 The mighty debt, the sinner owed,  
Upon the cross he pays;  
Then through the clouds ascends to God,  
Midst shouts of loftiest praise.
- 4 There he, our great High Priest, appears,  
Before his Father's throne:  
Offers his incense with our pray'rs,  
And pours salvation down.
- 5 Great God with rev'rence we adore  
Thy justice and thy grace;  
And on thy faithfulness and power,  
Our firm dependence place.

106—L. M.

Hymn 5, Pt. 1. B. 1

*A Saviour is necessary.*

a spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb  
 death avenging justice fell.  
 amazing justice ! love divine !  
 may our grateful hearts adore  
 the matchless grace ; nor yield to sin,  
 Nor wear its cruel fetters more !

07—S. M.

Hymn 14, Pt. 3. B. 1.

*The Incarnation.*

- 1 **Y**E saints, proclaim abroad  
 The honours of your King ;  
 To Jesus, your incarnate God,  
 Your songs of praises sing.
- 2 Not angels, round the throne  
 Of majesty above,  
 Are half so much oblig'd as we,  
 To our Immanuel's love.
- 3 They never sunk so low,  
 They are not rais'd so high ;  
 They never knew such depths of woe,  
 Such heights of majesty.
- 4 The Saviour did not join  
 Their nature to his own ;  
 For them he shed no blood divine,  
 Nor breath'd a single groan.
- 5 May we with angels vie,  
 The Saviour to adore !  
 Our debts our greater far than theirs,  
 O be our praises more !

08—S. M.

Hymn 55. Add.

*Christ's Mission.*

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs,  
 To an immortal tune ;

3 His hand no thunder sounds,  
No terror clothes his brow,  
No bolts to drive our guilty souls  
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,  
And wrath stood silent by,  
When Christ was sent with pardon  
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,  
Let hopeless sorrows cease :  
Bow to the sceptre of his love,  
And take the offer'd peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call,  
We lay an humble claim  
To the salvation thou hast brought  
And love and praise thy name

---

In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,  
 And sweet seraphic fire  
 Through all the shining legions ran,  
 And strung and tun'd the lyre.

Swift, through the vast expanse, it flew,  
 And loud the echo roll'd ;  
 The theme, the song, the joy was new,  
 'Twas more than heav'n could hold.

Down through the portals of the sky,  
 Th' impetuous torrent ran ;  
 And angels flew, with eager joy,  
 To bear the news to man.

Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,  
 And glory leads the song ;  
 Good will and peace are heard throughout  
 Th' harmonious heav'nly throng.

10—P. M. 11, 10.

Hymn 8. B. 2.

*Star in the East.*

**B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the  
 morning,

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;  
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Born on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining ;  
 Low lies his bed, with the beasts of the stall ;  
 Angels adore him, in slumber reclining ;  
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Why, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
 Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,  
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
 Vainly with gold would his favours secure ;

Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the pray'rs of the p

- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the mor  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thi  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is le

111—L. M.

Hymn

*The Star of Bethlehem.*

- 1 **W**HEN, marshall'd on the nightly j  
The glitt'ring host bestud the sk  
One star alone of all the train,  
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.

- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks  
From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem:

112—L. M.

Hymn 6, Pt. 3. B. 1.

*Types and prophecies fulfilled in Christ.*

1 **B**EHOLD the woman's promis'd seed !  
Behold the great Messiah come !  
Behold the prophets all agreed  
To give him the superior room !

2 Abra'm, the saint, rejoic'd of old,  
When visions of the Lord he saw ;  
Moses, the man of God, foretold  
This great fulfiller of his law.

3 The types bore witness to his name,  
Obtain'd their chief design, and ceas'd :  
The incense and the bleeding lamb,  
The ark, the altar, and the priest.

4 Predictions in abundance meet,  
To join their blessings on his head ;  
Jesus, we worship at thy feet,  
And nations own the promis'd seed.

113—L. M.

Hymn 14, Pt. 2. B. 1.

*The Saviour's Advent.*

1 **T**O us a child is born from heav'n ;  
To us the Son of God is giv'n ;  
Gentiles in Jesus' name shall trust,  
And of his glories make their boast :

2 *His name the Wonderful* shall be ;  
His wonders heav'n and earth shall see ;  
The *Counsellor* of truth and grace,  
Who leads in paths of righteousness.

3 *The Mighty God, that glorious name,*  
*His works and word join to proclaim :*

*The Everlasting Father, He—*  
And the whole church his family.

4 *The Prince of Peace, on David's throne*  
And nations, yet unborn, shall own  
His sov'reign and his gracious sway,  
Glad of the honour to obey.

5 *Justice and Judgment he'll maintain—*  
To everlasting ages reign :  
*And his blest empire shall increase,*  
Till time, with all its movements, cease

6 Our faith in grateful triumph boasts  
These wonders of the *Lord of Hosts* :  
And trusts the love, that form'd the plan  
To perfect what that love began.



5 "Glory to God on high!  
 "And heav'nly peace on earth,  
 "Good-will to men, to angels joy,  
 "At the Redeemer's birth!"

6 In worship so divine  
 Let saints employ their tongues:  
 With the celestial hosts we join,  
 And loud repeat their songs.

7 "Glory to God on high,  
 "And heav'nly peace on earth,  
 "Good-will to men, to angels joy,  
 "At our Redeemer's birth!"

5—C. M.

Hymn 14, Pt. 4. B. 1.

*Jesus came to save Sinners.*

**H**ARK the glad sound! the Saviour's come!  
 The Saviour promis'd long!  
 Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,  
 And ev'ry voice a song.

On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,  
 Exerts its sacred fire;  
 Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,  
 His holy breast inspire.

He comes the pris'ners to release,  
 In Satan's bondage held:  
 The gates of brass before him burst,  
 The iron fetters yield.

He comes from thickest films of vice  
 To clear the mental ray,  
 And on the eye-balls of the blind  
 To pour celestial day.

He comes the broken heart to bind,  
 The bleeding soul to cure;

7 Our glad *Hosannas*, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim;  
And heav'n's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.

**116**—C. M.

Hymn

*The Song of Zacharias.*

- 1 **N**OW, be the God of Israel bless'd  
Who makes his truth appear;  
His mighty hand fulfils his word,  
And all the oaths he sware.
- 2 Now he bedews king David's root  
With blessings from the skies:  
He makes the branch of promise grow,  
The promis'd horn arise.
- 3 John was the prophet of the Lord,  
To go before his face;  
The herald which our Saviour bore  
To prepare his ways.

The heathen realms, with Israel's land,  
"Shall join in sweet accord ;  
And all, that's born of man, shall see  
"The glory of the Lord.

Behold the Morning Star arise,  
"Ye that in darkness sit !  
He marks the path that leads to peace,  
"And guides our doubtful feet."

—C. M.

Hymn 88. B. 1.

*The Birth of Christ.*

WAKE, awake the sacred song  
To our incarnate Lord :  
Let ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue  
Adore th' eternal Word.

Monarchs awake, with angels join,  
And chant the solemn lay ;  
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,  
To hail th' auspicious day.

When shone almighty pow'r and love,  
In all their glorious forms ;  
When Jesus left his throne above,  
To dwell with sinful worms.

Glorious angels tun'd their songs  
To hail the joyful day ;  
With rapture then, let mortal tongues  
Their grateful worship pay.

Hail, Prince of life, for ever hail !  
Redeemer, Brother, Friend !  
Tho' earth, and time, and life should fail,  
Thy praise shall never end.

Their herring-

7 Our glad *Hosannas*, Prince of  
Thy welcome shall proclaim  
And heav'n's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.

## 116—C. M.

### *The Song of Zachary*

1 **N**OW, be the God of Israel  
Who makes his truth a  
His mighty hand fulfils his  
And all the oaths he swa:

2 Now he bedews king David  
With blessings from the  
He makes the branch of pr  
The promis'd horn arise

3 John was the prophet of th  
To go before his face;  
The

# HYMN CXVII.

- 6 "The heathen realms, with Israel's land,  
 "Shall join in sweet accord;  
 "And all, that's born of man, shall see  
 "The glory of the Lord.  
 7 "Behold the Morning Star arise,  
 "Ye that in darkness sit!  
 "He marks the path that leads to peace,  
 "And guides our doubtful feet."

117—C. M.

Hymn 88. B. 1.

## *The Birth of Christ.*

- 1 **A**WAKE, awake the sacred song  
 To our incarnate Lord:  
 Let ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue  
 Adore th' eternal Word.  
 2 Sinners awake, with angels join,  
 And chant the solemn lay;  
 Joy, love, and gratitude combine,  
 To hail th' auspicious day.  
 3 Then shone almighty pow'r and love,  
 In all their glorious forms;  
 When Jesus left his throne above,  
 To dwell with sinful worms.  
 Adoring angels tun'd their songs  
 To hail the joyful day;  
 With rapture then, let mortal tongues  
 Their grateful worship pay.  
 Prince of life, for ever hail!  
 Friend of sinners, ever call,  
 we tend,  
 glorious end.

## HYMN CXVIII, CXIX.

## DEATH AND ATONEMENT.

Hymn 57. Add

118—C. M.

*Gethsemane.*

1 **D**ARK was the night, and cold the ground  
On which the Lord was laid;  
His sweat like drops of blood ran down,  
In agony he pray'd:—

2 "Father, remove this bitter cup,  
If such thy sacred will;  
If not, content to drink it up,  
Thy pleasure I fulfil!"

3 Go to the garden, sing  
Those precious words  
Which thou

See, my soul, the Saviour see ;  
Prostrate in Gethisemane.

3 There my God bore all my guilt,  
This thro' grace can be believed ;  
But the torments which he felt  
Are too vast to be conceived ;  
None can penetrate through thee,  
Doleful, dark Gethisemane.

4 All my sins against my God,  
All my sins against his laws,  
All my sins against his blood,  
All my sins against his cause,  
From the sea ;  
Hail thee, O Saviour, name.

5 I am here alone ;

THREE,

Hymn 16, Pt. 1. B. 1.

satisfaction,

thee we call,

of all ;

thee we tend,

glorious end.

WHO FOR US

His death was therefore

And in thy word of truth foretold.

- 4 A scene of wonders here we see,  
Worthy thy Son and worthy thee ;  
And while this theme employs our tongue  
All heav'n unites its sweetest songs.

121—8s 7s

Hymn 56.

*Atonement.*

- 1 **W**ITHOUT blood is no remission ;  
Thus the law proclaims from heav'n  
Blood must flow—on this condition,  
This alone, is sin forgiven :  
Yes, a victim must be slain,  
Else all hope of life is vain.
- 2 But the victim—who shall find it ?  
Such a one as sinners need ?  
To the altar who shall bind it ?  
Who shall make the victim bleed ?



oyful truth! he bore transgression  
 In his body on the cross;  
 Through his blood, there's full remission;  
 All for him we count but loss:  
 Jesus for the sinner bleeds,  
 Nothing more the sinner needs.

2—L. M.

Hymn 15, Pt. 1. B. 1.

*He suffered.*

- 1 **O** LORD, when faith with fixed eyes  
 Beholds thy wondrous sacrifice,  
 Love rises to an ardent flame,  
 And we all other hope disclaim.
- 2 With cold affections who can see  
 The thorns, the scourge, the nails, the tree,  
 The flowing tears, the crimson sweat,  
 The bleeding hands, and head, and feet!
- 3 Jesus, what millions of our race  
 Have been the triumphs of thy grace!  
 And millions more to thee shall fly,  
 And on thy sacrifice rely.
- 4 The sorrow, shame, and death, were *thine*,  
 And all the stores of wrath divine!  
*Ours* are the pardon, life, and bliss:  
 What love can be compar'd to this?

23—L. M.

Hymn 15, Pt. 2. B. 1.

*He was crucified.*

- 1 **S**TRETCH'D on the cross the Saviour dies,  
 Hark! his expiring groans arise!  
 See, from his hands, his feet, his side,  
 Runs down the sacred crimson tide!
- 2 Believers now, behold the Man!  
*The Man of Grief* condemn'd for you,

The Lamb of God for sinners slain,  
Weeping to Calvary pursue.

- 3 His sacred limbs they pierce, they tear,  
With nails they fasten to the wood—  
His sacred limbs! expos'd and bare,  
Or only cover'd with his blood.
- 4 See there! his temples crown'd with thorn  
His bleeding hands extended wide,  
His streaming feet transfix'd and torn,  
The fountain gushing from his side.
- 5 Thou dear, thou suff'ring Son of God,  
How doth thy heart to sinners move!  
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,  
Constrain us with thy dying love!

- 5 Love and grief, my heart dividing,  
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe,  
 Constant still in faith abiding,  
 Life deriving from his death.
- 6 May I still enjoy this feeling,  
 In all need to Jesus go ;  
 Prove his wounds each day more healing,  
 And himself more fully know.

125—L. M.

Hymn 15, Pt. 3. B. 1

*It is Christ that died.*

- 1 SINNERS rejoice, 'tis Christ that died :  
 Behold, the blood flows from his side !  
 To wash your souls, and raise you high,  
 To dwell with God above the sky.
- 2 'Tis Christ that died ! O love divine !  
 Here mercy, truth, and justice shine ;  
 God reconcil'd, and sinners bought  
 With Jesus' blood—how sweet the thought !
- 3 'Tis Christ that died ! a truth indeed,  
 On which my faith would ever feed :  
 Nor let the works that I perform  
 Be nam'd, to swell a haughty worm.
- 4 'Tis Christ that died ! 'tis Christ was slain,  
 To save my soul from endless pain ;  
 'Tis Christ that died, shall be my theme,  
 While I have breath to praise his name.

126—S. M.

Hymn 58. Add.

*Christ upon the Cross.*

- 1 BEHOLD th' amazing sight,  
 The Saviour lifted high ;  
 Behold the Son of God's delight,  
 Expire in agony.

2 For whom was broke that heart?  
For whom these sorrows borne?  
Why did he feel that piercing smart,  
And meet that bitter scorn?

3 For love of us he bled,  
And all in torture died;  
'Twas love that bow'd his fainting head  
And op'd his gushing side.

4 I see, and I adore,  
In sympathy of love;  
I feel the strong attractive power  
To lift my soul above.

5 Drawn by such cords as these,  
Let all the earth combine,  
With cheerful ardour to confess  
The energy divine.

Let us unite,

soul, adoring, bends  
so full, so free ;  
[ hope that love extends  
d pow'r to me ?

return can I impart  
ours so divine ?  
y all—this worthless heart,  
ke it only thine.

Hymn 30, Pt. 1. B. 1.

*Christ our substitute.*

n thee our eyes behold  
usand glories more,  
rich gems and polish'd gold,  
s of Aaron wore.

nd, as constant as the day,  
their altars spilt ;  
e off'ring takes away  
all our guilt

- 2 " 'Tis finish'd !" all the world  
 And all the ancient prophets said,  
 Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,  
 In Christ, the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 " 'Tis finish'd !" this, his dying groan,  
 Shall sins of deepest hue atone ;  
 Millions shall be redeem'd from death,  
 By this, his last expiring breath.
- 4 " 'Tis finish'd !" Heaven is reconciled,  
 And all the powers of darkness spoil'd  
 Peace, love, and happiness, again  
 Return and dwell with sinful men.
- 5 " 'Tis finish'd !" let the joyful sound  
 Be heard through all the nations round  
 " 'Tis finish'd !" let the echo fly  
 Through heaven and hell, through earth !

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**Hymn 6**

*The Cross of Christ.*

*Christ I glory !*

that through all time abide.

the cross of Christ I glory ;  
wreathing o'er the wrecks of time,  
the light of sacred story,  
sheds round its head sublime.

. M.

Hymn 64. Add.

*Glorying in the Cross.*

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,  
On which the Prince of glory died ;  
my best and only comfort and my gain  
I count but loss,  
your contempt on all my pride.

And it, Lord, that I should boast,  
in the death of Christ, my God ;  
the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

From his head, his hands, his feet,  
where and love flow mingled down ;  
where such love and sorrow meet,

Where the sacred victim stood;  
Like a lamb to slaughter led,  
Every friend and helper fled.

- 2 Go to Golgotha, and see  
All the heav'ns in sackcloth hung,  
While rebuke and blasphemy  
Issue foul from every tongue.  
Hear that agonizing cry,  
While the rending rocks reply.
- 3 Go to Golgotha, and tell  
Why the scourge, the crown of thorns,  
Why the powers of earth and hell  
Join in deeds of hate and scorn;  
Why such innocence in tears,  
On the shameful cross appears.
- 4 Go to Golgotha, and learn  
All the bitterness of sin;  
In those scenes of wrath discern  
What thine own desert hath been  
Thine the shame, reproach, and grief.



## RESURRECTION.

**M.** Hymn 17, Pt. 1. B. 1.

*The Resurrection of Christ.*

Awak'd, the Redeemer cries;  
When lowly bows his fainting head:  
On th' expiring sacrifice  
To the regions of the dead.

—the mighty work is done!  
Nor angels much too great;  
None, but God's eternal Son,  
Could attempt, or could complete.

—old things are past away,  
New state of things begun;  
Gloom which shall ne'er decay,  
Shall outlast the circling sun.

Account of time begins;  
Our dear Lord resumes his breath,  
With our sorrows and our sins;  
To ransom by his death.

Was dead, but now he reigns,  
As he lives, he lives again:  
Fill our joys in pious strains,  
And read the glory of his name.

**M. 7** Hymn 89. B. 1.

*The Resurrection of Christ.*

CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day,"  
Sons of men and angels say;  
To your joys and triumphs high,  
Ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the battle won:  
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,  
Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Christ has burst the gate of hell;  
Death in vain forbids his rise,  
Christ hath open'd Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King!  
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"  
Once he died our souls to save:  
"Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"
- 5 Hail, the Lord of earth and heav'n!  
Praise to thee by both be giv'n!  
Thee we greet triumphant now,  
Hail! the RESURRECTION—Thou!

Saviour will himself be there,  
 Your advocate and Friend :  
 He by the law your hopes were slain,  
 Now in Christ ye live again.

Now tranquil now the rising day,  
 'Tis Jesus still appears,  
 A risen Lord to chase away  
 Your unbelieving fears :  
 O, weep no more your comforts slain,  
 The Lord is risen—he lives again.

- 5 And when the shades of evening fall,  
 When life's last hour draws nigh,  
 If Jesus shines upon the soul,  
 How blissful then to die ;  
 Since he has risen that once was slain,  
 Ye die in Christ to live again.

6—L. M.

Hymn 61. Add.

*Christ's Intercession.*

- 1 **H**E lives, the great Redeemer lives !  
 What joy the blest assurance gives :  
 And now before his Father, God,  
 He pleads the merit of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,  
 And justice, arm'd with frowns, appears ;  
 But in the Saviour's lovely face,  
 Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence, then, ye black despairing thoughts ;  
 Above our fears, above our faults,  
 His powerful intercessions rise,  
 And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark, distressful hour,  
 When sin and Satan join their power,  
*This hope repels each fiery dart—  
 That Jesus bears us on his heart.*

- 1 **I** KNOW that my Redeemer lives ;  
What comfort this sweet sentence giveth  
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,  
He lives, my ever-living head !
- 2 He lives triumphant from the grave,  
He lives eternally to save ;  
He lives all glorious in the sky,  
He lives exalted there on high.
- 3 He lives to bless me with his love,  
He lives to plead for me above :  
He lives my hungry soul to feed,  
He lives to help in time of need.
- 4 He lives to grant me fresh supply,  
He lives to guide me with his eye ;  
He lives to comfort me when faint,  
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.
- 5 He lives to silence all my fears,  
He lives to stop and wipe my tears ;  
He lives to calm my troubled heart,

res my mansion to prepare,  
res to bring me safely there.  
res, all glory to his name ;  
res, my Jesus, still the same ;  
sweet joy this sentence gives,  
v that my Redeemer lives !

---

## MANSION AND EXALTATION.

M.

Hymn 16. B. 2.

*Coronation of Christ.*

LL hail, the pow'r of Jesus' name !  
Let angels prostrate fall,  
ing forth the royal diadem,  
and crown him—Lord of all.

wn him, ye martyrs of our God.  
Who from his altar call ;  
ol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
and crown him—Lord of all.

l him, ye heirs of David's line,  
Whom David, Lord did call ;  
e God incarnate ! Man Divine !  
and crown him—Lord of all.

chosen seed of Israel's race,  
e ransom'd from the fall,  
l him who saves you by his grace  
and crown him—Lord of all.

ners, whose love can ne'er forget  
he wormwood and the gall,  
spread *your trophies* at his feet,  
and crown him—Lord of all.

- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 7 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall;  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him—Lord of all.

139—L. M.

Hymn 18, Pt. 1. B. 1

*He ascended into Heaven.*

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,  
Our Jesus is gone up on high;  
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,  
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,

O—L. M.

Hymn 18, Pt. 2. B. 1.

*Forerunner.*

- 1 **F**AR, far beyond these lower skies,  
Up to the glories all his own,  
Where we by faith lift up our eyes,  
There Jesus, our Forerunner's gone.
- 2 Amidst the shining hosts above,  
Where his blest smile new pleasure gives,  
Where all is wonder, joy, and love;  
There Jesus, our Forerunner, lives.
- 3 Before his heav'nly Father's face,  
For ev'ry saint he intercedes;  
And with infallible success,  
There Jesus, our Forerunner, pleads.
- 4 We shall, when we in heav'n appear,  
His praises sing, his wonders tell;  
And with our great Forerunner there,  
For ever and for ever dwell.

H—L. M.

Hymn 18, Pt. 3. B. 1.

*The presence, glory, and power of Christ.*

- 1 **W**ITH transport, Lord, our souls proclaim  
Th' immortal honours of thy name;  
Altho' ascended to thy throne,  
Thou still art present with thine own.
- 2 High on his Father's royal seat,  
Our Jesus shone divinely great;  
Ere Adam's clay with life was warm'd,  
Or Gabriel's nobler spirit form'd.
- 3 Thro' all succeeding ages, he  
The same hath been—the same shall be;  
Immortal radiance gilds his head,  
While stars and suns wax old, and fade.

- 4 The same his pow'r his flock to  
 The same his bounty to reward :  
 The same his faithfulness and love  
 To saints on earth and saints above
- 5 Let nature change, and sink, and  
 Jesus shall raise his chosen high  
 And fix them near his heav'nly  
 In glory changeless as his own.

**142**—P. M.

Hymn

*The Ascension and Kingdom of Christ*

- 1 **R**EJOICE, the Lord is King,  
 Th' ascended King adore ;  
 Mortals, give thanks and sing



**M** Hymn 19, Pt. 1. B. 1.

*He sitteth at the right hand of God.*

**US** the Lord our souls adore,  
 painful suff'rer now no more ;  
 at right hand of God he reigns  
 earth, and heav'n's extensive plains.

His reign for ever is complete ;  
 ever undisturb'd his seat ;  
 Hordes of angels round him fly,  
 singing his well-gain'd victory.

amidst the honours of his throne,  
 sits not for himself alone ;  
 truest servants share their part,  
 in that royal tender heart.

Oh, raise, my soul, thy raptur'd sight  
 sacred wonder and delight ;  
 at God's right hand now see,  
 'd within the veil for thee.

**M.** Hymn 62. Add.

*The Cross and Crown.*

His head that once was crown'd with thorns  
 crown'd with glory now ;  
 His diadem adorns  
 mighty Victor's brow.

His place that heaven affords,  
 by sov'reign right ;  
 King of kings, the Lord of lords,  
 shines in glory bright.

Of all who dwell above,  
 joy of all below,  
 in him he manifests his love,  
 craves his name to know ;

- 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,      2. 1  
    With all its grace is given;  
    Their name an everlasting name,  
    Their joy—the joy of heaven.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,  
    They reign with him above;  
    Their profit and their joy to know  
    The myst'ry of his love.
- 6 The cross he bore, is life and health,  
    Though shame and death to him;  
    His people's hope, his people's wealth,  
    Their everlasting theme.

145—L. M.

Hymn 31, Pt. 1. 1

*Jesus hath the key of the kingdom of heaven.*

WITH what delight I raise my eyes,  
    To courts where Jesus dwells

Is 7s.

Hymn 53. Add.

*Our High-Priest.*

AIL, thou once despised Jesus,  
Hail, thou bleeding, conqu'ring King;  
thou didst suffer to release us;  
thou didst free salvation bring!  
thou agonizing Saviour,  
thou didst bear our sin and shame,  
through thy merit we find favour;  
life is given through thy name.

Thou Lamb, by God appointed,  
on our sins on thee were laid;  
Thy mighty love anointed,  
thou hast full atonement made.  
Thy people are forgiven,  
through the virtue of thy blood;  
Thou art the gate of heaven,  
and we are reconciled to God.

Thou, hail, enthroned in glory,  
ere forever to abide,  
the heavenly hosts adore thee,  
seated at thy Father's side:  
Thou for sinners thou art pleading,  
ere thou dost our place prepare:  
Thou for us interceding,  
that in glory we appear.

.. M.

Hymn 65. Add.

*Lord of Angels.*

MEET God, to what a glorious height  
Hast thou advanced the Lord, thy Son!  
Angels, in all their robes of light,  
made the servants of his throne.

- 2 Before his feet, their armies wait,  
And swift as flames of fire they move,  
To manage his affairs of state,  
In works of vengeance or of love.
- 3 Now they are sent to guide our feet,  
Up to the gates of thine abode,  
Through all the dangers that we meet,  
In travelling o'er the heavenly road.
- 4 Lord, when we leave this mortal ground,  
And thou shalt bid us rise and come,  
Send thy beloved angels down,  
Safe to conduct our spirits home.

148—L. M.

Hymn 19, Pt. 3. B

*Christ will come to judge the world.*

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord, that made us know

thousand saints attending  
his triumph of his train :

! !

shall ever reign.

shall now behold him,  
in dreadful majesty :

not at naught, and sold him,  
and nail'd him to the tree,  
sitting,

great Messiah see.

land, sea, and mountain,  
and earth, shall flee away :  
at him must, confounded,  
e trump proclaim the day ;  
adgment !

adgment ! come away !

demption, long expected,  
solemn pomp appear !  
ints, by men rejected,



**HYMN CL.**

6 Yea! amen! let all adore thee,  
High on thine exalted throne!  
Saviour, take the pow'r and glory:  
Claim the kingdoms for thine own!  
O come quickly,  
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

**150**—8, 7, 4.

Hymn 19, Pt

*Lo, he cometh.*

1. **L**O! he cometh! countless trump  
Blow to raise the sleeping dead  
'Midst ten thousand saints and ange  
See their great exalted Head.  
Hallelujah,  
Welcome, welcome, Son of God!

...erit, by the harpers,  
...ounds;

- 5 Now at once they rise to glory,  
Jesus brings them as their king;  
There, with all the hosts of heav'n,  
They eternal anthems sing:  
Hallelujah,  
Boundless glory to the Lamb.
- 

## THE HOLY SPIRIT.

51—C. M.

Hymn 66. Ad

*Effusion of the Spirit.*

- 1 **L**ET songs of praises fill the sky!  
Christ, our ascended Lord,  
Sends down his Spirit from on high,  
According to his word.
- 2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,  
New life creates within,  
He quickens sinners from their death  
Of trespasses and sin.
- 3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,  
And to our hearts reveals;  
Our bodies he his temple makes,  
And our redemption seals.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,  
With thy celestial fire;  
Come, and with flames of zeal and love  
Our hearts and tongues inspire!

How happy are

The soul-enlivening breeze.

- 2 He forms the carnal mind afresh,  
Subdues the power of sin,  
Transforms the heart of stone to flesh  
And plants his grace within.
- 3 He sheds abroad the Father's love,  
Applies redeeming blood,  
Bids both our guilt and grief remove,  
And brings us near to God.
- 4 Lord, fill each dead, benighted soul,  
With light, and life, and joy;  
None can thy mighty power control,  
Thy glorious work destroy.

**153**—C. M.

Hymn 6

*Work of the Spirit.*

- 1 **G**REAT Spirit, through whose might  
All creatures live and move,  
Thy benediction shower,



ward witness bear, unknown  
 all the world beside;  
 ng, then, we'll show and own  
 Jesus glorified.

L. M.

Hymn 20, Pt. 1. B. 1.

*Influences of the Holy Ghost.*

TERNAL Spirit! we confess  
 And sing the wonders of thy grace:  
 pow'r conveys our blessings down  
 m God the Father and the Son.

ighten'd by thine heav'nly ray,  
 shades and darkness turn to day;  
 learn the meaning of thy word,  
 I find salvation in the Lord.

ow'r and glory work within,  
 d break the chains of reigning sin;  
 wild imperious lusts subdue,  
 d form our wretched hearts anew.

e troubled conscience knows thy voice;  
 y cheering words awake our joys:  
 y words allay the stormy wind,  
 d calm the surges of the mind.

-L. M.

Hymn 20, Pt. 2. B. 1.

*Influences of the Holy Ghost.*

DEAR Lord, and shall thy Spirit rest  
 In such a wretched heart as mine?  
 Unworthy dwelling! glorious Guest!  
 Favour astonishing, divine!

When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,  
 And hope almost expires in night,  
 Lord, can thy Spirit then be here,  
 Great spring of comfort, life and light?

- 3 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh;  
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;  
Else would my hopes for ever die,  
And ev'ry cheering ray depart.
- 4 When some kind promise glads my soul,  
Do I not find his healing voice  
The tempest of my fears control,  
And bid my drooping pow'rs rejoice?
- 5 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,  
With ardent wish my heart aspires;  
Can it be less than pow'r divine,  
Which animates these strong desires?
- 6 What less than thine almighty Word  
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,  
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,  
My life, my treasure, and my trust?
- 7 And when my cheerful hope can say

ONE can truly say,  
 That Jesus is the Lord,  
 Unless thou take the veil away,  
 And breathe the living word.  
 Then, only then, we feel  
 Our interest in his blood,  
 And cry, with joy unspeakable,  
 Thou art *my* Lord, *my* God."

—L. P. M.

Hymn 70. Add.

*Spirit sought.*

COME, Holy Ghost, all quick'ning fire,  
 Come, and in me delight to rest;  
 Grant the supplies that I require;  
 O come, and consecrate my breast:  
 The temple of my soul prepare,  
 And fix thy sacred presence there.

2 My peace, my life, my comfort thou,  
 My treasure and my all THOU art;  
 True witness of my sonship, now,  
 Engraving Christ upon my heart,  
 Seal of my sins in him forgiven,  
 Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.

3 My Comforter, mark out thine heir,  
 Of heaven a larger earnest give;  
 With clearer light thy witness bear,  
 More actively within me live;  
 Let all my powers thy presence feel,  
 And deeper stamp thyself the seal.

8—P. M. 8, 7.

Hymn 20.

*The Holy Spirit invoked.*

HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,  
 Pierce the clouds of sinful night;  
 Come, thou Source of sweetest gladness  
 Breathe thy life and spread thy light

Loving SPIRIT, God of peace,  
Great Distributer of grace,  
Rest upon this congregation !  
Hear, Oh, hear our supplication.

- 2 From that height which knows no measure  
As a gracious show'r, descend ;  
Bringing down the richest treasure  
Man can wish, or God can send.  
O, thou GLORY shining down  
From the FATHER and the SON,  
Grant us thy illumination !  
Rest on all this congregation.

- 3 Come, thou best of all donations  
God can give, or we implore ;  
Having thy sweet consolations,  
We need wish for nothing more :  
HOLY SPIRIT, heav'nly DOVE,

O leave us not a prey,  
yet to Satan's hand ;  
hide us, in the heav'nly way,  
our Emmanuel's land.

**M.**

**Hymn 72. Add.**

*Invocation.*

THE, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,  
and fit me to approach my God ;  
drive each vain and worldly thought,  
lead me to thy blest abode.

Thou imparted to my soul  
that spark of holy fire ?  
Kindle now the sacred flame ;  
lead me to burn with pure desire.

Thy faith and hope impart,  
let me now my Saviour see ;  
cheer and cheer my burden'd heart,  
bid my spirit rest in thee.

**Hymn 73. Add**

*Influences of the Spirit.*

PRECIOUS Spirit, Love divine,  
let thy light within me shine ;  
let guilty fears remove,  
and with thy heavenly love.

Thy pard'ning grace to me ;  
O burden'd sinner free ;  
lead me to the Lamb of God,  
dip me in his precious blood.

And peace to me impart,  
salvation on my heart ;  
thine thyself into my breast,  
that of immortal rest.

**HYMN CLXX, CLXXI.**

Let me never from thee stray,  
Keep me in the narrow way ;  
Fill my soul with joy divine,  
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

12—7a.

Hymn 74.

*Invocation.*

1 **H**OLY GHOST, with light divine,  
Shine upon this heart of mine ;  
Chase the shades of night away,  
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,  
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine ;  
Long hath sin, without control,  
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,  
Sadden'd heart of mine ;

subdue the power of every sin,  
 Whate'er that sin may be ;  
 That we, in singleness of heart,  
 May worship only thee.

Then with our spirits witness bear,  
 That we're the sons of God ;  
 Redeem'd from sin, and death, and hell,  
 Through Christ's atoning blood. \*

64—C. M.

Hymn 76. Add.

*The Spirit desired.*

1 GREAT Father of each perfect gift,  
 Behold thy servants wait ;  
 With longing eyes, and lifted hands,  
 We flock around thy gate.

2 O ! shed abroad that choicest gift—  
 Thy Spirit from above,  
 To cheer our eyes with sacred light,  
 And fire our hearts with love.

3 Blest earnest of eternal joy,  
 Declare our sins forgiven :  
 And bear with energy divine,  
 Our raptur'd thoughts to heaven.

4 Diffuse, O God, thy copious showers,  
 That earth its fruit may yield,  
 And change the barren wilderness  
 To Carmel's flowery field.

65—P. M. 8, 7.

Hymn 132. B. 2.

*Love divine.*

LOVE divine, all love excelling !  
 Joy of heav'n, to earth come down !  
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling ;  
 All thy faithful mercies crown.

Into ev'ry troubled  
 Let us all in thee inherit,  
 Let us find thy promis'd rest.  
 Take away the love of sinning,  
 Alpha and Omega be ;  
 End of faith, as its beginning,  
 Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,  
 Let us all thy life receive !  
 Suddenly return—and never—  
 Never more thy temples leave !  
 Thee we would be always blessing  
 Serve thee as thy hosts above ;  
 Pray, and praise thee without ceas  
 Glory in thy precious love.

4 Finish, then, thy new creation ;  
 Pure, unspotted, may we be ;  
 Let us see our whole salvation,  
 Perfectly secur'd by thee :  
 Chang'd from glory unto glory,  
 Till in heav'n we take our pls



Look, how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys :  
Our souls can neither fly nor go,  
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise,  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever live  
At this poor, dying rate ?  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great ?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,  
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours

67—C. P. M.

Hymn 91. B. 1.

*The out-pouring of the Spirit.*

1 **W**HEN the blest day of Pentecost  
Was fully come ; the Holy Ghost  
Descended from above,  
Sent by the Father and the Son :  
The Sender and the Sent are one,  
The Lord of life and love.

2 But were the first disciples blest  
With heav'nly gifts ? And shall the rest  
Be pass'd unheeded by ?  
What ! Has the Holy Ghost forgot  
To quicken souls, that Christ has bought ;  
And let them lifeless lie ?

3 No, thou almighty Paraclete !  
Thou shedd'st thy heav'nly influ'nce yet ;  
Thou visit'st sinners still ;  
Thou *breath of life, thy quick'ning flame,*  
*Thy pow'r, thy Godhead, still the same,*  
*We own ; because we feel.*

## D E C R E E S.

168—C. M.

Hymn

*Sovereignty and Decrees of God.*

- 1 **K**EEP silence—all created things,  
And wait your Maker's nod :  
My soul stands trembling while she sin  
The honours of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown  
Hang on his firm decree ;  
He sits on no precarious throne,  
Nor borrows leave—TO BE.
- 3 Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,

*Election.*

f sublime adoration and praise,  
ims, for Zion who press,  
and extol the great Ancient of days,  
and distinguishing grace.

m eternity fix'd upon you,—  
th and discover'd its flame,  
with the cords of his kindness he  
,  
ght you to love his great name.

ie pitied the state you were in,  
oms his love had ne'er felt:  
uld have liv'd, would have died too  
n,  
with the load of your guilt.

here in you that could merit esteem.

100

100

- 100



L. M.

Hymn 137. B. 1.

*The triumph of Faith.*

WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?

'Tis God that justifies their souls ;  
 mercy, like a mighty stream,  
 all their sins divinely rolls.

shall adjudge the saints to hell ?  
 Christ that suffer'd in their stead :  
 the salvation to fulfil,  
 old him rising from the dead.

lives ! he lives ! and sits above,  
 ever interceding there :

shall divide us from his love,  
 what should tempt us to despair ?

l persecution or distress,  
 ine, or sword, or nakedness ?  
 that hath lov'd us, bears us through,  
 make us more than conq'rors too.

h hath an overcoming pow'r,  
 triumphs in the dying hour :  
 st is our life, our joy, our hope ;  
 can we sink with such a prop.

all that men on earth can do,  
 pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs below,  
 l cause his mercy to remove,  
 wean our hearts from Christ our love.

C. M.

Hymn 32, Pt. 3. B. 1.

*Elected to Holiness.*

HOW vast the benefits divine,  
 Which we in Christ possess !  
 We're sav'd from guilt and ev'ry sin,  
 And call'd to holiness.

- 2 'Tis not for works which we have done  
Or shall hereafter do ;  
But he, of his electing love,  
Salvation doth bestow.
- 3 The glory, Lord, from first to last,  
Is due to thee alone ;  
Aught to ourselves we dare not take,  
Or rob thee of thy crown.
- 4 Our glorious Surety undertook  
Redemption's wondrous plan ;  
And grace was given us in him,  
Before the world began.
- 5 Safe in the arms of sov'reign love  
We ever shall remain ;  
Nor shall the rage of earth or hell  
Make thy dear counsels vain.

or we turn our gazing eyes,  
 radiant footsteps shine ;  
 usand pleasing wonders rise,  
 speak their source divine.  
 ing tribes of countless forms,  
 rth, and sea, and air,  
 anest flies, the smallest worms,  
 ghty pow'r declare.  
 isdom, pow'r, and goodness, Lord,  
 l thy works appear :  
 ! let man thy praise record,  
 , thy distinguish'd care.  
 hee the breath of life he drew ;  
 : breath thy pow'r maintains :  
 nder mercy, ever new,  
 brittle frame sustains.  
 bler favours claim his praise,  
 eason's light possess'd ;  
 elation's brightest rays,  
 more divinely blest.

M. Hymn 3, Pt. 1. B. 1

*Primitive state of man.*

AM in Paradise was plac'd,  
 ur nat'ral and our fed'ral head ;  
 oliness and wisdom grac'd,  
 Creator's image made.  
 l with the joys of innocence,  
 it and happy, firm he stood ;  
 e debas'd himself to sense,  
 te of the forbidden food.  
 ul at first, a holy flame,  
 indled by his Maker's breath ;  
 ung by sin, it soon became  
 eat of darkness, strife, and death.

In songs . . .

- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender Mother—  
Was thy indulgent care ;  
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,  
Or breathe the infant prayer.
- 3 Around my path what dangers rose !  
What snares spread all my road !  
No pow'r could guard me from my foes  
But my Preserver, God.
- 4 How many blessings round me shone,  
Where'er I turn'd mine eye !  
How many past, almost unknown,  
Or unregarded, by !
- 5 Each rolling year new favours brought  
From thy exhaustless store ;  
But ah ! in vain my lab'ring thought  
Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 6 While sweet reflection, thro' my days,  
Thy bounteous hand would trace ;  
Still dearer blessings claim my praise,  
Of thy grace.

shall my joyful pow'rs unite  
 more exalted lays;  
 join the happy sons of light,  
 in everlasting praise.

—L. M.

Hymn 9, Pt. 4. B. 1.

*My times are in thine hand.*

**R**ESISTLESS Sov'reign of the skies,  
 Immensely great! immensely wise!  
 My times are all within thy hand;  
 And all events at thy command.

- 2 My times of sickness and of health,  
 My times of penury and wealth,  
 My times of trial and of grief,  
 My times of triumph and relief.
- 3 Sad times, the tempter's pow'r to prove,  
 Blest times, to taste a Saviour's love,  
 Must all begin, and last, and end,  
 As best shall please my God and Friend.
- 4 Tho' plagues and deaths around me fly,  
 Till he commands, I cannot die:  
 No; not a single shaft can hit,  
 Till God, who guards my life, sees fit.
- 5 O thou, tremendous, wise and just!  
 In thy kind hands my life I trust;  
 Yea, had I somewhat dearer still,  
 It should be thine, and at thy will.
- 6 May I, at all times, own thy hand,  
 And still to thee surrender'd stand;  
 Convine'd that thou art God alone,  
 May I and mine be all thy own.
- 7 Thee, Lord, at all times will I bless,  
 For, having thee, I all possess;  
 Nor can I e'er bereaved be,  
*Since thou wilt never part with me.*

177—C. M.

Hymn 10, Pt. 2.

*The mysteries of Providence.*

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds, ye so much dread,  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

in the thickest darkness dwells,  
 forms his work, the cause conceals;  
 tho' his methods are unknown,  
 judgment and truth support his throne.

heav'n, and earth, and air, and seas,  
 executes his firm decrees;  
 d by his saints it stands confest,  
 at what he does is ever best.

at then, my soul, submissive wait,  
 strate before his awful seat;  
 d 'midst the terrors of his rod,  
 ist in a wise and gracious God.

-P. M.

Hymn 10, Pt. 3. B. 1.

*The Lord will provide.*

1 **T**HO' troubles assail,  
 And dangers affright;  
 Tho' friends should all fail,  
 And foes all unite:  
 Yet one thing secures us,  
 Whatever betide;  
 The scripture assures us,  
 The Lord will provide.

2 The birds, without barn  
 Or store-house, are fed;  
 From them let us learn  
 To trust for our bread:  
 His saints what is fitting  
 Shall ne'er be denied;  
 So long as 'tis written,  
 The Lord will provide.

3 We may, like the ships,  
 By tempests be tost  
*On perilous deeps,*  
*But cannot be lost:*

## HYMN CLXXX

Tho' Satan engages  
The wind and the tide,  
The promise engages,  
The Lord will provide.

- 4 His call we obey,  
Like Abra'm of old,  
Not knowing our way,  
But faith makes us bold;  
For, tho' we be strangers,  
We have a good guide,  
And trust in all dangers,  
The Lord will provide.

- 5 When Satan appears  
To stop up our path,  
And fill us with fears,  
We triumph by faith:

He cannot take from us



8 When life sinks apace,  
 And death is in view,  
 This word of his grace  
 Shall comfort us through :  
 No fearing or doubting,  
 With Christ on our side !  
 We hope to die shouting,  
 The Lord will provide.

180—C. M.

Hymn 10, Pt. 5. B. 1

*It is well.*

- 1 **I**T shall be well, let sinners know,  
 With those who love the Lord ;  
 His saints have always found it so,  
 When resting on his word.
- 2 Peace, then, ye chasten'd sons of God,  
 Why let your sorrows swell ?  
 Wisdom directs our Father's rod—  
 His word says, It is well.
- 3 Tho' you may trials sharp endure,  
 From sin, or death, or hell ;  
 Your heav'nly Father's love is sure,  
 And, therefore, it is well.
- 4 Soon will your sorrows all be o'er,  
 And you shall sweetly tell,  
 On Canaan's calm and pleasant shore,  
 That all at last is well.

11—C. M.

Hymn 9, Pt. 3. B. 1

*God our preserver.*

**L**ET others boast how strong they be,  
 Nor death nor danger fear ;  
 While we confess, O Lord ! to thee,  
 What feeble things we are.

- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,  
And flourish bright and gay;  
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,  
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,  
And dies if one be gone;  
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings  
Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,  
The God that form'd us first:  
Salvation to th' almighty Name  
That rear'd us from the dust.
- 5 While we have breath, or life, or tongues,  
Our Maker we'll adore:  
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,  
Or they would breathe no more.

5 Thy pow'ful consolations cheer;  
 Thy smiles suppress the deep-fetch'd sigh;  
 Thy hand can dry the trickling tear,

*That secret wets the orphan's eye.*

6 Thus far sustain'd, and cloth'd and fed,  
 Thro' life's tumultuous scenes we've come;  
 Give us this day our daily bread,  
 And lead, and bring us safely home.

13—L. M.

Hymn 9, Pt. 5. B. 1.

*We rely on God our Father.*

**B**ENEATH a num'rous train of ills,  
 Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;  
 Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,  
 O'er ev'ry gloomy fear prevail.

Parent and Husband, Guard and Guide,  
 Thou art each tender name in one;  
 On thee we cast our heavy cares,  
 And comfort seek from thee alone.

Our Father, God, to thee we look;  
 Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend;  
 And on thy cov'nant love and truth,  
 Our sinking souls shall still depend.

## MAN'S RUINED STATE.

### WARNINGS.

14—C. M.

Hymn 3, Pt. 3. B. 1.

*Depravity and inability of sinners.*

**S**IN, like a venomous disease,  
 Infects our vital blood;  
*The only help is sov'reign grace,  
 The sole physician, God.*

Till God's own Son,  
The inward fire assuage.

4 We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,  
And solid good despise :  
Such is the folly of the mind,  
Till Jesus make us wise.

5 We give our souls the wounds, they  
We drink the pois'nous gall,  
And rush with fury down to hell ;  
But grace prevents the fall.

6 The man, possess'd among the tombs  
Cuts his own flesh, and cries ;  
He foams and raves, till Jesus comes  
Then the foul spirit flies.

185—C. M.

Hymn 3,

*Original sin.*

1 **N**OW back with humble shame  
On our original ;

back'd and bare

The first young pulse begins to beat  
Depravity and death.

Vild and unwholesome as the root,  
Will all the branches be:  
How can we hope for living fruit  
From such a deadly tree?

What mortal pow'r from things unclean  
Can pure productions bring?  
Who can command a vital stream  
From an infected spring?

Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love  
Can make our nature clean;  
While Christ and grace prevail above  
The tempter, death, and sin.

The second Adam can restore  
The ruins of the first;  
Hosanna to that sov'reign pow'r,  
That new-creates our dust!

96—P. M. 7, 6.

Hymn 23. B. 2.

*The Alarm.*

1 **S**TOP, poor sinners, stop and think,  
Before you further go;  
Will you sport upon the brink  
Of everlasting woe?  
On the verge of ruin stop—  
Now the friendly warning take—  
Stay your footsteps—ere ye drop  
Into the burning lake.

2 Say, have you an arm like God,  
That you his will oppose?  
Fear ye not that iron rod  
*With which he breaks his foes?*

## HYMN CLXXXVII.

Can you stand in that dread day,  
Which his justice shall proclaim,  
When the earth shall melt away  
Like wax before the flame ?

- 3 Ghastly death will quickly come,  
And drag you to his bar:  
Then to hear your awful doom,  
Will fill you with despair !  
All your sins will round you crowd ;  
You shall mark their crimson dye ;  
Each for vengeance crying loud,  
And what can you reply ?

- 4 'Tho' your heart were made of steel,  
Your forehead lin'd with brass ;  
God at length will make you feel,  
He will not let you pass ;

*re exhorted in view of judgment.*

W<sup>ER</sup>, art thou still secure?  
H<sup>U</sup> thou still refuse to pray?  
H<sup>E</sup> heart or hands endure  
H<sup>E</sup> Lord's avenging day?

H<sup>E</sup> mighty arm is bar'd!  
H<sup>E</sup> terrors clothe his brow!  
H<sup>E</sup> judgment stand prepar'd;  
H<sup>E</sup> must either break or bow.

H<sup>E</sup> presence nature shakes,  
H<sup>E</sup> affrighted hastes to flee;  
H<sup>E</sup> mountains melt like wax,  
H<sup>E</sup> will then become of thee!

H<sup>E</sup> advent may abide?  
H<sup>E</sup> that glory in your shame,  
H<sup>E</sup> find a place to hide,  
H<sup>E</sup> the world is wrapt in flame?

- 1 **W**HEN frowning death appears,  
And points his fatal dart,  
What dark foreboding fears  
Distract the sinner's heart!

The dreadful blow  
No arm can stay,  
But, torn away,  
He sinks to woe.

- 2 Now ev'ry hope denied,  
Bereft of every good,  
He must the wrath abide  
Of an avenging God ;

No mercy there  
Will greet his ear,  
Nor wipe the tear  
Of black despair.

- 3 Sinners, awake, attend,  
And flee the wrath to come ;  
Make Christ, the Judge, your friend,  
And heav'n shall be your home.

His mercy nigh,  
Now points the path  
That leads from death



No more the sov'reign eye of God  
O'erlooks the crimes of men ;  
His heralds are despatch'd abroad,  
To warn the world of sin.

Together in his presence bow,  
And all your guilt confess ;  
Accept the offer'd Saviour now,  
Nor trifle with his grace.

Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,  
And call you to his bar :  
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,  
And turns to vengeance there.

Amazing love, that yet will call  
And yet prolong our days !  
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,  
And weep, and love, and praise.

—C. M.

Hymn 26. B. 2.

*The Sinner warned against abuse of the Divine  
Goodness.*

UNGRATEFUL sinners, whence this scorn  
Of God's long-suff'ring grace ?  
And whence this madness that insults  
Th' Almighty to his face ?

Is it because his patience waits,  
And pitying bowels move,  
You multiply transgressions more,  
And scorn his offer'd love ?

Dost thou not know, self-blinded man,  
His goodness is design'd  
To wake repentance in thy soul,  
And melt thy harden'd mind ?

That must thy sentence seal,  
And righteous judgments, now un  
In awful pomp reveal.

6 While they, who, full of holy de  
To glory seek to rise,  
Continuing patient to the end,  
Shall gain th' immortal prize.

**192—P. M. 7.**

**H**

*To-day, the season of mercy*

1 **H**ASTEN, sinner, to be w  
Stay not for the morrow  
Wisdom, if you still despise,  
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore ;  
Stay not for the morrow's  
Lest thy season should be o'  
Ere this ev'ning's stage be

13—S. M.

Hymn 7, Pt. 1. B. 1.

*The impenitent warned, false refuges exposed.*

1 **D**ESTRUCTION'S dang'rous road,  
What multitudes pursue!  
While that, which leads the soul to God,  
Is known or sought by few.

2 Believers enter in  
By Christ, the living door;  
But they, who will not leave their sin,  
Must perish evermore.

3 If self must be denied,  
And sin forsaken quite;  
They rather choose the way that's wide,  
And strive to think it right.

4 Encompass'd by a throng,  
On numbers they depend;  
They think so many can't be wrong,  
And miss a happy end.

5 But numbers are no mark  
That men will right be found;  
A few were sav'd in Noah's ark,  
For many millions drown'd.

6 Obey the gospel call,  
And enter while you may;  
The flock of Christ remains still small,  
And none are safe, but they.

7 Lord, open sinners' eyes,  
Their awful state to see;  
And make them, ere the storm arise,  
To thee for safety flee.

HYMN CXCIV, CXCIV.

Hymn 77. Add

14—C. M.

*Boast not thyself of to-morrow.*

1. **W**HY should we boast of time to come,  
Though but a single day?  
This hour may fix our final doom,  
Though strong, and young, and gay.

2 The present we should now redeem;  
This only is our own;  
The past, alas! is all a dream,  
The future is unknown.

3 O! think, what vast concerns depend  
Upon a moment's space;  
When life and all its cares shall end  
In vengeance or in grace.

Power which melts the heart,  
High.

Christ and his ransom'd band,  
 Toward heaven thy soul allure;  
 Glorious at his right hand,  
 While joys on high endure.

There rest complete;

Thrice-welcome they,

Whose early feet

His call obey.

Hark, now, from realms above,

The Spirit o'er thee bends:

Gift of the Saviour's love,

Thim, God the Father sends:

He leads secure—

His sword and shield

Make victory sure,

Make Satan yield.

God and his saints invite;

Hell warns with dreadful voice;

Life, death, all things unite

To press thy timely choice.

List to that call!

On Jesus' side,

Trust now thine all—

In him abide.

M.

Hymn 79. Add.

*Life, a Vapour.*

**T**O-MORROW, Lord, is thine,  
 Lodged in thy sov'reign hand;

If its sun arise and shine,

It shines by thy command.

The present moment flies,

And bears our life away;

Make thy servants truly wise,

That they may live to-day!

- 3 Since on this winged hour  
Eternity is hung,  
Awake by thine almighty power,  
The aged and the young.
- 4 "*One thing*" demands our care,  
O, be it still pursued,  
Lest, slighted once, the season fair  
Should never be renew'd.

197—L. M.

Hymn 80. Add.

*Why will ye die?*

- 1 **W**HY, thoughtless sinner wilt thou die?  
Why yield to Satan's fatal charm?  
Why wilt thou yet believe the lie,  
That sin can do thy soul no harm?

- 2 God has pronounced the sinner's doom;

as heaven's hour is near,  
his decisive hour is near.

God, thy grace impart,  
conviction on each heart ;  
waste, on trifling cares,  
stretch thy compassion spares.

L. M.

Hymn 82. Add.

*Go, watch and pray.*

watch and pray : thou canst not tell  
how near thine hour may be ;  
and not know how soon the bell  
toll its notes for thee.

countless snares beset thy way ;  
wild of dust, go, watch and pray.

outh, while free from blighting care,  
thy firm pulse beat high ?  
o's glad visions, bright and fair,  
kle before thine eye ?

- 4 Thou aged man, life's wintry storm  
Hath sear'd thy vernal bloom ;  
With trembling limbs and wasting form,  
Thou'rt bending to the tomb.  
And can vain hope lead thee astray ?  
Go ! weary pilgrim, watch and pray.

**200**—C. M.

Hymn 3, Pt. 4, B. 1

*New birth.*

- 1 **O**UR nature's totally deprav'd ;  
The heart a sink of sin ;  
Without a change we can't be sav'd ;  
We must be born again. \*
- 2 That, which is born of flesh, is flesh,  
And flesh it will remain ;  
Then marvel not that Jesus saith,  
" Ye must be born again."



'Then shall thy neighbour, next in place,  
'Share thine affections and esteem ;  
'And let thy kindness to thyself  
'Measure, and rule thy love to him."

The substance this, that Moses spoke,  
This did the prophets preach and prove :  
For want of this the law is broke ;  
The law demands a perfect love.

But O how base our passions are !  
This holy law we can't fulfil :  
Regenerate our souls, O Lord !  
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

2—C. M.

Hymn 34, Pt. 1. B. 1.

*The moral Law.*

THAT God, who made the world on high,  
And air, and earth, and sea,  
Own as thy God, and to his name  
In homage bow thy knee.

Let not a shape which hands have wrought  
Of wood, or clay, or stone,  
Be deem'd thy God ; nor think him like  
Aught, thou hast seen or known.

Take not in vain the name of God :  
Nor must thou ever dare  
To make thy falsehood pass for truth,  
By his dread name to swear.

That day on which he bids thee rest  
From toil, to pray, and praise ;  
That day keep holy to the Lord.  
And consecrate its rays.

Thy father and thy mother love,  
Both honour and obey ;

So shall thy life be blest with peace,  
And lengthen'd be thy day.

6 The blood of man thou shalt not shed,  
Nor wrath, nor malice, feel ;  
To maim, or hurt, or wish him dead,  
Is in thy heart to kill.

7 Promiscuous lusts the Lord forbids,  
But honours wedlock pure ;  
Vast is the guilt of wicked lusts,  
Their punishment is sure.

8 Thou shalt not, or from friend or foe,  
Take aught by force or stealth ;  
Thy goods, thy stores must grow from right  
Or God will curse thy wealth.

9 No man shalt thou, by a false charge,

Or crush, or brand with charges.

# HYMN CCIV.

2 Not one vain thought must rise,  
Not one unclean desire;  
He must be holy, just, and wise,  
Who keeps the law entire.

3 If in one point he fail,  
In thought or word or deed,  
The curses of the law prevail,  
And rest upon his head.

4 I tremble and confess;  
O God! I am accurs'd:  
Guilty, I fall before thy face,  
And own thy sentence just.

5 But does the curse still rest  
Upon my guilty head?—  
No—Jesus—let his name be blest!  
Hath borne it in my stead.

6 He hath fulfill'd the law;  
Obtain'd my peace with God:  
Hence doth my soul her comforts draw,  
And leave her heavy load.

4—L. M.

Hymn 44, Pt. 3. B. 1.

*Practical use of the moral law.*

O LORD, my soul convicted stands  
Of breaking all thy ten commands,  
And on me justly might'st thou pour  
Thy wrath in one eternal show'r.  
But thanks to God, its loud alarms  
Have warn'd me of approaching harms;  
And now, O Lord, my wants I see;  
Lost and undone, I come to thee.  
I know my fig-leaf righteousness  
Can ne'er thy broken law redress;

Yet in the gospel plan I see  
There's hope of pardon e'en for me.

4 There, I behold with wonder, Lord!  
That Christ hath to thy law restor'd  
Those honours on th' atoning day,  
Which guilty sinners took away.

5 Amazing wisdom, pow'r and love,  
Display'd to rebels from above!  
Do thou, O Lord, my faith increase  
To love and trust thy plan of grace.

205—C. M.

Hymn 2, Pt. 3.

*Conviction of sin by the law.*

1 **L**ORD, how secure my conscience was  
And felt no inward dread!

**HYMN CCVI, CCVII.**

**B. L. M.**

**Hymn 24, Pt. 1.**

*Salvation not of works.*

**N**O more, my God, I boast no more  
Of all the duties I have done ;  
I quit the hopes I held before,  
To trust the merits of thy Son.

Now, for the love I bear his name,  
What was my gain, I count my loss ;  
My former pride I call my shame,  
And nail my glory to his cross.

Yes ; and I must and will esteem  
All things but loss for Jesus' sake :  
O may my soul be found in him,  
And of his righteousness partake !

The best obedience of my hands  
Shall not appear before thy throne ;  
But faith can answer thy demands,  
And pleading what my Lord is done.

**-C. M.**

**Hymn 2, Pt. 4. B. 1.**

*Conviction of misery by the law.*

**V**AIN are the hopes the sons of men  
On their own works have built :  
Their hearts by nature are unclean,  
And all their actions guilt.

Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,  
Without a murm'ring word,  
The whole race of Adam stand  
Guiltily before the Lord.

When we ask God's righteous law  
To justify us now ;  
To convince, and to condemn,  
All the law can do.

*The first command.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL God ! Almighty ca  
Of earth and seas, and world  
All things are subject to thy law  
All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious Being singly stands,  
Of all within itself possest ;  
Controll'd by none are thy comm  
Thou from thyself alone art blest
- 3 To thee alone ourselves we owe  
Let heav'n and earth due homag  
All other gods we disavow,  
Deny their claims, renounce thei
- 4 Spread thy great name thro' heav  
Their idol-deities dethrone :  
Reduce the world to thy comma  
And reign, as thou art, God alone

- 3 Thou great Invisible ! what hand  
Can draw thy image, spotless, fair ?  
To what in heav'n, to what on earth,  
Can open th' immortal King compare ?
- 4 Let stupid heathens frame their gods  
Of gold and silver, wood and stone ;  
Ours is the God that made the heav'ns,  
JEHOVAH HE, and God alone.
- 5 My soul, thy purest homage pay,  
In truth and spirit him adore ;  
More shall this please, than sacrifice,  
Than outward forms delight him more.

O—C. M.

Hymn 36. B. 1.

*The third command.*

- 1 **H**OLY and rev'rend is the name  
Of our eternal King ;  
Thrice holy Lord ! the angels cry,  
Thrice holy, let us sing.
- 2 Holy is he in all his works,  
And truth is his delight ;  
But sinners and their wicked ways  
Shall perish from his sight.
- 3 The deepest rev'rence of the mind,  
Pay, O my soul, to God ;  
Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart  
To his sublime abode.
- 4 With sacred awe pronounce his name,  
Abhor the lips profane ;  
Let not thy tongue the Lord blaspheme,  
Nor take his name in vain.
- 5 Thou holy God ! preserve my soul  
From all pollution free ;  
The pure in heart, and hands, and lips,  
Alone thy face shall see.

- 2 So, by an oath, in ev'ry age,  
The saints their promise oft engage  
When questions rise of death or  
An oath confirms and ends all strife
- 3 Christians the truth will ever say  
Their yea be yea, their nay be nay  
And with conscientious dread refrain  
From swearing any oath profane
- 4 But when great facts demand high  
They honour God by solemn oath  
And thereby teach the world to know  
The Judge eternal on his throne.
- 5 The fear of God is thus maintained  
And men from perjury restrain'd  
Religious oaths may be abus'd,  
But may not therefore be refus'd.
- 6 Christians, the worthiest men on earth  
Who cherish peace, and love the truth



- 2 True to the solemn oaths they take,  
 Tho' to their hurt they swear;  
 Constant and just to all they speak;  
 For God they know can hear.
- 3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,  
 Nor flatt'ring words devise;  
 They're sure the God of truth can see  
 Thro' ev'ry false disguise.
- 4 Deceits they hate, they dread all lies,  
 Whatever forms they wear;  
 Preferring death to perjuries,  
 They dare not falsely swear.
- 5 Lo! from above the Lord descends,  
 And brings the judgment down;  
 He bids his saints, his faithful friends,  
 Rise and possess their crown.
- 6 While Satan trembles at the sight,  
 And devils wish to die;  
 Where will the faithless hypocrite  
 And perjur'd liar fly?

213—L. M.

Hymn 38, Pt. 1. B. 1.

*The fourth command.*

- 1 **R**ETURN, my soul,\*enjoy thy rest,  
 Improve the day thy God has bless'd;  
 Another six days' work is done,  
 Another sabbath is begun.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns  
 So sweet a rest to wearied minds;  
 Provides a blest foretaste of heav'n,  
 On this day more than all the sev'n.
- 3 Oh that our thoughts and thanks may rise,  
*incense to the skies;*

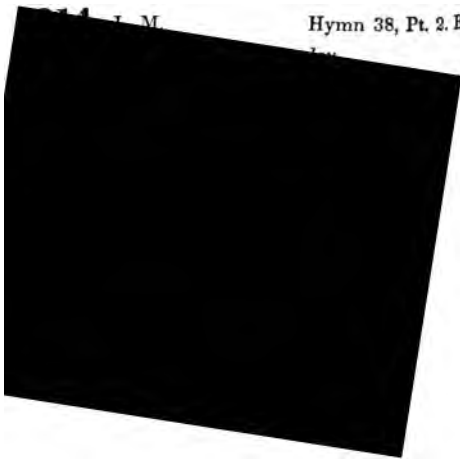


**HYMN CCXIV.**

And draw from Christ that sweet repose  
Which none, but he, that feels it, knows.

- 4 This heav'nly calm, within the breast,  
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest;  
Which for the church of God remains,  
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 With joy, great God, thy works we scan,  
Creation's scene, redemption's plan;  
With praise, we think on mercies past,  
With hope, we future pleasures taste.
- 6 In holy duties let the day,  
In holy comforts, pass away;  
How sweet, a sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one, that ne'er shall end!

I. M. Hymn 38, Pt. 2. B.



O! if my soul, when death appears,  
 In this sweet frame be found :  
 I'll clasp my Saviour in mine arms,  
 And leave this earthly ground.

I long for that delightful hour,  
 When from this clay undrest,  
 I shall be cloth'd in robes divine,  
 And made for ever blest.

5—L. M.

Hymn 38, Pt. 3. B. 1.

*The eternal Sabbath.*

**T**HINE earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love ;  
 But there's a nobler rest above :  
 To that our longing souls aspire,  
 With cheerful hope and warm desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress,  
 Nor sin, nor hell shall reach the place ;  
 Nor groans shall mingle with the songs,  
 Which warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes,  
 No cares to break the long repose ;  
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun ;  
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.

O long-expected day ! begin—  
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin :  
 Fain would we leave this weary road,  
 And sleep in death, to rest with God.

6—S. M.

Hymn 97. B. 1.

*Lord's day morning.*

1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
 That saw the Lord arise !  
 Welcome to this reviving breast,  
 And these rejoicing eyes !

- 2 The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day;  
Here we may sit, and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place  
Where my great God hath been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this;  
And sing, and bear herself away  
To everlasting bliss.

217—C. M.

Hymn 98.

## HYMN CCXVIII, CCXIX.

4

218—11s.

Hymn 288. Ad

*Rest of the Sabbath.*

- 1 **H**OW sweet is the Sabbath, this day of repose  
 On which the Redeemer triumphantly rose  
 Confirming his mission, by leaving the dead,  
 To comfort the mourners, who left him and fled.
- 2 His work then completed, our Sabbath began,  
 A day of rejoicing to penitent man;  
 For when the Messiah had enter'd his rest,  
 The gospel our freedom and pardon express'd
- 3 With him may we rest in the favour divine,  
 Until in his kingdom above we shall shine  
 More bright than the sun, in the robes of free grace,  
 And never remove from the sight of his face.
- 4 O Saviour, assist us—thy Spirit impart,  
 To change and to sanctify every heart;  
 Divinely instructed from evil to flee,  
 May we never wander from peace and from thee

219—L. M.

Hymn 39, Pt. 1. B.

*The fifth command.*

- 1 **G**REAT Source of order, Maker wise!  
 Whose throne is high above the skies;  
 We praise thy name; thy laws ordain,  
 That order shall on earth obtain.
- 2 Let each inferior rank revere  
 All such as their superiors are;  
 And let superiors also do  
 What's right by each inferior too.
- 3 To thee may each united house,  
 At morn and night, present its vows;  
 O may each family proclaim  
 thy glorious name!

2 Our souls adore thy throne sup  
And bless thy providence,  
For magistrates of various nat  
Our glory and defence.

3 Where laws and liberty combi  
To make the nation bless'd :  
There magistrates with lustre  
And states are govern'd bes

4 Nations on firm foundations s  
While virtue finds reward :  
And sinners perish from the  
By justice and the sword.

5 To magistrates be honour pai  
To laws obedience shown  
But consciences and souls w  
To be the Lord's alone.

**221—C. M.**

Hy

*— of nious parents f*

They warn, indulge, correct, beseech,  
 While tears in torrents flow ;  
 And 'tis beyond the pow'r of speech  
 To tell the griefs they know.

Till they can see victorious grace  
 Their children's souls possess,  
 The sparkling wit, the smiling face  
 But adds to their distress,  
 " Shall cruel spirits drag thee down  
 " To darkness and despair ;  
 " Beneath th' Almighty's angry frown,  
 " To dwell for ever there ?  
 " Saviour, the dreadful scene forbid !  
 " Look down, dear Lord, and bless ;  
 " We'll wrestle hard, as Jacob did—  
 " May we obtain success !"

12—L. M.

Hymn 148. B. 2.

*Prayer for the children of the church.*

**D**EAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray  
 From thy secure enclosure's bound,  
 And, lured by worldly joys away,  
 Among the thoughtless crowd be found,  
 Remember still that they are thine,  
 That thy dear sacred name they bear,  
 Think that the seal of love divine,—  
 The sign of cov'nant grace they wear.  
 In all their erring, sinful years,  
 Oh, let them ne'er forgotten be ;  
 Remember all the pray'rs and tears,  
 Which made them consecrate to thee.  
 And when these lips no more can pray,  
 These eyes can weep for them no more,  
 Turn thou their feet from folly's way,  
 The wand'ers to thy fold restore.

223—C. M.

Hymn 259. Ad

*The God of Bethel.*

- 1 **O** GOD of Bethel, by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed,  
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,  
Hast all our fathers led :—
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present,  
Before thy throne of grace :  
God of our fathers ! be the God  
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life,  
Our wandering footsteps guide ;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O, spread thy covering wings around,



- 3 O, grant thy Spirit, Lord,  
Their hearts to sanctify;  
Remember now thy gracious word  
Our hopes on thee rely.
- 4 Draw forth the melting tear,  
The penitential sigh;  
Inspire their hearts with faith sincere,  
And fix their hopes on high.
- 5 These children now are thine,  
We give them back to thee;  
O lead them by thy grace divine,  
Along the heavenly way.

225—7s.

Hymn 262. Add

*Teach thy Children.*

- 1 **L**ORD, assist us by thy grace,  
To instruct our infant race;  
Grant us wisdom from above,  
Fill us with a Saviour's love.
- 2 Let us in thy peace abide,  
In thy promises confide,  
While our seed, with ready zeal,  
Learn of us to do thy will.
- 3 May we teach them day by day,  
In the house, and by the way,  
When they rise, or go to rest,  
Till thy truth shall make them blest.
- 4 While in childhood's tender age,  
They unfold the sacred page,  
May they see in every line,  
Kindling rays of light divine.
- 5 Precious Saviour, hear our prayer,  
We commit them to thy care;  
Be their Shepherd, and their Guide,  
Bring them to thy bleeding side.

## 226—L. M.

*For the Young.*

- 1 **G**REAT Saviour, who didst condescend,  
Young children in thine arms to take,  
Still prove thyself the children's friend,  
And save them for thy mercy's sake.
- 2 'Tis by the guidance of thy hand,  
That they within thy house appear;  
And in thine awful presence stand,  
To hear thy word, and join in prayer.
- 3 Like precious seed, in fruitful ground,  
Let the instruction they receive,  
To thy immortal praise abound,  
And make them to thy glory live.  
... a sober, steady mind;  
... snares of sin

Error and ignorance remove,  
 Their blindness both of heart and mind ;  
 Give them the wisdom from above,  
 Spotless, and peaceable, and kind ;  
 In knowledge pure, their minds renew,  
 And store with thoughts divinely true.

Father, accept them through thy Son,  
 And ever by thy Spirit guide ;  
 Thy wisdom in their lives be shown,  
 Thy name confess'd and glorified ;  
 Thy power and love diffused abroad,  
 Till all the earth be fill'd with God.

28—C. M.

Hymn 261. Add.

*Children's Conversion.*

- 1 **O** LORD, behold us at thy feet,  
 A needy, sinful band ;  
 As suppliants round thy mercy-seat,  
 We come at thy command.
- 2 'Tis for our children we would plead,  
 The offspring thou hast given ;  
 Where shall we go in time of need,  
 But to the God of heaven ?
- 3 We ask not for them wealth or fame,  
 Amid the worldly strife :  
 But in the all-prevailing Name,  
 We ask eternal life.
- 4 We crave the Spirit's quick'ning grace,  
 To make them pure in heart ;  
 That they may stand before thy face,  
 And see thee as thou art.

**229**—L. M.

Hymn 40, Pt. 1. B. 1

*The sixth command.*

- 1 **C**LAMOUR, and wrath, and war be gone,  
Envy and spite for ever cease ;  
Let bitter words no more be known  
Among the saints, the sons of peace.
- 2 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,  
Flies from the realms of noise and strife ;  
Why should we vex and grieve his love,  
Who seals our souls to heav'nly life ?
- 3 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,  
'Thro' all our lives let mercy run :  
So God forgives our num'rous faults,  
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

- 5 Spirit of grace, do thou descend ;  
 Envy, and wrath, and clamour chase ;  
 With thy mild influ'nce quench these fires,  
 And hush the stormy winds to peace !

231—C. M.

Hymn 40, Pt. 3. B. 1.

*Brotherly love.*

- 1 **H**OW sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,  
 When those who love the Lord,  
 In one another's peace delight,  
 And so fulfil his word !
- 2 O ! may we feel each brother's sigh,  
 And with him bear a part :  
 May sorrows flow from eye to eye,  
 And joy from heart to heart.
- 3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride ;  
 Our wishes fix above :  
 May each his brother's failings hide,  
 And show a brother's love.
- 4 Let love, in one delightful stream,  
 Thro' ev'ry bosom flow ;  
 And union sweet, and dear esteem,  
 In ev'ry action glow.
- 5 Love is the golden chain, that binds  
 The happy souls above ;  
 And he's an heir of heav'n, that finds  
 His bosom glow w'ith love.

232—7s 6s.

Hymn 281. Add.

*Happy Family.*

- 1 **W**HAT sight on earth more blissful,  
 Than that domestic scene,  
 Where union, pure and peaceful,  
 Sheds its clouds at e'en.

Are exiled from that home,  
While indolence and folly  
Are banish'd with their train,  
And converse pure and holy,  
Exerts her gentle reign.

3 And there how sweet and precious  
The grateful song to raise,  
To him so kind and gracious.  
Who claims the highest praise  
While glad harmonious voices,  
Parents and children join;  
While every heart rejoices,  
In blessings so divine.

4 In such a habitation,  
May we be ever found,  
Where waters of salvation,  
In healing streams abound:  
Affection's voice to chide us,  
Whene'er we go astray,  
And mercy's hand to guide us,  
Along the narrow way

as lusts which violate  
 s of the marriage state ;  
 himself in wrath severe,  
 he vile adulterer.

, filthy, and unclean,  
 he harvest of their sin ;  
 ho burn with Sodom's lust,  
 fire shall be accurs'd.

ner, hide thy face,  
 hrone, and plead for grace ;  
 of Christ can cleanse thy soul,  
 thy filthy spirit whole.

## Hymn 41, Pt. 2. B. 1.

*s spiritual, but we are carnal.*

oly God, thy precept's just  
 ist impure desires and lust ;  
 re mourn, with grief and shame,  
 and polluted frame.

y nature, we're unclean,  
 debas'd, affections mean ;  
 perfect chastity,  
 l heart, the wanton eye.

of ev'ry vice and sin,  
 deep, and grow within ;  
 erv'd from filthy ways,  
 one belongs the praise.

road thy love divine,  
 s to be wholly thine ;  
*our souls and bodies both*  
*of the Holy Ghost.*

Forbids to practise  
To practise falsehood or deceit.

- 2 We must be faithful, upright, true,  
Nor take but what is strictly due ;  
If honesty be banish'd hence,  
Religion is a vain pretence.
- 3 No righteous debt must be denied  
By fraud or pow'r, by lies or pride  
The poor should not, by long delay  
Be made to groan for want of pay.
- 4 What equity enjoins as right,  
We must perform with all our might  
Nor seek our neighbour to deceive  
With what ourselves do not believe
- 5 Let Christians never dare disgrace  
The name and cause which they embrace  
Lord, help us ever to pursue  
Things which are honest, just, and true



3 Does he his end attain,  
And in full afflu'nce roll;  
What does the sordid creature gain,  
When God demands his soul?

4 My heart, to heav'n aspire,  
And seek thine all in God:  
Nor e'er pollute thy pure desire,  
By trifles on the road.

5 He doth my soul now bless  
With his enriching grace;  
But O what wealth shall I possess,  
When I behold his face!

6 These riches of his grace  
Will then to glory rise,  
When I have run my earthly race,  
And gain'd the immortal prize.

37—C. M.

Hymn 43, Pt. 1. B. 1

*The ninth command.*

1 **R**ELIGION is the chief concern  
Of mortals here below:  
May all its great importance learn,  
Its sov'reign virtue know.

2 Let deep repentance, faith and love,  
Be join'd with godly fear;  
And all our conversation prove  
Our souls to be sincere.

3 Let with our lips our hearts agree,  
Nor sland'ring words devise:  
We know the God of truth can see  
Thro' ev'ry false disguise.

4 Lord, never let our envy grow,  
To hear another's praise;

434 HYMN CCXXXVIII, CCXXXIX.

Nor rob him of his honour due,  
By base revengeful ways.

5 O God of truth ! help to detest  
Whate'er is false or wrong,  
That lies in earnest or in jest  
May ne'er employ our tongue.

238—L. M.

Hymn 44, Pt. 1. B. 1

*The tenth command.*

1 **W**HATE'ER thy lot on earth may be,  
*Let it contentment yield to thee ;*  
*Nor others envy, or repine,*  
*Nor covet aught, that is not thine.*

2 Justly hast thou forbidden, Lord,  
Each murm'ring motion, thought, and word ;  
Justly requiring full content,

- But sin has not yet ceas'd to move,  
It tyrannizes still.
- 2 Hence often fill'd with dread alarms,  
My peace and joy subside ;  
And I've employ for all the arms  
The gospel has supplied.
- 3 Thus diff'rent pow'rs within me strive  
While opposites I feel ;  
I grieve, rejoice, decline, revive,  
As sin or grace prevail.
- 4 But Jesus hath his promise past ;  
Sin with the body dies :  
And grace in all his saints at last  
Shall gain its victories.
- 

## THE GOSPEL AND INVITATIONS.

240—L. M.

Hymn 6, Pt. 4. B. 1.

*The gospel of Christ.*

- 1 **G**OD, in the gospel of his Son,  
Makes his eternal counsels known ;  
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,  
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here sinners of a humble frame  
May taste his grace, and learn his name ;  
'Tis writ in characters of blood,  
Severely just, immensely good.
- 3 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,  
His soul-attracting charms displays ;  
Recounts his poverty and pains,  
*love in melting strains.*

## HYMN CCXLI.

its dictates here imparts,  
our minds, to cheer our hearts;  
nce makes the sinner live,  
the drooping saint revive.

ing passions it controls,  
omfort yields to contrite souls;  
gs a better world in view,  
guides us all our journey through.

his blest volume ever lie  
to my heart, and near mine eye;  
life's last hour my soul engage,  
be my chosen heritage.

L. M.

Hymn 31, Pt. 4. B. 1.

*Gospel is the power of God to salvation.*

WHAT shall the dying sinner do,  
That seeks relief for all his woe?  
here shall the guilty conscience find  
ase for the torment of the mind?

our crimes forgiv'n,

Brought near the doctrine of the cross,  
All nature's gold appears but dross.

- 6 Should vile blasphemers, with disdain,  
Pronounce the truth of Jesus vain,  
We'll meet the scandal and the shame,  
And sing, and triumph in his name.

42—P. M.

Hymn 31, Pt. 6. B. 1.

*The Gospel Trumpet—Jubilee.*

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow,  
The gladly solemn sound!  
Let all the nations know  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,  
The sin-atoning Lamb:  
Redemption by his blood  
Thro' all the lands proclaim:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 3 Ye, who have sold for nought  
The heritage above;  
Shall have it back, unbought,  
The gift of Jesus' love;  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive;  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blest in Jesus live;  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 5 The gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of pard'ning grace :  
Ye happy souls, draw near,  
Behold your Saviour's face :  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 6 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Has full atonement made :  
Ye weary spirits, rest ;  
Ye mournful souls, be glad :  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

**243**—C. M.

Hymn 31, Pt. 5.

*The Call.*

- 1 SINNERS. the voice of God regard :

thou forgive your numerous faults,  
in a Redeemer's blood.

M. 8, 7, 4.

Hymn 34. B. 2.

*Sinners invited to Christ.*

O ye weary, heavy laden,  
lost and ruin'd by the fall ;  
tarry till you're better,  
will never come at all ;  
at the righteous—  
Jesus came to call.

Let conscience make you linger,  
of fitness fondly dream :  
fitness he requireth,  
feel your need of him ;  
his he gives you—  
the Spirit's rising beam.

ling in the garden,  
your Maker prostrate lies !  
bloody tree behold him ;  
for him cry before he dies,  
*It is finish'd !*"  
Ours, will not this suffice ?

For incarnate God ascended,  
as the merit of his blood ;  
on him, venture wholly,  
no other trust intrude :  
*one but Jesus*  
*do helpless sinners good.*

- 5 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb;  
While the blissful seats of heaven,  
Sweetly echo with his name:  
Hallelujah!—  
Sinners here may sing the same.

245—C. M.

Hymn 36. B. 2

*The fountain of Living Waters.*

- 1 **O**H, what amazing words of grace  
Are in the gospel found!  
Suited to ev'ry sinner's case,  
Who knows the joyful sound.
- 2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,  
Your ev'ry burden bring;



to with trembling, yet rejoice,  
as the kind inviting voice.

L

Hymn 37. B. 2.

*The Young invited to Christ.*

AY, if ye will hear his voice,  
now is the time to make your choice ;  
Will you to Mount Zion go ?  
Will you have this Christ, or no ?

d'ring souls, who find no rest,  
Will you be for ever blest ?  
Will you be sav'd from sin and hell ?  
Will you with Christ in glory dwell ?

Now, dear youth, for ruin bound,  
Hear the gospel's joyful sound ;  
Go with us, and you shall prove  
Of Christ's redeeming love.

Now we ask you in his name—

## 248—L. M.

Hymn 30

*Christ knocking at the heart of the sinner*

- 1 **B**EHOLD a stranger at the door!  
He gently knocks, has knock'd before  
Hath waited long—is waiting still;  
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 Oh, lovely attitude! he stands  
With melting heart and loaded hands!  
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows  
This matchless kindness to his foes!
- 3 But will he prove a friend indeed?  
He will; the very friend you need;  
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,  
With garments dyed on Calvary.
- 4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,

treasure borne below,  
 vessels frail?  
 utmost value know,  
 and spirit fail?

gather round the cross,  
 vledge to obtain;  
 soul's eternal loss,  
 sting gain.

Hymn 21, Pt. 5. B. 1.

*Forgiveness of sins.*

NESS! 'tis a joyful sound  
 ers doom'd to death and pains;  
 f Christ heals ev'ry wound,  
 from the foulest stains.

gift of love divine:  
 -measuring ev'ry crime:  
 hall its glories shine,  
 change by changing time.

bounded as the sand,  
 mountains for their size,  
 sov'reign grace expand;  
 sov'reign grace arise.

pendous love of heav'n,  
 al honours shall we show!  
 a transgression is forgiv'n,  
 with fervent ardour glow.

Hymn 5, Pt. 3. B. 1.

*Salvation.*

TION! O melodious sound,  
 retched dying men!  
 that from God proceeds,  
 ds to God again.

- 2 Reared from hell's eternal gloom  
From fiends, and fires, and chills,  
Rais'd to a paradise of bliss,  
Where love triumphant reigns !
- 3 But may a poor bewilder'd soul,  
Sinful and weak as mine,  
Presume to raise a trembling eye  
To blessings so divine !
- 4 The lustre of so bright a bliss,  
My feeble heart o'erbears ;  
And unbelief almost perverts  
The promise into fears.
- 5 My Saviour God, no voice, but thine  
These dying hopes can raise ;  
Speak thy salvation to my soul,  
And turn my prayer to praise.

though your sins are increased as high as a  
mountain,  
his blood can remove them, it streams from this  
fountain.

Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glo-  
rious;

Over sin, death, and hell, he is more than vic-  
torious :

With shouting proclaim it, — O trust in his pas-  
sion,

He saves us most freely ; — O glorious salvation !

For Jesus proclaims his name all victorious,

He reigns over all, and his kingdom is glorious :

O Jesus we'll join with the great congregation,

And triumph, ascribing to him our salvation.

With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the  
shore,

With harps in our hands, we'll praise him the  
more ;

We'll range the sweet plains, on the banks of the  
river,

And sing of salvation, for ever and ever.

**B—C. M.**

Hymn 1, Pt. 1. B. 1.

*Our only comfort in life and death.*

1 **S**UBSTANTIAL comfort will not grow  
In nature's barren soil ;  
All we can boast, till Christ we know,  
Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,  
And made his glories known ;  
There fruits of heav'nly joy and peace  
Are found, and there alone.

- 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith;  
A sense of pard'ning love;  
A hope, that triumphs over death,  
Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil;  
To know that God is mine;  
Are springs of joy that never fail,  
Unspeakable! divine!
- 5 These are the joys, which satisfy,  
And sanctify the mind:  
Which make the spirit mount on high,  
And leave the world behind.
- 6 No more, believers, mourn your lot;  
But since you are the Lord's,  
Resign to them, that know him not,  
Such joys as earth affords.

- God's Spirit will not always strive,  
 With harden'd, self-destroying man;  
 Ye, who persist his love to grieve,  
 May never hear his voice again.
- Sinner—perhaps this very day,  
 Thy last accepted time may be;  
 Oh, should'st thou grieve him now away,  
 Then hope may never beam on thee.

55—S. M.

Hymn 83 Add.

*The Gospel Trumpet.*

- 1 **Y**E trembling captives, hear!  
 The gospel trumpet sounds:  
 No sound beside can charm the ear,  
 Or heal your heart-felt wounds.
- 2 'Tis not the trump of war,  
 Nor Sinai's thunder's roar;  
 Salvation's news it spreads afar,  
 And vengeance is no more.
- 3 Grace, pardon, love, and peace;  
 Glad heaven aloud proclaims;  
 And earth the Jubilee's release,  
 With eager rapture, claims.
- 4 Far, far to distant lands  
 The joyful news shall spread;  
 And Jesus all his willing bands,  
 In one blest triumph, lead.

56—Cs 4s.

Hymn 84. Add.

*To-day.*

- 1 **T**O-DAY, the Saviour calls!  
 Ye wand'ers, come;  
 O, ye benighted souls,  
 Why longer roam.

- 2 *To-day*, the Saviour calls !  
O, listen now :  
Within these sacred walls  
To Jesus bow.
- 3 *To-day*, the Saviour calls !  
For refuge fly ;  
The storm of vengeance falls ;  
Ruin is nigh.
- 4 The Spirit calls *to-day* !  
Yield to his power ;  
O, grieve him not away ;  
'Tis mercy's hour.



**HYMN CCLVIII, CCLIX.**

4 Soon the days of life shall end ;  
Joy ! I come, your Saviour, Friend ;  
Safe your spirit to convey  
To the realms of endless day ;  
Up to my eternal home,  
" Come and welcome, sinner, come."

1-7a.

Hymn 86.

*Expostulation.*

**H** EART of stone, relent, relent,  
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued,  
See his body mangled, rent,  
Cover'd with a gore of blood ;  
Sinful soul, what hast thou done,  
Crucified th' Eternal Son !

See, thy sins have done the deed,  
Given the nails that fix'd him there,  
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,  
Wounded into his side the spear,  
Made his soul a sacrifice,  
While for sinful man he dies.

Wilt thou let him bleed in vain ?  
To death thy Lord pursue ?  
Will all his wounds again ?  
The shameful cross renew ?  
With all my sins I'll part ;  
O break, my bleeding heart.

Hymn 87. Add.

*Delay not.*

Delay not, O sinner, draw near,  
Streams of life are now flowing for thee.  
Demanded, the Saviour is here,  
His purchased, salvation is free.

- 2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse  
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God ?  
A fountain is open'd, how canst thou refuse  
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood
- 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,  
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day :  
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb ;  
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.
- 4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of Grace,  
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight  
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,  
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.
- 5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand—  
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall  
fade ;  
The dead small and great in the indiment shall

- 4 Souls benighted and forlorn,  
Grieved, afflicted, tempest-worn,  
Now in Israel's Rock confide,  
Jesus Christ for man has died.
- 5 Fainting souls, in peril's hour,  
Yield not to the tempter's power ;  
On the risen Lord rely,  
Jesus Christ now reigns on high.

261—C. P. M.

Hymn 89. Add.

*The voice of warning.*

- 1 **T**HAT warning voice, O sinner, hear,  
And while salvation lingers near,  
The heavenly call obey ;  
Flee from destruction's downward path,  
Flee from the threat'ning storm of wrath,  
That rises o'er thy way.
- 2 Soon night comes on with thick'ning shade ;  
The tempest hovers o'er thy head,  
The winds their fury pour ;  
The lightnings rend the earth and skies,  
The thunders roar, the flames arise,  
What terrors fill that hour.
- 3 That warning voice, O sinner, hear,  
Whose accents linger on thine ear ;  
Thy footsteps now retrace :  
Renounce thy sins, and be forgiven,  
Believe, become an heir of heaven,  
And sing redeeming grace.
- 4 Then, while a voice of pardon speaks,  
The storm is hush'd, the morning breaks,  
The heavens are all serene ;  
Fresh verdure clothes the beauteous fields,  
Joy echoes from the distant hills,  
New wonders fill the scene.

262—7s 6s.

Hymn 90. 1

*Balm in Gilead.*

- 1 **W**HY should gloomy thoughts arise,  
And darkness fill the mind ?  
Why that bosom heave with sighs,  
And yet no refuge find ?  
Knowest thou not of Gilead's balm ;  
Of the great Physician there,  
Who can every fear disarm,  
And save thee from despair ?
- 2 Still o'erwhelm'd with floods of grief,  
And fill'd with sore dismay ;  
Looking downward for relief,  
Without one cheering ray ?  
Lift thy streaming eyes to heaven.

In a full perpetual tide ;  
Open'd when the Saviour died.

- 2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,  
Wounded, impotent, and blind ;  
Here the guilty seek remission ;  
Here the lost a refuge find.  
Health, this fountain will restore ;  
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

- 3 Come, ye dying, live forever ;  
'Tis a soul-reviving flood ;  
God is faithful ; he will never  
Break his cov'nant, seal'd in blood ;  
Sign'd when our Redeemer died—  
Seal'd when he was glorified.

64—L. M.

Hymn 35. B. 2.

*Wanderer invited to return.*

- 1 **R**ETURN, O wanderer, return,  
And seek an injur'd Father's face ;  
Those warm desires that in thee burn,  
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,  
And seek a Father's melting heart ;  
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,  
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,  
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live ;  
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn  
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,  
And wipe away the falling tear ;  
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"  
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

## CONVICTION AND PENITENCE.

265—C. M.

Hymn 31. B.

*The Sinner's heart opened.*

- 1 **W**HO is this stranger at the door,  
That would admission gain?  
I know he oft has knock'd before,  
Still he has come again.
- 2 I find him knocking at my heart,  
Though I've defied his will;  
He waits to act a gracious part,  
And all his truth fulfil.
- 3 Too long, alas! I've entertain'd  
A soul-destroying guest.  
Who took possession of my heart,

## HYMN CCLXVII.

Cast not a sinner quite away,  
Nor take thine everlasting flight:

2 Though I have most unfaithful been  
Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.

3 Yet Oh, the chief of sinners spare,  
In honour of my great High Priest;  
Nor in thy righteous anger swear  
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,  
E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes;  
Into thy rest of love receive,  
And bless me with thy calm repose.  
E'en now my weary soul release,  
And raise me by thy gracious hand!  
Guide me into thy perfect peace,  
And bring me to the promis'd land.

—S. M.

Hymn 40. B. 2.

*tance from a sense of the Divine Goodness.*

this the kind return,  
And these the thanks we owe;  
As to abuse eternal love,  
Hence all our blessings flow?

What a stubborn frame,  
Whence sin reduc'd our mind!  
Strange rebellious wretches we,  
And God as *strangely* kind!

Reject his easy reign.

- 5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,  
And mould our souls afresh ;  
Break, sov'reign grace, these hea  
And give us hearts of flesh.
- 6 Let base ingratitude  
Provoke our weeping eyes ;  
And hourly, as new mercies fall,  
Let hourly thanks arise.

**268**—C. M.

H

*Conviction.*

- 1 **D**OTH God invite me to his s  
And do I still delay ?  
Shall he impart his just comman  
And I refuse t' obey ?
- 2 Doth Jesus call me to rely  
Upon his righteousness,  
For safety bid me thither fly,  
And I despise his grace ?



269—L. M.

Hymn 21, Pt. 6. B. 1.

*Seeking Pardon.*

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy feet I prostrate fall,  
Opprest with fears, to thee I call:  
Reveal thy pard'ning love to me,  
And set my captive spirit free.
- 2 Hast thou not said, "Seek ye my face;"  
The invitation I embrace;  
I'll seek thy face; thy Spirit give!  
O! let me see thy face, and live.
- 3 I'll seek thy face with cries and tears,  
With secret sighs and fervent prayers;  
And, if not heard, I'll waiting sit,  
And perish at my Saviour's feet.
- 4 But canst thou, Lord, behold my pain,  
And bid me seek thy face in vain!  
Thou wilt not, canst not me deceive,  
The soul that seeks thy face shall live.

270—C. M.

Hymn 48. B. 2.

*Seeking Pardon.*

- 1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is!  
Our sin, how deep it stains!  
And Satan binds our captive minds  
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace  
Sounds from the sacred word;  
*Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,  
And trust upon the Lord.*
- 3 My soul obeys th' Almighty call,  
And runs to this relief;  
~~I would believe~~ *thy promise, Lord,  
unbelief.*

Drive me on.

With all his hellish crew.

- 6 A guilty, weak, and helpless w  
On thy kind arms I fall :  
Be thou my Strength and Right  
My Jesus, and my All !

271—P. M. 7.

*Pleading for Mercy.*

- 1 SOV'REIGN Ruler, Lord  
Prostrate at thy feet I fi  
Hear, oh, hear my ardent cr  
Frown not, lest I faint and  
2 Vilest of the sons of men,  
Worst of rebels, I have bee  
Oft abus'd thee to thy face,  
Trampled on thy richest g

thy vengeful

2—L. M.

Hymn 44. B. 2.

*Pleading the Promises.*

**F**RRIEND of the friendless and the faint !  
Where can I lodge my deep complaint ?  
Where, but with thee, whose open door  
Invites the helpless sinner, poor !

Did ever mourner plead with thee,  
And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?  
Does not the word still fix'd remain,  
That none shall seek thy face in vain ?

That were a grief I could not bear,  
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer :  
O thou, pray'r-hearing, answ'ring God,  
Take from my heart this painful load.

3—P. M. 7.

Hymn 45. B. 2.

*The Sinner's suit at the Mercy-Seat.*

1 **C**OME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
Jesus loves to answer pray'r ;  
He himself has bid thee pray,  
Therefore, will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,  
Large petitions with thee bring ;  
For his grace and pow'r are such,  
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin :  
Lord, remove this load of sin !  
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest ;  
Take possession of my breast ;  
There thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.

O SHOW

Ev'ry hour my soul  
Let me live a life of faith,  
Let me die thy people's death

274—8, 7.

Hymn

*Suppliant address to the Saviour*

- 1 **J**ESUS, full of all compassion,  
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry  
Let me know thy great salvation,  
See, I languish, faint, and die.
- 2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,  
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief—  
Prostrate at thy feet repenting—  
Send, O send me quick relief!
- 3 Whither should a wretch be flying,  
But to him who comfort gives?  
Whither, from the dread of dying,  
But to him who ever lives?
- 4 *Sav'd*—the deed shall spread new gl  
The shining realms above;

**HYMN CCLXXVI.**

- 2 The will perverse, the passions blind,  
In paths of ruin stray :  
Reason debas'd can never find  
The safe, the narrow way.
- 3 Can aught beneath a pow'r divine,  
The stubborn will subdue ?  
'Tis thine, Almighty Saviour, thine  
To form the heart anew.
- 4 'Tis thine the passions to recall,  
And upwards bid them rise ;  
And make the scales of error fall  
From reason's darken'd eyes ;
- 5 To chase the shades of death away,  
And bid the sinner live ;  
A beam of Heav'n, a vital ray,  
'Tis thine alone to give.
- 6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,  
And give them life divine !  
Then shall our passions and our powers  
Almighty Lord, be thine.

276—C. M.

Hymn 36

*The humble sinner's resolve.*

< **C**OME, humble sinner, in whose brea  
A thousand thoughts revolve ;  
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'  
And make this last resolve :—

"I'll go to Jesus, though my sin

"Hath like a mountain rose ;

"I know his courts, I'll enter in,

"Whatever may oppose.

"**P**rostrate I'll lie before his throne,

"And there my guilt confess ;

"I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,  
"Without his sov'reign grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,  
"Whose sceptre pardon gives;  
"Perhaps he may command my touch—  
"And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
"Perhaps will hear my prayer;  
"But if I perish, I will pray,  
"And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go,  
"I am resolv'd to try;  
"For if I stay away, I know  
"I must for ever die."

78—C. M.

Hymn 94. Add.

*Sinner's Relief.*

- 1 **W**HERE shall a wretched sinner flee,  
To ease his wounded soul?  
The Saviour cries, Believe in me,  
And I will make thee whole.
- 2 Believe in thee, my dearest Lord,  
Oh, help mine unbelief,  
All needful grace do thou afford,  
And send me quick relief.
- 3 Sprinkled with thine atoning blood,  
Let me at length appear  
Before the awful bar of God,  
And find acceptance there.

79—7s 6s.

Hymn 95. Add.

*Sinner desponding.*

- 1 **W**HY sinks my soul desponding?  
Why fill my eyes with tears,  
While nature all-surrounding  
The smile of beauty wears?  
Why, burden'd still with sorrow,  
Is every lab'ring thought?  
Each vision that I borrow,  
With gloom and sadness fraught?
- 2 The pleasures that deceived me,  
My soul no more can charm,  
Of rest they have bereaved me,  
And fill'd me with alarm;  
The objects, I have cherish'd,  
Are empty as the wind;  
My earthly joys are perished;  
Comfort shall I find?

- 3 If inward, still inquiring,  
I turn my searching eye,  
Or upward, now aspiring,  
I raise my feeble cry,  
No heavenly light is beaming  
To cheer my troubled breast,  
No ray of comfort gleaming  
To give my spirit rest.
- 4 O, from this dreadful anguish,  
Is there no refuge nigh?  
'Tis guilt that makes me languish,  
And leaves me thus to die:  
I will renounce my folly  
Before the throne of grace;  
And make the Lord, most holy,  
My strength and righteousness.



HYMN CCLXXXI, CCLXXXII.

465

5 Constrain me, Lord, to turn to Thee,  
And grant renewing grace ;  
For thou this flinty heart canst break,  
And thine shall be the praise.

I—C. M.

Hymn 97. Add.

*Repentance.*

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,  
And did my Sovereign die,  
Did he devote that sacred head,  
For such a worm as I?

As it for crimes that I had done,  
He groan'd upon the tree?  
Amazing pity, grace unknown,  
And love beyond degree.

Oh might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in ;  
Oh Christ, the Prince of Glory, died,  
To man, the creature's sin.

Oh might I hide my blushing face,  
While his dear cross appears,  
To ve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt my eyes to tears.

Oh could of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe ;  
Oh Lord, I give myself away—  
All that I can do.

Hymn 98. Add.

*Penitential.*

Oh my soul was form'd for wo,  
How would I vent my sighs,  
How should, like rivers, flow  
From my streaming eyes.

- 2 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord,  
Hung on the cursed tree,  
And groan'd away a dying life,  
For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 3 O, how I hate those sins of mine  
That shed the Saviour's blood ;  
That pierced and nail'd his sacred flesh  
Fast to the fatal wood.
- 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die ;  
My heart hath so decreed ;  
Nor will I spare the guilty things  
That made my Saviour bleed.
- 5 While with a melting, broken heart,  
My murder'd Lord I view,  
I'll raise revenge against my sins,  
And slay the murderers too.

284—L. M.

Hymn 100. Add

*Penitential.*

- 1 **A**LAS, alas, how blind I've been,  
How little of myself I've seen!  
Sportive I sail'd the sensual tide,  
Thoughtless of God, whom I defied.
- 2 Oft have I heard of heaven and hell,  
Where bliss and woe eternal dwell;  
But mock'd the threats of truth divine,  
And scorn'd the place where angels shine.
- 3 My heart has long refused the blood  
Of Jesus, the descending God;  
And guilty passion boldly broke  
The holy law which Heaven had spoke.
- 4 Th' alluring world controll'd my choice;  
When conscience spoke, I hush'd its voice:  
Securely laugh'd along the road,  
Which hapless millions first had trod.
- 5 But now, th' Almighty God comes near  
And fills my soul with awful fear—  
Fear, lest I sink to endless pain,  
Nor hear the voice of joy again.

285—C. M.

Hymn 42. B. 5

*The Penitent.*

- 1 **P**ROSTRATE, dear Jesus! at thy feet,  
A guilty rebel lies;  
And upwards to the mercy-seat  
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 If tears of sorrow would suffice  
To pay the debt I owe,  
Tears should from both my weeping eyes  
Less torrents flow.

- 3 But no such sacrifice I plead,  
To expiate my guilt;  
No tears but those which thou hast  
No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord  
And all my sins forgive:  
Justice will well approve the word  
That bids the sinner live.

## 286—S. M.

Hymn :

*Self-examination.*

- 1 **A**H, whither should I go,  
Burden'd, and sick, and faint:  
To whom should I my troubles show  
And pour out my complaint?
- 2 My Saviour bids me come:  
Ah, why do I delay?

at our souls arise.

guilty spirits dread  
meet the wrath of Heaven;  
his righteousness array'd,  
see our sins forgiven.

holy and impure,  
all our thoughts and ways;  
this infected nature cure  
in sanctifying grace.

the powers of hell agree,  
hold our souls in vain;  
thou the sons of bondage free,  
and breaks the galling chain.

and we adore thy ways,  
that bring us near to God;  
thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,  
and thine atoning blood.

: P. M.

Hymn 103. Add.

*Contrition.*

Look to thee, O Lord, alone,  
and low beneath thy gracious throne  
pour out my ardent prayer:  
in my sin, my soul reprieve,  
and but thine can now relieve,  
save me from despair.

2 My trembling spirit, fill'd with awe  
Beholds the terrors of thy law,  
And bows itself in dust;  
Thou, Lord, art righteous, just, and true,  
My only refuge is thy blood:  
Thou art my only trust.

3 Guilty, before thy bar I plead,  
Guilty in thought, in word, and deed,  
Wholly defiled by sin:  
O, heal the leprosy of soul!  
One pard'ning word can make me clean,  
And bid my heart be clean.

289—S. M.

H

The overboard and seeking sin

1 MY former hopes are fled  
My terror now begins  
I feel, alas! that I am dead

M. Hymn 50. B. 2.

*Sinner submitting to God.*

LADY of struggling with my pain,  
 Hopeless to burst this sinful chain,  
 'th I give the contest o'er,  
 Ask to free myself no more.

My own works at last I cease—  
 That creates, must seal my peace ;  
 As thy toil, and vain my care,  
 Thy sov'reign grace I share.

I despair myself to heal ;  
 My sin, but do not feel ;  
 All I, till thy Spirit blow,  
 Bid th' obedient waters flow.

Give me a heart of flesh to give,  
 Which I only can receive ;  
 When to thee I all resign,—  
 Love, redeem, and seal, is thine.

M. Hymn 104. Add.

*Troubled Soul.*

[ LORD, can a soul like mine,  
 Unholy and unclean,  
 Venture near a throne of grace,  
 With such a load of sin ?

When I attempt to pray,  
 And hush thy holy name,  
 Thoughts are hurried soon away,  
 I know not where I am.

When in thy word I look,  
 Such darkness fills my mind,  
 I read a sealed book,  
 And no relief I find.

4 Myself can hardly bear,  
 This wretched heart of mine;  
 How hateful, then, must it appear,  
 To those pure eyes of thine!

5 Low at thy feet I bow,  
 O, pity and forgive,  
 Here will I lie, and wait till thou  
 Shalt bid me rise and live.

292—P M. 8, 7, 4.

Hymn 5

*The Surrender.*

1 **W**ELCOME, welcome, dear Redeem  
 Welcome to this heart of mine:  
 Lord, I make a full surrender,  
 Ev'ry pow'r and thought be thine,  
 Thine entirely,



fame, from wealth, from friends I'd part,  
eath thy countenance to live.

When, in smiling friendship drest,  
th bids me quit this mortal frame,  
reclin'd on Jesus' breast,  
latest breath shall bless his name.

My unfetter'd soul shall rise,  
I soar above yon starry spheres,  
The full chorus of the skies,  
I sing thy praise thro' endless years.

6a.

Hymn 105. Add.

*Pleading for Grace.*

RETCHED, helpless, and distress'd,  
Ah whither shall I fly?

panting after rest,  
ere shall I turn mine eye?  
I, sick, and poor, and blind,  
I in sin and misery:  
I of sinners, let me find  
help, my all in thee.

full of truth and grace,  
hear my sad complaint;  
wanderer's resting place,  
cordial for the faint:  
me rich, for I am poor;  
now thy presence find;  
dying, health restore,  
I eyesight to the blind.

3 Fill my soul with heavenly grace  
With pure humility :  
Clothe me with thy righteousness  
Endue my heart with thee ;  
Let thine image be restored ;  
Let me thy forgiveness prove ;  
Fill me with thy fulness, Lord,  
For boundless is thy love.

295—7s.

H

*Deep Contrition.*

- 1 JESUS, save my dying soul  
Make the broken spirit whole  
Humbled in the dust I lie ;  
Saviour, leave me not to die.
- 2 Jesus, full of every grace,  
Now reveal thy smiling face :  
Grant the joy of sin forgiven,  
Foretaste of the bliss of heav

3 All my guilt to thee is known

ON AND CONSECRATION.

Hymn 52. B. 2.

*Heaven over a repenting sinner.*

can describe the joys that rise,  
through all the courts of paradise,  
prodigal return,  
their of glory born !

the Father doth approve  
of his eternal love ;  
with joy looks down, and sees  
hase of his agonies.

it takes delight, to view  
soul he form'd anew ;  
ts and angels join, to sing  
ring empire of their King.

Hymn 53. B. 2.

*Joy over Conversion.*

how divine, how sweet the joy,  
hen but one sinner turns,  
ith an humble, broken heart,  
sins and errors mourns !

with the news, the saints below  
ongs their tongues employ ;  
t the skies the tidings go,  
heav'n is fill'd with joy.

leas'd, the Father sees and hears  
conscious sinner's moan ;  
eceives him in his arms,  
claims him for his own.

- 4 Nor angels can their joy contain,  
But kindle with new fire :  
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,  
And strike the sounding lyre.

## 298—C. M.

## Hymn

*Prisoners of Hope.*

- 1 **W**HEN first my dangerous state  
And knew not where to run;  
I fled from God's avenging law,  
To duties I had done.
- 2 But these, alas! I quickly found,  
Afforded no defence;  
For threat'ning vengeance burst around  
And drove my soul from thence.
- 3 *Out off from ev'ry legal bond*

streams were floating me along,  
 to the gulf of dark despair:  
 while I listen'd to your song,  
 streams had e'en convey'd me there.

I adore thy matchless grace,  
 warn'd me of that dark abyss;  
 drew me from those treacherous seas,  
 made me seek superior bliss.

to the shining realms above,  
 took my hands, and lift mine eyes;  
 for the pinions of a dove,  
 bore me to the upper skies.

from the bosom of my God,  
 as of endless pleasure roll;  
 would I fix my last abode,  
 drown the sorrows of my soul.

M. Hymn 109. Add.

*Looking to Christ.*

THOU art the sinner's Friend;  
 as such I look to thee;  
 in the fulness of thy love,  
 Lord, remember me.

Remember thy pure word of grace,—  
 remember Calvary;  
 remember all thy dying groans,  
 Lord, then, remember me.

wondrous Advocate with God,  
 yield myself to thee;  
 as thou art sitting on thy throne,  
 Lord, remember me.

*I am guilty—I am vile,  
 thy salvation's free;*

Then, in thine all-abounding grace,  
Dear Lord, remember me.

- 5 And, when I close my eyes in death,  
When creature-helps all flee,  
Then, O my dear Redeemer-God,  
I pray, remember me.

**301—C. M.****Hymn 1***Taking up the Cross.*

- 1 **A**ND must I part with all I have,  
Jesus, my Lord, for thee?  
This is my joy, since thou hast done  
Much more than this for me.

- 2 Yes, let it go!—one look from thee  
Will more than make amends,  
For all the losses I sustain.

- 2 Let fools for riches strive and toil,  
 Let greedy minds divide the spoil,  
 'Tis all too mean for me;  
 Above the earth, above the skies  
 My bold aspiring wishes rise,  
 My God, to heaven and thee.
- 3 O Source of glory, life, and love,  
 When to thy courts I mount above,  
 On contemplation's wings,  
 I look with pity and disdain  
 On all the pleasures of the vain,  
 On all the pomps of kings.
- 4 Thy beauties rising in my sight,  
 Divinely sweet, divinely bright,  
 With raptures fill my breast;  
 Though robb'd of all my earthly store,  
 With thee I never can be poor,  
 But must be ever blest.

303—C. M.

Hymn 112. Add.

*Bearing the Cross.*

- 1 **A** SHAMED of Christ!—my soul disdains  
 The mean, ungen'rous thought;  
 Shall I disown that Friend, whose blood  
 To man salvation brought?
- 2 With the glad news of love and peace,  
 From heaven to earth he came;  
 For us endured the painful cross,  
 For us despised the shame.
- 3 At his command, we must take up  
 Our cross without delay;  
 Our lives, yea, thousand lives of ours,  
 His love can ne'er repay.
- 4 Each faithful suff'rer, Jesus views  
 With infinite delight;

Their lives to him are dear; their deaths  
Are precious in his sight.

5 To bear his name—his cross to bear,  
Our highest honour this!  
Who firmly suffers for him now,  
Shall reign with him in bliss.

6 But should we, in the evil day,  
From our profession fly,  
Jesus, the Judge, before the world  
The traitors will deny.

**304**—C. M.

Hymn 113. A

*Subdued by the Cross.*

1 **I**N evit long I took delight,  
Humbled by shame or fear,  
In my sight,



- 6 Thus, while his death my sin displays  
In all its blackest hue—  
Such is the mystery of grace—  
It seals my pardon too.

15—P. M.

Hymn 114. Add.

*Submission.*

- 2 COME, my Redeemer, come,  
And deign to dwell with me,  
Come, and thy right assume,  
And bid thy rivals flee :  
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,  
And make my heart thy lasting home.
- 2 Exert thy mighty power,  
And banish all my sin ;  
In this auspicious hour,  
Bring all thy graces in :  
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,  
And make my heart thy lasting home.
- 3 Rule thou in every thought  
And passion of my soul,  
Till all my powers are brought  
Beneath thy full control :  
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,  
And make my heart thy lasting home.
- 4 Then shall my days be thine,  
And all my heart be love,  
And joy and peace be mine,  
Such as are known above :  
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,  
And make my heart thy lasting home.

HYMN CCCVI, CCCVII.

06—C. M.

Hymn 115. Add.

*Peace returning.*

1 **O**, SPEAK that gracious word again,  
And cheer my drooping heart!  
No voice but thine can soothe my pain  
And bid my fears depart.

2 And wilt thou still vouchsafe to own  
A worm so vile as I?  
And may I still approach thy throne,  
And Abba, Father, cry?

3 My Saviour, by his powerful word,  
Hath turn'd my night to day;  
And all those heav'nly joys restored,  
Which I had sinn'd away.

— Lord! I wonder and adore:

O may I never faint nor tire,  
 Nor, wand'ring, leave his sacred ways ;  
 Great God ! accept my soul's desire,  
 And give me strength to live thy praise.

308—C. M.

Hymn 117. Add.

*Old things passed away.*

- 1 **L**ET earthly minds the world pursue,  
 It has no charms for me ;  
 Once I admired its trifles too,  
 But grace hath set me free.
- 2 Its visions can no longer please,  
 Nor happiness afford :  
 Far from my heart be joys like these,  
 For I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day,  
 The stars are all conceal'd ;  
 So earthly pleasures fade away,  
 When Jesus is reveal'd.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,  
 I bid them all depart ;  
 His name, his love, his gracious voice,  
 Have fix'd my roving heart,
- 5 And may I hope that thou wilt own  
 A worthless worm like me ?  
 Dear Lord, I would be thine alone,  
 And wholly live to thee.

309—P. M. 8, 7.

Hymn 58. B. 2.

*A miracle of Grace.*

- 1 **H**AIL, my ever blessed Jesus,  
 Only thee I wish to sing ;

For boundless is thy love.

295—7s.

Hymn

*Deep Contrition.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, save my dying soul ;  
Make the broken spirit whole  
Humbled in the dust I lie ;  
Saviour, leave me not to die.
- 2 Jesus, full of every grace,  
Now reveal thy smiling face :  
Grant the joy of sin forgiven,  
Foretaste of the bliss of heaven.
- 3 All my guilt to thee is known,  
Thou art righteous, thou alone ;  
All my help is from thy cross ;  
All beside I count but loss.

## CONVERSION AND CONSECRATION.

96—L. M.

Hymn 52. B. 2.

*Joy in Heaven over a repenting sinner.*

WHO can describe the joys that rise,  
Through all the courts of paradise,  
To see a prodigal return,  
To see an heir of glory born !

With joy the Father doth approve  
The fruit of his eternal love ;  
The Son with joy looks down, and sees  
The purchase of his agonies.

The Spirit takes delight, to view  
The holy soul he form'd anew ;  
And saints and angels join, to sing  
The growing empire of their King.

97—C. M.

Hymn 53. B. 2.

*Joy over Conversion.*

1 OH, how divine, how sweet the joy,  
When but one sinner turns,  
And with an humble, broken heart,  
His sins and errors mourns !

Pleas'd with the news, the saints below  
In songs their tongues employ ;  
Beyond the skies the tidings go,  
And heav'n is fill'd with joy.

3 Well pleas'd, the Father sees and hears  
The conscious sinner's moan ;  
*Jesus receives him in his arms,*  
*And claims him for his own.*

312—P. M. 8, 7.

Hymn 95. B.

*Forsoaking all, to follow Christ.*

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave, and follow thee;  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou from hence my all shalt be.  
Perish, ev'ry fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hop'd, or known;  
Yet how rich is my condition!  
God, and heav'n, are still my own.
- 2 Let the world despise, and leave me;  
They have left my Saviour too;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me,  
Thou art not like them untrue;  
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,

know thy full salvation ;  
sin, and fear, and care ;  
in every station,  
ing still to do, or bear.  
t Spirit dwells within thee ;  
hat Father's smiles are thine ;  
Jesus died to win thee ;  
Heav'n, can'st thou repine ?

on from grace to glory,  
y faith, and wing'd by pray'r ;  
ternal day's before thee,  
rn hand shall guide thee there.  
close thy earthly mission,  
ll pass thy pilgrim days ;  
change to glad fruition,  
sight, and pray'r to praise.

## Hymn 60. B. 2.

*asking the way to Zion.*

O, ye pilgrims, for the way  
ads to Zion's hill,  
r set your steady face,  
etermin'd will.

strangers all around,  
ous march to join ;  
d the sentiments you feel  
and love divine.

and to his temple haste,  
k his favour there ;  
footstool humbly bow,  
r your fervent pray'r !

and join your souls to God,  
asting bands ;  
e blessings he bestows,  
unkful hearts and hands.

Along the flow'ry way.

2 My heart, with agonizing pray'  
Brought the Lord to save ;  
Unseen he seiz'd my trembling  
And brought me from the g

3 He broke the charm, which d  
To darkness and the dead :  
From lips profane, and tongue  
With quiv'ring steps I fled.

4 Homeward I flew to find my  
And seek his face divine ;  
Restor'd to peace, to hope, to  
To Zion's friends, and mix

### 315—C. M.

*Penitential Gratitude*

1 **R**ISE, O my soul, the hou  
When aw'd by guilt a  
To Heav'n for grace thou d



So shall my soul each pow'r employ  
 Thy mercy to adore;  
 While Heav'n itself proclaims with joy—  
 "One pardon'd sinner more!"

6—L. M.

Hymn 55. B. 2.

*The Convert's grateful acknowledgment.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, with humble fervour raise  
 To God the voice of grateful praise,  
 And ev'ry mental pow'r combine,  
 To bless his attributes divine.
- 2 Deep on my heart let mem'ry trace  
 His acts of mercy and of grace;  
 Who, with a Father's tender care,  
 Sav'd me when sinking in despair;
- 3 Gave my repentant soul to prove  
 The joy of his forgiving love;  
 Pour'd balm into my bleeding breast,  
 And led my weary feet to rest.

7—L. M.

Hymn 61. B. 2.

*Not ashamed of Jesus.*

**J**ESUS! and shall it ever be,  
 A mortal man ashamed of thee!  
 Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
 Whose glories shine thro' endless days!  
 Ashamed of Jesus!—sooner far  
 At ev'ning blush to own a star:  
 Who sheds the beams of light divine  
 On this benighted soul of mine.  
 Ashamed of Jesus!—just as soon  
 Midnight be ashamed of noon;  
 Midnight with my soul, till He,  
 Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

- 4 Asham'd of Jesus!—that dear friend,  
 On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!  
 No! when I blush, be this my shame,  
 That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus!—yes I may—  
 When I've no guilt to wash away—  
 No tear to wipe—no good to crave—  
 No fear to quell—no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain!  
 And O may this my glory be,  
 That Christ is not asham'd of me!

318—L. M.

Hymn 62. B. 1

*Renewal of self-dedication.*

- 1  HAPPY day, that fix'd my choice

is the note my soul shall raise.

Grace that quicken'd me when dead,  
Grace my soul to Jesus led ;  
Brings me pardon for my sin ;  
Grace subdues my lusts within.

Grace, that sweetens ev'ry cross,  
Grace supports in ev'ry loss ;  
As ' grace my soul is strong ;  
Is my hope, and Christ my song.

Grace defends when danger's near ;  
Grace alone I persevere ;  
Grace constrains my soul to love—  
Grace is all they sing above.

'Tis alone of grace I boast,  
Is alone in grace I trust ;  
That's past, grace is my theme ;  
That's to come, 'tis still the same.

Endless years, of grace I'll sing,  
And bless my heav'nly King :

HYMN CCCXXI.

- 2 Grace first contriv'd the way,  
To save rebellious man;  
And all the steps that grace display,  
Which drew the wond'rous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet  
To tread the heav'nly road;  
And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

321—C. M.

Hymn 22, Pt. 3. B.

*Triumphs of Grace.*

—sweet the sound

scenes within the veil,  
Is of joy and peace.

Joys unseen by mortal eyes,  
Season's feeble ray,  
Re-blooming prospects rise,  
Unconscious of decay.

Now, on faith's sublimest wing,  
Ardent wishes rise,  
As bright scenes, where pleasures spring  
Eternal in the skies.

M. Hymn 33, Pt. 2. B. 1.

*Conversion and Faith.*

AD, we adore thy matchless ways,  
Thou bringing souls to thee;  
Praise and shout eternal praise,  
Grace so full and free.

"What must I do," the jailer cries,  
To save my sinking soul?"  
"Be in Christ," the Word replies,  
"And faith shall make thee whole."

Works are all the works of sin,  
Nature quite deprav'd;  
None can make us clean:  
We are sinners sav'd.

"Come, believe," the gospel cries,  
This is the living way:"  
Faith in Christ our hopes arise,  
To shine to perfect day.

Sinners, then, the Saviour trust,  
Wash you in his blood;  
Engage your hearts, subdue your lust,  
Bring you home to God.

323—L. M.

Hymn 1, Pt. 2. B. 1.

*In life and death I belong to Christ.*

- 1 **L**ET thoughtless thousands choose the road  
That leads the soul away from God ;  
This happiness, dear Lord, be mine,  
To live and die entirely thine.
- 2 On Christ, by faith, my soul would live,  
From him, my life, my all receive :  
To him devote my fleeting hours ;  
Serve him alone with all my pow'rs.
- 3 Christ is my everlasting all,  
To him I look, on him I call ;  
He ev'ry want will well supply,  
In time, and thro' eternity.

- 4 Low at thy feet my soul would lie ;  
 Here safety dwells, and peace divine ;  
 Still let me live beneath thine eye,  
 For life, eternal life, is thine.
- 

## THE CHRISTIAN.

1. HIS CHARACTER AND CONDITION.
2. HIS FEELINGS OR EXERCISES—BOTH JOYFUL  
 AND SORROWING.
3. HIS GRACES AND DUTIES. .

125—L. M.

Hymn 12, Pt. 4, B. 1.

### *Christians.*

- 1 **N**OT all the nobles of the earth,  
 Who boast the honours of their birth,  
 Such real dignity can claim,  
 As those who bear the Christian name.
- 2 To them the privilege is giv'n  
 To be the sons and heirs of heav'n ;  
 Sons of the God who reigns on high,  
 And heirs of joy beyond the sky.
- 3 On them, a happy, chosen race,  
 Their Father pours his richest grace :  
 To them his counsels he imparts,  
 And stamps his image on their hearts.
- 4 Their infant-cries, their tender age,  
 His pity and his love engage :  
 He clasps them in his arms, and there  
*Secures them with parental care.*

- 5 His will he makes them early know,  
And teaches their young feet to go ;  
Whispers instruction to their minds,  
And on their hearts his precepts binds.
- 6 When thro' temptations they rebel,  
His chast'ning rod he makes them feel ;  
Then, with a Father's tender heart,  
He soothes the pain and heals the smart.
- 7 Their daily wants his hands supply,  
Their steps he guards with watchful eye :  
Leads them from earth to heav'n above,  
And crowns them with eternal love.
- 8 If I've the honour, Lord, to be  
One of this num'rous family ;  
On me the gracious gift bestow,  
To call thee Abba, Father, too.



Now freely chosen in the Son,  
I freely choose his ways.

To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,  
And hear his pard'ning voice,  
Will change a slave into a child,  
And duty into choice.

"What shall I do," was once the word,  
"That I may worthier grow?"  
"What shall I render to the Lord?"  
Is my enquiry now.

I've seen how great my mis'ry is,  
And mourn'd my helpless case;  
I've found in Christ a righteousness,  
And praise him for his grace.

—S. M.

Hymn 3, Pt. 5. B. 1.

*Union to Christ.*

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour, we are thine  
By everlasting bands :  
Our names, our hearts, we would resign,  
And souls, into thy hands.
- 2 Accepted for thy sake,  
And justified by faith,  
We of thy righteousness partake,  
And find in thee our life.
- 3 To thee we still would cleave,  
With ever growing zeal ;  
Millions tempt us Christ to leave,  
O let them ne'er prevail.
- 4 Thy spirit shall unite  
Our souls to thee our head ;  
Thou shalt form us to thy image bright,  
That we thy paths may tread.

HYMN CCCXXVIII, CCCXXIX.

- 5 Death may our souls divide  
From these abodes of clay ;  
But love shall keep us near thy side,  
'Thro' all the gloomy way.
- 6 Since Christ and we are one,  
Why should we doubt or fear ?  
Since he in heav'n hath fix'd his throne,  
He'll fix his members there.

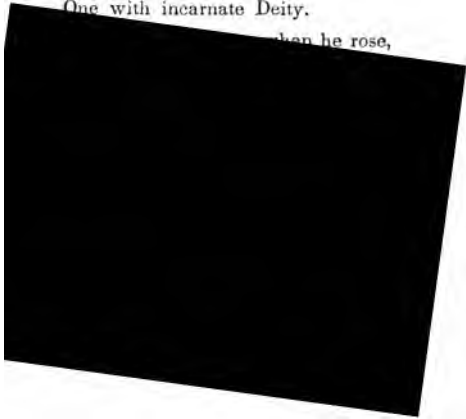
328—L. M.

Hymn 23, Pt. 2. B. 1.

*Union with Christ.*

- 1 'TWIXT Jesus and the chosen race,  
Subsists a bond of sov'reign grace,  
That hell, with its infernal train,  
Shall ne'er dissolve, or rend in twain.
- 2 Hail, sacred union, firm and strong !  
How great the grace ! how sweet the song !  
That worms of earth should ever be  
One with incarnate Deity.

When he rose,



From the dust of death I rise,  
My mansion in the skies ;  
Then shall this be all my plea,  
"I both liv'd and died for me,"  
When all I stand in that great day,  
No ought to my charge shall lay ?  
Thro' thy blood absolv'd I am,  
Thy Son's tremendous curse and shame.

Abraham, the friend of God,  
And the armies bought with blood,  
On thee alone relied,  
The Lord were justified.

Spotless robe the same appears,  
Ain'd nature sinks in years :  
It can change its glorious hue,  
The robe of Christ is ever new.

The dead now hear thy voice !  
And, thy mourning ones rejoice ;  
Beauty this, their glorious dress,  
The Lord, our Righteousness."

M. Hymn 33, Pt. 1. B. 1

*Work of grace.*

The malicious or profane,  
The wanton or the proud,  
Lies, nor sland'ers, shall obtain  
The kingdom of our God.

No grace ! and such were we  
Before and by sin ;  
In immortal misery,  
Darkly and unclean.

But we wash'd in Jesus' blood,  
And pardon'd thro' his name ;  
The good Spirit of our God  
Has sanctified our frame.

- 
- 1 **J**ESUS, we bless thy Father's  
Thy God and ours are both  
What heav'nly blessings from h  
Flow down to sinners thro' his
  - 2 "Christ be my first elect," he sa  
Then chose our souls in Christ  
Before he gave the mountains b  
Or laid foundations for the earth
  - 3 Thus did eternal love begin  
To raise us up from death and  
Persons and characters decreed,  
Blameless in love, a holy seed.
  - 4 Predestinated to be sons;  
Born by degrees, but chose at on  
A new regenerated race,  
To praise the glory of his grace
  - 5 With Christ our Lord, we share  
In the affections of his heart;  
Nor shall our souls be thence re

no surprising thing,  
we should be unknown ;  
sh world knew not their King,  
: everlasting Son.

doth it yet appear  
great we must be made ;  
we see our Saviour there,  
hall be like our head.

pe so much divine  
trials well endure ;  
s our souls from sense and sin,  
hrist the Lord is pure.

my Father's love,  
re a filial part,  
n thy Spirit, like a dove,  
est upon my heart.

would no longer lie,  
slaves, beneath the throne ;  
shall *Abba, Father*, cry,  
thou the kindred own.

11.

Hymn 68. B. 2.

*Precious Promises.*

n a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
for your faith in his excellent word !  
can he say than to you he hath said,  
ie Saviour for refuge, hath fled ?

am with thee, O be not dismay'd,  
y God, and will still give thee aid ;  
en thee, help thee, and cause thee to

*ry righteous, omnipotent hand.*

## HYMN CCCXXXIV.

- 3 When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;  
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;  
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove  
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
And then, when grey hairs shall their temples  
adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 6 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose  
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
That he should endeavour to shake

The faith, that unites to the Lamb,  
And brings such salvation as this,  
Is more than mere fancy or name;  
The work of God's Spirit it is.

It says to the mountains "depart,"  
That stand betwixt God and the soul;  
It binds up the broken in heart,  
The wounded in conscience makes whole.

Christ lives by his Spirit in them,  
Whose hearts are renewed by grace;  
And they, by their faith, live in him,  
A life of pure joy, love, and peace.

5—7s.

Hymn 119. Ad.

*Chosen in Christ.*

GOD'S own promise standeth sure;  
Saints shall to the end endure;  
Safely will the Shepherd keep  
Those he purchased for his sheep.

Known to him before the sun  
First began its course to run,  
Chosen, called from above,  
Objects of eternal love.

Put thy seal upon each heart;  
Thy blest image, Lord, impart;  
All thyself in us reveal—  
We the clay and thou the seal.

Every evil, Lord, subdue;  
Make us to our duty true;  
From base affections set us free;  
Dead, to sin, we'll live to thee.

336—C. M.

Hymn 155.

*Christian's Wealth.*

- 1 "IF Christ is mine," then all is mine,  
And more than angels know ;  
Both present things and things to come,  
And grace and glory too.
- 2 "If Christ is mine," then though he frown  
He never will forsake ;  
His chastisements all work for good,  
And but his love bespeak.
- 3 "If Christ is mine," I need not fear  
The rage of earth and hell ;  
He will support my feeble frame,  
And all their power repel.
- 4 "If Christ is mine," let friends forsake,



He form'd you the spirits you are,  
 So happy, so noble, so good;  
 When others sunk down in despair,  
 Confirm'd by his power, ye stood.

O ye saints, who stand nearer than they,  
 And cast your bright crowns at his feet,  
 His grace and his glory display,  
 And all his rich mercies repeat:  
 He snatch'd you from hell and the grave,  
 He ransom'd from death and despair:  
 For you he was mighty to save—  
 Almighty to bring you safe there.

Oh, when will the moment appear,  
 When I shall unite in your song?  
 I'm weary of lingering here,  
 While I to your Saviour belong:  
 I'm fetter'd, and chain'd here in clay,  
 I struggle and pant to be free;  
 I long to be soaring away,  
 To God and my Saviour to see.

I long to put on my attire,  
 I sh'd white in the blood of the Lamb;  
 I long to be one of your choir,  
 To tune my sweet harp to his name;  
 I long—O, I long to be there,  
 Where sorrow and sin bid adieu—  
 To joy and your friendship to share,  
 To wonder, and worship with you.

M. 8, 7.

Hymn 133. B. 2.

*Grateful Recollection.*

THE, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,  
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
 For songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above ;  
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it—  
Mount of God's unchanging love.

- 2 Here I raise my Eben-Ezer,  
Hither by thy help I'm come ;  
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interpos'd with precious blood.

- 3 Oh ! to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !  
Let that grace now, like a fetter,  
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee :  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—

ill of Zion yields  
ousand sacred sweets  
we reach the heav'nly fields,  
walk the golden streets.

let our songs abound,  
ev'ry tear be dry ;  
marching thro' Immanuel's ground  
fairer worlds on high.

M. 7.

Hymn 100. B. 2.

*Rejoicing in hope.*

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;  
your Saviour's worthy praise,  
rious in his works and ways.

are trav'ling home to God  
he way the fathers trod,  
y are happy now, and ye  
i their happiness shall see.

at, ye little flock, and, blest,  
near Jesus' throne shall rest :  
re your seats are now prepar'd,  
re your kingdom and reward.

r not, brethren, joyful stand  
he borders of your land :  
is Christ, your Father's Son,  
you undismay'd, GO ON.

l! submissive make us go,  
lly leaving all below :  
r thou our Leader be,  
we still will follow thee.

**341**—L. M.

Hymn 340. Ad

*Final Triumph.*

- 1 **C**OME, saints, and shout the Saviour's praise  
To him your grateful tribute bring;  
Let angels hear the notes you raise,  
And strike their golden harps and sing.
- 2 Sing, how he left the heavenly throne,  
And laid his splendid robes aside,  
Put all our mortal weakness on,  
And groan'd, and labour'd, wept and died.
- 3 Now lift your songs to nobler strains,  
High let your ardent passions soar;  
See, where the great Redeemer reigns,  
And all the hosts of heaven adore.
- 4 Again he comes—a mighty cloud

- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace,  
Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
As to Canaan on ye move,  
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,  
Banish all your guilty fears,  
See your guilt and curse remove,  
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been  
Willing slaves of death and sin;  
Now from bliss no longer rove,  
Stop, and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd!  
Welcome to his sacred rest!  
Nothing brought him from above,  
Nothing, but redeeming love.
- 6 Hither, then, your music bring,  
Strike aloud each joyful string;  
Mortals, join the hosts above—  
Join to praise redeeming love.

43—L. M.

Hymn 79. B. 2

*Seeking rest in God.*

- 1 **R**ETURN, my soul, unto thy rest,  
From vain pursuits, and madd'ning cares  
From lonely woes that wring thy breast,  
The world's allurements, Satan's snares.
- 2 Return unto thy rest, my soul,  
From all the wand'rings of thy thought;  
From sickness unto death made whole,  
Safe through a thousand perils brought.
- 3 Then to thy rest, my soul, return,  
From passions, ev'ry hour at strife;

Sin's works, and ways, and wages spurn—  
Lay hold upon eternal life.

- 4 God is thy rest,—with heart inclin'd  
To keep his word, that word believe;  
Christ is thy rest,—with lowly mind,  
His light and easy yoke receive.

**344**—P. M. 8, 7, 4.

Hymn 94. B. 2

*The Pilgrim's Guide.*

- 1 **G**UIDE me, Oh, thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim thro' this barren land;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
Hold me with thy powerful hand:  
Bread of Heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain,

- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heav'nly wisdom's narrow way,  
To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the ill I would not do ;  
Still he, who felt temptation's pow'r,  
Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.
- 3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies ;  
Then he who once vouchsaf'd to bear  
The sick'ning anguish of despair,  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 4 When sorr'wing o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers all that was a friend,  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while ;  
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,  
For thou didst weep o'er Laz'rus dead.
- 5 And, oh ! when I have safely past  
Through ev'ry conflict but the last,  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
My bed of death—for thou hast died ;  
Then point to realms of endless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.

346—S. M.

Hymn 75. B. 2.

*Confidence and Submission.*

- 1 **G**IVE to the winds thy fears ;  
Hope, and be undismay'd ;  
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,  
God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
He gently clears thy way ;  
Wait thou *his time* ; so shall the night  
*Soon end in joyous day.*

HYMN CCCXLVII.

- 3 He ev'ry where hath sway,  
And all things serve his might;  
His ev'ry act pure blessing is—  
His path unsullied light.
- 4 When he makes bare his arm,  
What shall his work withstand?  
When he his people's cause defends,  
Who, who shall stay his hand?
- 5 Leave to his sov'reign sway  
To choose, and to command;  
With wonder fill'd, thou then shalt own  
How wise, how strong his hand.
- 6 Thou comprehend'st him not,  
Yet earth and heaven tell,  
God sits as Sov'reign on the throne—  
He ruleth all things well.



- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;  
 Boundless love in thee I find :  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
 Just and holy is thy name ;  
 I am all unrighteousness,  
 Vile and full of sin I am ;  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Let me feel them flow within.  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of thee :  
 Spring thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity.

448—C. M.

Hymn 85. B. 2.

*God a refuge.*

- 1 **D**EAR refuge of my weary soul,  
 On thee, when sorrows rise,  
 On thee, when waves of trouble roll,  
 My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,  
 For thou alone can'st heal ;  
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief  
 For ev'ry pain I feel.
- 3 But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,  
 I fear to call thee mine ;  
 The springs of comfort seem to fail,  
 And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?  
 Thou art my only trust ;  
 And still my soul would cleave to thee,  
*Tho' prostrate in the dust.*

349—P. M. 7, 6.

Hymn 102. 1

*Divine light breaking into the Soul.*

- 1 **S**OMETIMES a light surprises  
The Christian while he sings ;  
It is the Lord who rises,  
With healing on his wings ;  
When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul again  
A season of clear shining,  
To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation,  
We sweetly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new :  
Set free from present sorrow,

350—C. M.

Hymn 77. B. 2.

*Hope in Trouble.*

- 1 **W**HEN musing sorrow weeps the past,  
And mourns the present pain,  
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,  
And feel that death is gain.
- 2 'Tis not that murmur'ing thoughts arise,  
And dread a Father's will;  
'Tis not that meek submission flies,  
And would not suffer still.
- 3 It is, that heav'n-born faith surveys  
The path that leads to light,  
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,  
And lose herself in sight.
- 4 It is, that hope with ardour glows,  
To see *him* face to face,  
Whose dying love no language knows,  
Sufficient art to trace.
- 5 It is, that harass'd conscience feels  
The pangs of struggling sin;  
And sees, though far, the hand that heals,  
And ends the strife within.
- 6 O let me wing my hallow'd flight,  
From earth-born woe and care;  
And soar above these clouds of night,  
My Saviour's bliss to share.

351—P. M. 8, 7, 4.

Hymn 87. B. 2.

*Hope encouraged.*

- 1 **O** MY soul, what means this sadness?  
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?  
Let thy grief be turn'd to gladness;  
Bid thy restless fears begone;  
*Look to Jesus,*  
*And rejoice in his dear name.*

- 2 What though Satan's strong temptations  
Vex and grieve thee day by day;  
And thy sinful inclinations  
Often fill thee with dismay?  
Thou shalt conquer—  
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood.
- 3 Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee,  
From without and from within;  
Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee;  
But will save from hell and sin;  
He is faithful  
To perform his gracious word.
- 4 Tho' distresses now attend thee,  
And thou tread'st the thorny road;  
His right hand shall still defend thee;  
Soon he'll bring thee home to God;  
Therefore praise him—

Pilgrim ! what for thee  
 world can now remain ?  
 world from which shall flee  
 , shame, and tears, and pain.  
 hall for ever fly ;  
 shall never enter there ;  
 wip'd from ev'ry eye ;  
 . endless bliss expire.

Hymn 135. B. 1.

*The Conflicts of Faith.*

our soul's delightful choice,  
 e believing, we rejoice ;  
 our joy is mix'd with grief,  
 th contends with unbelief.

ises our hearts revive,  
 our fainting hopes alive ;  
 and fears, and sorrows rise,  
 the promise from our eyes.

he languid spark inflame,  
 may conquer in thy name ;  
 ot sin and Satan boast,  
 nts lie mourning in the dust.

to the conflict, Lord,  
 t to wield the shield or sword,  
 almighty arm we fall ;  
 ur Jesus, and our all.

Hymn 136. B. 1.

*The Triumph of Faith.*

- Subdue my sins and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel  
The hidden evils of my heart ;  
And let the angry pow'rs of hell,  
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.
- 5 Yea, more ; with his own hand, he  
Intent to aggravate my woe ;  
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd  
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low
- 6 " Lord, why is this ?" I trembling cry  
" Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death  
" 'Tis in this way," the Lord replied  
" I answer prayer for grace and faith
- 7 " These inward trials I employ,  
" From self and pride to set thee free  
" And break thy schemes of earthly  
" That thou mayest seek thine all in

**355**—S. M.

Hymn

*Conflict between Sin and Grace*

ld, but cannot love,  
ugh woo'd by love divine;  
guments have pow'r to move  
oul so base as mine.

ld, but cannot rest  
God's most holy will;  
v what he appoints is best,  
murmur at it still.

d I but believe!  
n all would easy be;  
ld, but cannot—Lord, relieve,  
help must come from thee!

indeed I *would*,  
ugh I *can* nothing do;  
e desire is something good,  
which my praise is due.

ture prone to ill,  
thine appointed hour;  
as destitute of will  
now I am of pow'r.

hou not crown at length  
work thou hast begun,  
with a will afford me strength,  
ill thy ways to run?

[. Hymn 83. B. 2.

*distress pleading with God.*

at I knew the secret place,  
ere I might find my God!  
d my wants before his face,  
our my woes abroad.

im how my sins arise,  
'sorrows I sustain;  
ice decays, and comfort dies,  
*leaves my heart in pain.*

- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take  
To wrestle with my God ;  
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,  
And for my Saviour's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints,  
And heal my broken bones ;  
He takes the meaning of his saints,  
The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,  
And banish ev'ry fear ;  
He calls thee to his throne of grace,  
To spread thy sorrows there.

**357**—P. M. 7.

Hymn 84. B

*In Darkness.*



M.

Hymn 80. B. 2.

*Indwelling Sin.*

AT jarring natures dwell within-  
imperfect grace, remaining sin !  
can reign, nor that prevail,  
ch by turns my heart assail.

complain, and groan, and die ;  
ise my songs of triumph high ;  
ebellious passion slain,  
rn to feel it live again.

ppy hour beholds me rise,  
pwards to my native skies :  
aith assists my soaring flight,  
ms of joy, and worlds of light.

a few hours or minutes roll,  
th reclaims my captive soul ;  
s sympathetic force,  
adlong urge my downward course.

ort the joys thy visits give !  
ng thine absence, Lord, I grieve !  
louds obscure my rising sun,  
rupt its rays at noon !

od, assist me through the fight,  
ne to triumph in thy might ;  
ne desponding heart canst raise,  
t'ry mine, and thine the praise.

M.

Hymn 73. B. 2.

*Holy mourning for sin.*

ED Christ o'er sinners weep ?  
And shall our cheeks be dry ?  
loods of penitential grief  
rst forth from ev'ry eye.

HYMN CCCLX.

- 2 The Son of God in tears,  
Angels with wonder see!  
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,  
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept, that we might weep;  
Each sin demands a tear:  
In heav'n alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.

360—L. M.

Hymn 88. B. 2

- Darkness removed.*
- 1 **W**HEN darkness long has veil'd my mind  
And smiling day once more appears,  
Then, my Redeemer! then I find  
The folly of my doubts and fears.  
Hide my unbelieving heart;  
I should ever be

Hymn 99. B. 2.

*Weak believers comforted.*

Ye harps, ye trembling saints,  
 When from the willows take;  
 The praise of love divine,  
 Every string awake.

In a foreign land,  
 Ye not far from home;  
 Farther to our home above,  
 Every moment come.

Ye will, to the end,  
 Ever and brighter shine:  
 Present things, nor things to come,  
 Quench the love divine.

Ye in darkness walk,  
 Feel the heav'nly flame;  
 The time to trust our God,  
 Rest upon his name.

All our doubts, and fears,  
 Leave at his control;  
 His kindness shall break through  
 Midnight of the soul.

Thou the man, O God,  
 Stays himself on thee!  
 Give us for thy salvation, Lord,  
 Thy salvation see.

Hymn 177. Add.

*Submission and Hope.*

WATKIN is a stormy deep,  
 Where wave resounds to wave;  
 O'er my head the billows roll,  
 But the Lord can save.

HYMN CCCLXIII.

The hand that now withholds my joys,  
Can reinstate my peace;  
And he who bade the tempest roar,  
Can bid the tempest cease.

3 In the dark watches of the night,  
I'll count his mercies o'er;  
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,  
And humbly sue for more.

4 When darkness and when sorrow rose,  
And press'd on every side;  
The Lord has still sustain'd my steps,  
And still has been my Guide.

5 Here will I rest, and build my hopes,  
Nor murmur at his rod;  
He's more than all the world to me.  
My Health, my Life, my God!

363—L. M.

Hymn 176. Add

Sanctified.

P. M.

Hymn 175. Add.

*In Darkness.*

TURN the hidings of thy face,  
The absence of that smile,  
Sweetly fill'd a throne of grace,  
Give my heart a resting place,  
From earthly care and toil.

Sad and desolate the night!  
Why gloomy is the day?  
Is no more can charm the sight,  
No comfort or delight,  
Without thy cheering ray.

The lone and silent hour  
Tell my tale of grief;  
Thy words of tenderness implore,  
Thy presence of thy healing power,  
Thy tears bring no relief.

What that separates from thee  
This poor benighted soul;  
How my guilt I see,  
How low upon the bended knee,  
Commit to thy control.

Thy place of thine abode,  
Thy darken'd eye:  
Behold, O bleeding Lamb of God,  
Where all the springs of life have flow'd,  
Thence, I raise my cry.

Will thou lend a list'ning ear,  
Will answer my request:  
Wipe and wipe the falling tear,  
With thy love my spirit cheer,  
Set my heart at rest.

365—C. M.

Hymn

*Wandering deplored.*

1 **O** FOR a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heav'nly frame;  
And light to shine upon the road,  
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,  
When first I sought the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!

**HYMN CCCLXVI, CCCLXVII.**

**B—L. M.**

**Hymn 169.**

*Mourning over Sin.*

**SEE** a poor sinner, gracious Lord,  
Whose soul, encouraged by thy word,  
At mercy's footstool would remain,  
And there would look, and look again.

How oft, deceived by self and pride,  
Has my fond heart been turn'd aside ;  
And, Jonah-like, has fled from thee,  
Till thou hast look'd again on me.

Ah, bring a wretched wanderer home,  
And to thy footstool let me come,  
And tell thee all my grief and pain,  
And wait, and look, and look again.

Take courage, then, my trembling soul,  
One look from Christ will make thee whole ;  
Trust thou in him, 'tis not in vain,  
But wait, and look, and look again.

Look to the Lord, his word, his throne ;  
Look to his strength and not thine own ;  
Ere wait and look, and look again,  
Thou shalt not wait, nor look in vain.

**-C. L. M.**

**Hymn 167. Add.**

*Faith struggling.*

**LET** my trembling soul be still,  
While darkness veils the sky,  
Wait thy wise, thy holy will,  
Rapt yet in mystery ;  
Not, Lord, thy purpose see,  
All is well, since ruled by thee

- 2 Thus, trusting in thy love, I tread  
The path of duty on ;  
What though some cherish'd joys are fled,  
Some flatt'ring dreams are gone ?  
Yet purer, brighter joys remain,  
Why should my spirit then complain ?

**368**—L. M.

Hymn 72. B.

*Hatred of Sin.*

- 1 **O**H, could I find some peaceful bow'r,  
Where sin has neither place nor pow'r;  
This traitor vile I fain would shun,  
But cannot from his presence run.
- 2 When to the throne of grace I flee,  
He stands between my God and me ;  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,  
I feel him working in my breast



thy will resolves, how soon it flies,  
mocks the weak, the slender ties;  
's nought beneath a power divine,  
can this roving heart confine.

To thee I would return,  
at thy feet repenting mourn;  
let me view thy pard'ning love,  
never from thy sight remove.

thy love, with sweet control,  
all the passions of my soul;  
very vanity depart,  
dwell for ever in my heart.

M.

Hymn 171. Add

*Recovered Wanderer.*

W oft, alas! this wretched heart  
Has wander'd from the Lord;  
oft my roving thoughts depart,  
forgetful of his word.

overlorn meroy cries, "Return;"  
at Lord, and may I come?  
wile ingratitude I mourn;  
take the wanderer home.

canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,  
ad bid my guilt remove?  
shall a pardon'd rebel live,  
speak thy wondrous love?

ighty grace, thy healing power,  
ow glorious, how divine,  
can to life and bliss restore  
vile a heart as mine.

pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,  
ear Saviour, I adore;  
sep me at thy sacred feet,  
ad let me rove no more.

371--8s.

Hymn 172. A

*Returning Backsliders.*

- 1 **O** SHEPHERD of Israel, divine!  
Too far from thy fold I have stray'd;  
What hand can restore me but thine,  
Thus wounded, cast down, and dismay'd?  
My soul would look upward to thee,  
Though prostrate, I'll cry from the dust;  
No other salvation I see,  
In no other name will I trust.
- 2 Thou, thou art my strength and my shield,  
Henceforth in thy arm I'll confide;  
The weapons alone I will wield,  
Thy wisdom and mercy provide:  
Salvation belongs to the Lord,  
Deliv'rance must come from his hand;

- 4 O, Jesus, full of pard'ning grace ;  
More full of grace than I of guilt ;  
Yet once again I seek thy face,  
Whose precious blood for man was spill'd ;  
O, freely my backslidings heal,  
And love the dying sinner still.
- 3 Now give me, Lord, the tender heart,  
That trembles at th' approach of sin,  
A godly fear to me impart ;  
Implant and root it deep within,  
That I may know thy sov'reign power,  
And never dare offend thee more.

373—L. M.

Hymn 174. Add

*The Backslider's Prayer.*

- 1 O, TURN, great Ruler of the skies,  
Turn from my sin thy searching eyes,  
Nor let th' offences of my hand  
Within thy book recorded stand.
- 2 Give me a will to thine subdued,  
A conscience pure, a soul renew'd ;  
Nor let me, wrapt in endless gloom,  
An outcast from thy presence roam.
- 3 O let thy Spirit to my heart  
Once more his quickning aid impart,  
My mind from ev'ry fear release,  
And soothe my troubled thoughts to peace.
- 4 So shall the souls, whom error's sway  
Has urged from thee, blest Lord, to stray,  
From me thy heav'nly precepts learn,  
And, humbled, to their God return.

**374**—7s 5s.

Hymn 168. Ad

*The tried one encouraged.*

- 1 **C**HILD of sorrow, child of care,  
Wouldst thou learn thy griefs to bear,  
And escape from every snare?  
Trust in God alone:  
Human strength is weak and vain,  
Sin will oft its power regain;  
Humbly ask, and help obtain,  
From thy Father's throne.
- 2 Knowest thou in this vale of tears,  
Gloomy doubts, distracting fears,  
Painful months, and sorrowing years?  
To the Saviour fly.  
He that drank the bitter cup,  
Bids thee in his mercy hope.

ne fleeting hour is pass'd,  
ut'ring world employs  
usual bait to win my taste,  
pollute my joys.

pent and vex my soul,  
should leave thee so :  
ill those wild affections roll,  
et a Saviour go ?

at I am, to wander thus,  
e of false delight !  
e fasten'd to thy cross  
than lose thy sight.

## Hymn 158. Add.

*He Lord is my Helper.*

look upon the road  
ads to yonder bless'd abode,  
ress'd and fearful ;  
is the passage throng,  
lk, and they so strong,  
my soul be cheerful ?

think of him whose power  
e in a trying hour,  
e on him reliance ;  
hen ashamed of fear,  
ten thousand foes appear,  
n all defiance.

ous road I then pursue,  
ie glorious prize in view ;  
al hope elated ;  
e Lord, in him alone,  
onducts I follow on  
ur unabated.

534. HYMN CCCLXXVII, CCCLXXVIII.

- 4 O Lord, each day renew my strength  
And let me see thy face at length,  
With all thy people yonder;  
With them in heaven thy love declare,  
And sing thy praise for ever there,  
With gratitude and wonder.

377—C. M.

Hymn 113

*Complaint and hope in Sickness.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I am pain'd ; but I resign  
My body to thy will :  
'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine,  
Appoints the pains I feel.
- 2 Dark are thy ways of providence,  
While they, who love thee, groan :  
Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense,

2 How gentle was the rod  
That chasten'd us for sin,  
How soon we found a smiling God  
Where deep distress had been.

3 A Father's hand we felt,  
A Father's heart we knew;  
With tears of penitence we knelt,  
And found his word was true.

4 We told him all our grief;  
We thought of Jesus' love;  
A sense of pardon brought relief,  
And bade our pangs remove.

5 Now we will bless the Lord,  
And in his strength confide:  
For ever be his name adored,  
For there is none beside.

79—11s.

Hymn 160. Add.

*Longing for Rest.*

[AM weary of straying—O fain would I rest,  
In the far distant land of the pure and the blest,  
Where sin can no more her blandishments spread,  
And tears and temptations for ever have fled.

am weary of hoping—where the hope is untrue,  
As fair, but as fleeting, as morning's bright dew:  
Long for that land, whose blest promise alone  
Changeless, and sure, as Eternity's throne.

am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,  
O'er joy's glowing visions, that fade at their birth;  
O'er the pangs of the loved, which we cannot  
Assuage,  
O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of

- 4 I am weary of loving what passes away—  
The sweetest, the dearest, alas! may not stay;  
I long for that land, where these partings are  
o'er,  
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no  
more.
- 5 I am weary, my Saviour of grieving thy love;  
O, when shall I rest in thy presence above?  
I am weary—but O, let me never repine,  
While thy word, and thy love, and thy promise  
are mine.

380—C. M.

Hymn 161. Add.

*Christian Submission.*

- 1 O LORD, my best desires fulfil,



12-7a.

Hymn 162. Add.

*Strength promised.*

- 1 **W**AIT, my soul, upon the Lord,  
To his gracious promise flee,  
Laying hold upon this word,  
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."
- 2 If the sorrows of thy case  
Seem peculiar still to thee,  
God has promised needful grace—  
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."
- 3 Days of trial, days of grief,  
In succession thou mayest see;  
This is still thy sweet relief—  
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."
- 4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,  
With thy promise, full and free,  
Faithful, positive and sure;  
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

12—s. M.

Hymn 163. Add.

*Confiding.*

- 1 **I**N thee, O Lord, I trust,  
My hope is in thy name;  
In righteousness, deliver me,  
Nor put my soul to shame.
- 2 From heaven bow down thine ear,  
My cause in mercy plead:  
My Rock, my Fortress, my Defence,  
Vouchsafe my soul to lead.
- 3 From every snare preserve,  
From every foe defend:  
For thy name's sake, O God, my Strength,  
Divine protection send.

HYMN CCCLXXXIII.

4 Into thy hands, O Lord,  
My spirit I commend,  
Thou hast redeem'd me, God of truth,  
In death be thou my friend.

5 I will be glad and praise,  
And in thy name rejoice ;  
In sorrow thou hast known my soul,  
And heard my suppliant voice.

Hymn 164. Add.

383—8s.

*The Christian's Portion.*

1 **T**HE Lord is my Strength, and my Song,  
The Lord is my Life, and my Light,  
His praises shall dwell on my tongue,  
Though plunged in the darkness of night :  
tribulations and trials must come,  
- - - - -

**HYMN CCCLXXXIV, CCCLXXXV. 539**

**l—8s 7s.**

**Hymn 165. Add.**

*Submission.*

**J**ESUS, while our hearts are bleeding,  
O'er the spoils that death has won,  
We would, at this solemn meeting,  
Calmly say, "Thy will be done."

Though cast down, we're not forsaken,  
Though afflicted, not alone ;  
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken,  
Blessed Lord, "Thy will be done."

Fill us now with deep contrition,  
Take away these hearts of stone,  
And may all, with true submission,  
Meekly say, "Thy will be done."

Though to-day we're fill'd with mourning,  
Mercy still is on the throne ;  
With thy smiles of love returning,  
We can sing, "Thy will be done."

By thy hands the boon was given,  
Thou hast taken but thine own ;  
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,  
Evermore, "Thy will be done."

**l—C. M.**

**Hymn 166. Add.**

*Devout Gratitude.*

**W**HO can have greater cause to sing,  
Who greater cause to bless,  
Than we, the children of a King,  
Than we, who Christ possess ?

We late were Satan's captives led,  
And hell had been our end,  
Hadst thou not for our pardon bled—  
*The sinner's only Friend.*

- 3 For this we will employ our tongue,  
Nor shall our praises cease;  
We evermore will sing that song,  
"The Lord, our righteousness."
- 4 No other God we know but thee,  
None else did us create;  
Thy glory may we ever be,  
O holy Advocate.
- 5 We daily prove thee still the same,  
Whene'er our need we see;  
Thou bearest still a Saviour's name,  
Our Saviour thou shalt be.
- 6 Nor law, nor sin, nor hell, nor death,  
Shall us from thee divide,  
Strongly we hold that precious faith,  
For us our Saviour died.

And I, forlorn and sad,  
Must seek another rest;  
My days of happiness are gone,  
And I am left to weep alone.

- 3 Where can the mourner go,  
And tell his tale of grief?  
Ah! who can soothe his woe,  
And give him sweet relief?  
Thou, Jesus! canst impart,  
By thy long-wish'd return,  
Ease to this wounded heart,  
And bid me cease to mourn;  
Then shall this night of sorrow flee,  
And I rejoice, my Lord, in thee.
- 

## GRACES AND DUTIES.

## LOVE TO CHRIST.

17—C. M.

Hymn 71. B. 2.

*Love to God.*

- 1 **H**APPY the heart where graces reign,  
Where love inspires the breast:  
Love is the brightest of the train,  
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,  
And all in vain our fear;  
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,  
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet  
In swift obedience move;  
The devils know, and tremble too;  
*But Satan cannot love.*

542 HYMN CCCLXXXVIII, CCCLXXXIX.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings,  
When faith and hope shall cease;  
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings  
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,  
Or leave this dark abode,  
The wings of love bear us away  
To see our smiling God.

388—S. M.

Hymn 121. 1

*Christian Love.*

1 LOVE is the fountain, whence  
All true obedience flows;  
The Christian serves the God he loves,  
And loves the God he knows.

## HYMN CCCXC.

- 2 Is not thy name melodious still  
To my attentive ear ?  
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound  
My Saviour's voice to hear ?
- 3 Do not I love thee from my soul ?  
Then let me nothing love :  
Dead be my heart to every joy,  
When Jesus cannot move.
- 4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock  
I would disdain to feed ?  
Hast thou a foe before whose face  
I fear thy cause to plead ?
- 5 Could not my heart pour forth its blood  
In honour of thy name ?  
And challenge the cold hand of death  
To damp th' immortal flame ?
- 6 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord,  
But O, I long to soar  
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
And learn to love thee more.

390—C. M.

Hymn 123. A.

### *Clinging to Christ.*

- 1 **T**O whom, my Saviour, shall I go,  
If I depart from thee ?  
My Guide through all this vale of wo,  
And more than all to me.
- 2 The world reject thy gentle reign,  
And pay thy death with scorn ;  
Oh, they could plait thy crown again,  
And sharpen every thorn.
- 3 But I have felt thy dying love  
Breathe gently through my heart,  
To whisper hope of joys above ;  
And can we ever part ?

- 4 Ah, no ! with thee I'll walk below,  
My journey to the grave ;  
To whom, my Saviour, shall I go,  
When only thou canst save.

**391**—L. M.

Hymn 124. Add.

*Love.*

- 1 **Y**ES, I would love thee, blessed God,  
Paternal goodness marks thy name ;  
Thy praises, through thy high abode,  
The heavenly hosts with joy proclaim.
- 2 Freely thou gav'st thy dearest Son,  
For man, to suffer, bleed, and die :  
And bidd'st me, as a wretch undone,  
For all I want on him rely.



Content with beholding his face,  
 My all to his pleasure resign'd,  
 To changes of season or place  
 Would make any change in my mind;  
 While blest with the sense of his love,  
 A palace a toy would appear;  
 And prisons would palaces prove,  
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
 If thou art my Sun and my Song,  
 Say, why do I languish and pine,  
 And why are my winters so long?  
 Drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;  
 Or take me up to thee, on high,  
 Where winter and cloud are no more.

3—L. M.

Hymn 126. Add.

*Christ's Love.*

**J**ESUS, thy boundless love to me  
 No thought can reach, no tongue declare;  
 O knit my thankful heart to thee,  
 And reign without a rival there.

Thy love, how cheering is its ray;  
 All pain before its presence flies:  
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,  
 Where'er its healing beams arise.

O let thy love my soul inflame,  
 And to thy service sweetly bind;  
 Transfuse it through my inmost frame,  
 And mould me wholly to thy mind.

Thy love in sufferings be my peace;  
 Thy love in weakness make me strong;  
 And when the storms of life shall cease,  
 Thy love shall be my heaven and song.

**394**—7s.

Hymn 127. A

*Lovest thou me?*

- 1 **H**ARK, my soul, it is the Lord;  
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;  
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,  
And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee,
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love

as thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
 eff'ence to thy Father's will;  
 ve, and meekness so divine,  
 d transcribe, and make them mine.

ountains and the midnight air  
 s'd the fervour of thy prayer;  
 sert thy temptations knew,  
 nflict and thy victory too.

a my pattern; make me bear  
 of thy gracious image here;  
 God, the Judge, shall own my name  
 ; the followers of the Lamb.

M. 7.

Hymn 78. B. 2.

*Self-Examination.*

WIS a point I long to know,  
 - Oft it causes anxious thought:—  
 [ love the Lord, or no?  
 I his, or am I not?  
 love, why am I thus?  
 y this dull, and lifeless frame?  
 dly, sure, can they be worse,  
 o have never heard his name.  
 ld my heart so hard remain,  
 r'r a task and burden prove—  
 y trifle give me pain—  
 knew a Saviour's love?  
 en I turn my eyes within,  
 is dark, and vain, and wild;  
 'd with unbelief and sin—  
 I deem myself a child?  
 pray, or hear, or read,  
 is mix'd with all I do;  
 , who love the Lord indeed,  
 me—is it so with you?

- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,  
Find my sin a grief and thrall;  
Should I grieve for what I feel,  
If I did not love at all?
- 7 Could I joy his saints to meet,  
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd—  
Find, at times, the promise sweet  
If I did not love the Lord?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case!  
Thou, who art thy people's sun;  
Shine upon thy work of grace,  
If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,  
If I love at all, I pray;  
If I have not lov'd before,  
Help me to begin to-day.

Neither the warm affections move,  
 'Nor can we call them thence.

Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be  
 My soul's eternal food ;  
 And grace command my heart away  
 From all created good.

### LOVE OF BRETHREN.

S—S. M.

Hymn 21, Pt. 4. B. 1.

#### *Christian Love.*

1 **L**ET party-names no more  
 The Christian world o'erspread ;  
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,  
 Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth  
 Let mutual love be found ;  
 Heirs of the same inheritance,  
 With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Let envy, child of hell !  
 Be banish'd far away ;  
 Those should in strictest friendship dwell,  
 Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below  
 Resemble that above,  
 Where streams of pleasure ever flow,  
 And ev'ry heart is love.

9—8s 7s 4s.

Hymn 153. Add.

#### *Brotherly Love.*

**B**RETHREN, let us walk together  
 In the bonds of love and peace ;

Can it be a question whether  
Brethren should from conflict cease ?  
'Tis in union,  
Hope, and joy, and love increase.

2 While we journey homeward, let us  
Help each other on the road ;  
Foes on ev'ry side beset us,  
Snares through all the way are strew'd :  
It behoves us  
Each to bear a brother's load.

3 When we think how much our Father  
Has forgiven, and does forgive,  
Brethren, we should learn, the rather  
Free from wrath and strife to live ;  
Far removing  
All that might offend or grieve,

2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathising tear.

4 We're one in Christ, our head,  
In him we grow, and thrive;  
Not will he leave us with the dead  
While he remains alive.

5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free:  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Thro' all eternity.

01-C. M.

Hymn 64. B. 1

*Christian Fellowship.*

1 OUR souls, by love together knit,  
Cemented, mixt in one,  
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice;  
'Tis heav'n on earth begun!

2 Our hearts have often burn'd within,  
And glow'd with sacred fire,  
While Jesus spoke, and fed, and blest,  
And fill'd th' enlarged desire.

- 3 The little cloud increases still,  
The heav'ns are big with rain ;  
We haste to catch the teeming show'r,  
And all its moisture drain.
- 4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows !  
But pour a mighty flood ;  
Oh ! sweep the nations, shake the earth,  
Till all proclaim thee God.
- 5 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,  
And sett'st thy starry crown ;  
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,  
Proclaim'd by thee thine own ;
- 6 May we, a little band of love,  
We sinners, sav'd by grace,  
From glory unto glory chang'd,  
Behold thee face to face.



Together oft they seek the place,  
Where God reveals his awful face ;—  
At length they meet in realms above,  
A heav'n of joy—because of love.

13—C. M.

Hymn 154. Add.

*Christians one family.*

1 COME, let us join our friends above,  
That have obtain'd the prize ;  
And on the eagle wings of love,  
To joys celestial rise.  
Let all the saints terrestrial, sing  
With those to glory gone ;  
For all the servants of our King,  
In heaven and earth are one.

2 One family, we dwell in him ;  
One church above, beneath ;  
Though now divided by the stream—  
The narrow stream of death :  
One army of the living God,  
To his command we bow ;  
Part of his host have cross'd the flood,  
And part are crossing now.

3 Ten thousand to their endless home  
This solemn moment fly ;  
And we are to the margin come,  
And in our turn must die.  
His militant, embodied host,  
With wishful looks we stand,  
And long to see that happy coast,  
And reach the heavenly land.

## FAITH.

404—S. M.

Hymn 7, Pt. 2. 1

*Faith.*

1 FAITH!—'tis a precious grace,  
Where'er it is bestow'd  
It boasts of a celestial birth,  
And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns a King,  
An all-atoning Priest;  
It claims no merit of its own,  
But finds it all in Christ.

3 To him it leads the soul,  
When fill'd with deep distress;  
Appropriates his precious blood

That bid all sinful joys depart,  
And lift the thoughts above.

'Tis faith, that conquers earth and hell  
By a celestial pow'r:  
This is the grace that shall prevail  
In the decisive hour.

Faith must obey her Father's will,  
As well as trust his grace;  
A pard'ning God is jealous still  
For his own holiness.

When from the curse he sets us free,  
He makes our natures clean;  
Nor would he send his Son to be  
The minister of sin.

His spirit purifies our frame,  
And seals our peace with God;  
Jesus and his salvation came  
By water and by blood.

16—L. M.

Hymn 23, Pt. 5. B. 1.

*Faith not meritorious.*

**BY** faith in Christ we're justified,  
Since 'tis by faith Christ is applied;  
But not for faith or any thing  
We either suffer, do, or bring.

Faith is the hand, that Christ receives,  
And takes the treasures, which he gives;  
But faith no merit can possess:  
Christ is the Lord our Righteousness.

Jesus, our soul's delightful choice,  
In thee believing, we rejoice;  
Thy promises our hearts revive,  
And keep our fainting faith alive.

- 4 Do thou the languid spark inflame,  
Reveal the glories of thy name!  
Let thy imputed righteousness  
Be all our trust, our joy and peace.

**407**—C. M.

Hymn 69. B.

*The power of Faith.*

- 1 **F**AITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,  
And saves me from its snares;  
Its aid in ev'ry duty brings,  
And softens all my cares:
- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,  
And lights the sacred fire  
Of love to God and heav'nly things,  
And feeds the pure desire.

**Stand fast in the faith ; bold apostles have died  
With the words on their lips, careless who might  
deride ;**

**Confessors and martyrs, 'mid torture and flame,  
Have drunk in its accents, and welcomed the  
shame.**

**Stand fast in the faith, for the church of the Lord  
Hath inscribed on her banner the glorious word ;  
Y'er all her bright cohorts, its glory display'd,  
And blazon'd on harness, and buckler, and blade.**

**Stand fast in the faith, there are those at thy side  
Who can vanquish the foe in his ramparts of  
pride ;**

**Be loyal, be valiant ; thy heart to inspire ;  
Lo ! the chariots of God, and the horses of fire.**

**Stand fast in the faith ; though the conflict is hot,  
The field hath no strife where thy Captain is not ;  
His eye is upon thee, thou hear'st what he saith :  
"Ho ! quit you like men, and stand fast in the  
faith."**

**Stand fast in the faith ! though the faithless may  
flee,**

**We will peril our all, dear Redeemer, for thee ;  
We will stand in the conflict, assured that thine  
arm**

**Shall shield ev'ry soldier from peril and harm.**

**DO—L. M.**

**Hymn 131. Add**

*Power of Faith.*

**I 'TIS by the faith of joys to come,  
We walk through deserts dark as night :**

- Till we arrive at heaven, our home,  
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies;  
She bids the pearly gates appear:  
Far into distant worlds she pries,  
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,  
While faith beholds a heavenly ray,  
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,  
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abr'am by divine command,  
Left his own home to walk with God;  
His faith beheld the promised land,  
And fired his zeal along the road.

## PARTICULAR DUTIES

us, then, while we're here,  
follow without fear ;  
he calls us, there to go,  
he bids us, that to do.

**A.** Hymn 129. Add.

*Conformity to Christ.*

O my Saviour, let me be  
perfectly conform'd to thee :  
each grace, each sin dethrone,  
in my temper like thine own.

My envenom'd heart and tongue,  
and outstretch'd to do me wrong,  
My feelings in my breast,  
as Jesus once express'd.

Let me always give  
from others would receive ;  
Let evils for evil ones return,  
When provoked, with anger burn.

Let all proclaim how bright, how fair,  
The precepts of thy gospel are ;  
Let him himself, the God of love,  
In resemblance will approve.

**A.** Hymn 142. Add.

*Christian Consistency.*

LETTER of spirits, grant that we  
May more and more resemble thee ;  
From strength to strength proceed,  
In name, and so in deed.

Whole lives may we express  
The power and energy of grace ;  
With faith, an humble fear,  
In truth what we appear.

- 3 By our exact obedience show,  
What we to thy rich mercy owe;  
And thus a bright example give,  
To teach the world how they should live.
- 4 Not tire, nor stop, but still press on,  
To finish well the course begun;  
And then receive the great reward,  
For such, and only such, prepared.

**413**—S. M.

Hymn 157. A

*Confidence in God.*

- 1 **H**OW gentle God's commands,  
How kind his precepts are,  
"Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,  
And trust his constant care."



na is saushed,  
ers love the Saviour's name,  
seeks it aught beside.

y its poor reward obtain,  
be applauded here ;  
l the best applause will gain  
n Jesus shall appear.

ord, the idol self dethrone,  
from our hearts remove ;  
t no zeal by us be shown,  
hat which springs from love.

M.

Hymn 132. Add.

*Christian Activity.*

E from the dust, my drowsy soul,  
wake, awake, for God ;  
undless floods of pleasure roll  
nd his blest abode.

in and seize the starry crown

*Spiritual Sloth.*

- 1 **M**Y drowsy powers, why slumber  
Awake, my sluggish soul  
Nothing has half thy work to do  
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 The little ants, for one poor grain  
How they will toil and strive  
Yet we, who have a heaven to win  
How negligent we live !
- 3 We, for whose sake all nature  
And stars their courses move  
We, for whose guard the angel  
Come flying from above.
- 4 We, for whom God the Son came  
To labour for our good ;  
How careless to secure that grace

417—L. M.

Hymn 134. Add.

*Christian Race.*

- 1 **A** WAKE our souls, away our fears,  
Let every trembling thought be gone;  
Awake, and run the heavenly race,  
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny-road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint;  
But they forget the mighty God,  
Who feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 O mighty God, thy matchless power  
Is ever new and ever young,  
And firm endures while endless years  
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing Spring,  
Believers drink a fresh supply;  
While such as trust their native strength,  
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
O, may we mount to thine abode;  
On wings of love to Jesus fly,  
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

418—C. M.

Hymn 135. Add.

*Self-denial.*

- 1 **S** TRAIT is the way—the door is strait,  
Which leads to joys on high;  
'Tis but a few that find the gate,  
While crowds mistake, and die.
- 2 Beloved self must be denied,  
The mind and will renew'd;  
Passion suppress'd, and patience tried,  
And vain desires subdued.

3 The tongue—that most unruly power—  
Requires a strong restraint ;  
We must be watchful every hour,  
And pray, but never faint.

4 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm  
Fulfil a task so hard ?  
Thy grace must all the work perform,  
And give the free reward.

**419**—7s 5s.

Hymn 136

*The Armour.*

1 **H**EIRS of an immortal crown,  
Heed not every foeman's frown  
Tread the powers of darkness down,  
Through Jehovah's might :

bid it, mighty God !  
 or let it e'er be said,  
 'e, whose sins are crucified,  
 ould raise them from the dead.

e shall be slaves no more,  
 ace Christ hath made us free ;  
 ail'd our tyrants to his cross,  
 ad bought our liberty.

M. Hymn 137. Add.

*Christian Warfare.*

ND up, my soul, shake off thy fear,  
 and gird the gospel armour on ;  
 to the gates of endless joy,  
 Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

and thy sins resist thy course,  
 quish'd are those threat'ning foes ;  
 our nail'd them to the cross,  
 ng the triumph when he rose.

hough the prince of darkness rage,  
 aste the fury of his spite ;  
 l chains confine him down,  
 y deeps and endless night.

hough thy inward lusts rebel,  
 t a struggling gasp for life ;  
 eapons of victorious grace  
 lay thy sins and end the strife.

et my soul march boldly on,  
 orward to the heavenly gate,  
 peace and joy eternal reign,  
 itt'ring robes for conq'rors wait.

shall I wear a starry crown,  
 iumph in almighty grace,  
*all the armies of the skies*  
*my glorious Leader's praise.*

422—C. M.

Hymn 138. A

*Watch and Pray.*

- 1 **A**LAS! what hourly dangers rise,  
What snares beset my way!  
To heaven I fain would lift my eyes,  
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,  
And melt in flowing tears!  
Striving against my foes in vain,  
I sink amid my fears.
- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,  
My feeble efforts aid:  
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,  
Nor let me be dismay'd.
- 4 Do thou increase my faith and hope

**HYMN CCCCXXIV.**

- 3** A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey ;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.
- 4** Bless'd Saviour ! introduc'd by thee,  
Have we our race begun :  
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet  
We lay our laurels down.

**424**—L. M.

Hymn 92. F

*Warning against Slothfulness.*

- 1** O ISRAEL, to thy tents repair ;  
Why thus secure on hostile ground ?  
Thy Lord commands thee to beware,  
For many foes thy camp surround.
- 2** The trumpet gives a martial strain ;  
O Israel ! gird thee for the fight ;  
Arise, the combat to maintain ;  
Arise, and put thy foes to flight.
- 3** O ! sleep not thou as others do ;  
Awake, be vigilant, be brave ;  
The coward, and the sluggard too,  
Must wear the fetters of the slave.
- 4** A nobler lot is cast for thee,  
A crown awaits thee in the skies !  
With such a hope shall Israel flee,  
And yield through weariness the prize ?
- 5** No ! let a careless world repose,  
And slumber on through life's short day,  
While Israel to the conflict goes,  
And bears the glorious prize away.

## 425—C. M.

Hymn 43, Pt. 2.

*The Christian Soldier.*

- 1 **A**M I a soldier of the Cross,  
A follow'r of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,  
On flow'ry beds of ease;  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sail'd thro' bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this wild world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to *God*?
- 4 *Since I must fight, if I would win,*



- 2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won;  
Nor once at ease sit down:  
Thy arduous work will not be done,  
Till thou hast got thy crown.

7—S. M.

Hymn 140. Add.

*Watchfulness.*

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,  
Each in his office wait,  
Observant of his heavenly word,  
And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame;  
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,  
For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch—'tis your Lord's command;  
And while we speak, he's near;  
Mark the first signal of his hand,  
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he,  
In such a posture found,  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honour crown'd.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread  
With his own bounteous hand,  
And raise that favour'd servant's head  
Amidst th' angelic band.

HYMN CCCCXXVIII, CCCCXXIX.

3—L. M.

Hymn 32, Pt. 2. B. 1.

*Christian Consistency.*

- 1 **S**O let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess ;  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad,  
The honours of our Saviour God ;  
When the salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
Passions and envy, lust and pride ;  
While justice, temp'rance, truth and love,  
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope,  
The bright appearance of the Lord ;  
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Hymn 145. Add

O, may it be my constant choice,  
To walk with men of grace below,  
Till I arrive where heavenly joys  
And never-fading honours grow.

O—C. M.

Hymn 115. B. 2.

*Habitual Devotion.*

WHILST thee I seek, protecting Power !  
Be my vain wishes still'd ;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be fill'd.

Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd,  
To thee my thoughts would soar :  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd :  
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see !  
Each blessing to my soul most dear,  
Because conferr'd by thee.

In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,  
In ev'ry pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in pray'r.

When gladness wings my favour'd hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill :  
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,  
My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The gath'ring storm shall see ;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;  
That heart will rest on thee.

**431**—C. M.

Hymn 139. A

*Watch and Pray.*

- 1 **T**HE Saviour bids us watch and pray,  
Through life's brief fleeting hour,  
And gives the Spirit's quick'ning ray  
To those who seek its power.
- 2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,  
Maintain a warrior's strife;  
Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day;  
Obedience is our life.
- 3 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,  
For soon the hour will come,  
That calls us from the earth away,  
To our eternal home.

he overcame,  
 triumph'd once for you,  
 thou, that love his name,  
 triumph in him too.

Hymn 33, Pt. 4. B. 1.

*Christ our Strength.*

but hear my Saviour say,  
*thou shalt be equal to thy day :*  
 voice in deep distress,  
 all-sufficient grace.

infirmity,  
 thine own pow'r may rest on me ;  
 I weak, then am I strong,  
 thy shield and Christ my song.

I things, or can bear  
 griefs, if my Lord be there ;  
 sorrows mingle with the pains,  
 thy left hand my head sustains.

Lord be once withdrawn,  
 tempt the work alone,  
 temptations spring and rise,  
 how great our weakness is.

Hymn 10, Pt. 6. B. 1.

*Submission.*

SUBMIT to thy will, my God,  
 to thee resign ;  
 before thy chast'ning rod—  
 , but not repine.

and my foolish heart complain,  
 wisdom, truth, and love  
 stroke, inflict the pain,  
 lift to joys above.

3 How short are all my sufferings here,  
How needful ev'ry cross !  
Away, my unbelieving fear,  
Nor call my gain, my loss.

4 Then give, dear Lord, or take away,  
I'll bless thy sacred name ;  
My Jesus, yesterday, to-day,  
For ever is the same !

**435**—C. M.

Hymn 162.

*Sickness sweetened.*

1 **W**HEN languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,  
And long to fly away.

## HYMN CCCCXXXVI.

3

Sweet on his covenant of grace,  
For all things to depend.

7 Sweet in the confidence of faith,  
To trust his firm decrees ;  
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,  
And know no will but his.

8 If such the sweetness of the streams,  
What must the fountain be,  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
Immediately from thee ?

**36**—C. M.

Hymn 49, Pt. 3. B.

*The will of God be done in providence.*

1 **I** *It is the Lord*—enthron'd in light,  
Whose claims are all divine ;  
Who has an undisputed right  
To govern me and mine.

2 *It is the Lord*—should I distrust,  
Or contradict his will ?  
Who cannot do but what is just,  
And must be righteous still.

3 *It is the Lord*—who gives me all  
My wealth, my friends, my ease ;  
And of his bounties may recall  
Whatever part he please.

4 *It is the Lord*—who can sustain  
Beneath the heaviest load,  
From whom assistance I obtain  
To tread the thorny road.

5 *It is the Lord*—whose matchless skill  
Can from afflictions raise  
Matter, eternity to fill  
With ever-growing praise.

- 6 *It is the Lord*—my cov'nant God,  
Thrice blessed be his name!  
Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,  
Must ever be the same.
- 7 His cov'nant will my soul defend,  
Should nature's self expire;  
And the great Judge of all descend  
In awful flames of fire.
- 8 And can my soul, with hopes like these,  
Be sullen, or repine?  
No, gracious God, take what thou please,  
I'll cheerfully resign.

437—C. M.

Hymn 114. B.

*Praise for recovery from Sickness.*



HYMN CCCCXXXVIII, CCCCXXXIX. 577

Nor will I urge a speedier flight,  
To my celestial home.

- 6 Where thou determin'st mine abode,  
There would I choose to be;  
For in thy presence death is life,  
And earth is heav'n with thee.

138—C. M.

Hymn 129. B. 1.

*Submission under bereavement.*

- 1 **P**EACE! 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand  
That blasts our joys in death;  
Changes the visage once so dear,  
And gathers back the breath.

- 2 'Tis he, the Potentate supreme  
Of all the worlds above,  
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,  
Nor from their purpose move.

- 3 'Tis he, whose justice might demand  
Our souls a sacrifice;  
Yet scatters with unwearied hand  
A thousand rich supplies.

- Our cov'nant God and Father he,  
In Christ our bleeding Lord;  
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart  
With one reviving word.

- 4 Let us own Jehovah's name,  
We kiss the scourging hand;  
And yield our comforts and our life  
To thy supreme command.

P. M.

Hymn 7, Pt. 4. B. 1

*Unbelief rebuked.*

**B**E GONE, unbelief,  
My Saviour is near;

## HYMN CCCCXXXIX.

And for my relief  
Will surely appear;  
By pray'r let me wrestle, and he will perform,  
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Tho' dark be my way,  
Since he is my guide,  
'Tis mine to obey,  
'Tis his to provide:  
Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,  
The word, he has spoken, shall surely prevail.

3 His love, in time past,  
Forbids me to think  
He'll leave me at last,  
In trouble to sink:  
Each sweet Ebenezer, I have in review,  
His good pleasure to help me quite through.

Since all, that I meet,  
 Shall work for my good ;  
 The bitter is sweet,  
 The medicine is food :  
 O' painful at present, 'twill cease before long,  
 And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song !

40—C. M.

Hymn 49, Pt. 2, B. 1.

*Resignation to the will of God.*

- 1 **T**HRO' all the downward tracts of time,  
 God's watchful eye surveys ;  
 O ! who so wise to choose our lot,  
 Or regulate our ways !
- 2 I cannot doubt his bounteous love,  
 Unmeasurably kind ;  
 To his unerring, gracious will,  
 Be ev'ry wish resign'd.
- 3 Good when he gives, supremely good,  
 Nor less when he denies ;  
 Ev'n crosses from his sov'reign hand  
 Are blessings in disguise.
- 4 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found ;  
 The honey's mix'd with gall ;  
 'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,  
 Be thou my all in all.

41—C. M.

Hymn 116. B. 2.

*The devout request.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
 Thy sov'reign will denies,  
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,  
 Let this petition rise :
- 2 " Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
 From ev'ry marmur free ;

The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make me live to thee.

- 3 "Let the sweet hope that I am thine,  
My life and death attend;  
Thy presence thro' my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end."

442—7s.

Hymn 149. A

*Meditation.*

- 1 CHRISTIAN, wouldst thou know the joy  
Pure religion can impart?  
Let her truths thy mind employ,  
Firmly fix thy roving heart—  
Till her radiance round thee shine,  
With an influence all divine.

holy, just and good,  
art sinful, weak and vile ;  
ge by his hand bestow'd,  
thy habitation smile :  
should charm thy heart to love,  
should fix thy thoughts above.

ion now in sadness mourn,  
ie tear of anguish shed ?  
of hope, to God return ;  
high thy drooping head :  
elestial round thee shine.  
n and all its joys are thine.

## Hymn 144. Add.

*Heavenly-Mindedness.*

AT my grovelling thoughts could rise,  
id rest on things above the skies ;  
hrist, my Lord, in glory bright,  
ied in robes of heavenly light.

uld my heart descend so low,  
l on earth, a world of wo,  
eaven, where endless pleasures roll,  
entrance the new-born soul.

nd weak, and languid, I  
tter, and attempt to fly ;  
1, and sense, and guilt combined  
avily upon my mind.

let thine attractions be  
in all their force by me,  
all I mount on wings of love,  
, and dwell "on things above."

444—P. M. 7, 6.

Hymn 108.

*Breathing after Heaven.*

1. **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
Thy better portion trace ;  
Rise from transitory things,  
Tow'rd heav'n, thy native place.  
Sun, and moon, and stars decay—  
Time shall soon this earth remove ;  
Rise, my soul, and haste away  
To seats prepar'd above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course :  
Fires ascending seek the sun,  
Both speed them to their source ;  
So a soul that's born of God,

P. M.

Hymn 148. Add.

*Following Christ.*

**L**OOK up to yonder world,  
See myriads round the throne!  
Each bears a golden harp,  
And wears a glorious crown:  
With zeal they strike the sacred lyre,  
And strive to raise their praises higher.

1 Believing in his name,  
They in his footsteps trod;  
His righteousness their hope,  
Their only plea his blood;  
Lo! now they reign with him above,  
Behold his face, and sing his love.

3 And shall we not aspire,  
Like them, our course to run?  
The crown if we would wear  
That crown must first be won:  
Divinely taught, they show'd the way,  
First to *believe*, and then *obey*.

C. P. M.

Hymn 150. Add.

*Heavenly-Mindedness.*

**W**ITH eyes of faith and wings of love,  
My soul would upward rise;  
And converse hold with things above,  
And all that heavenly influence prove,  
Which grace divine supplies.

But sin will oft my heart betray,  
And cares from morn till e'en  
Command my lab'ring thoughts away,  
And my affections far astray  
From happiness and heaven.

- 3 Heaven is the portion of my soul,  
My treasure and my joy ;  
There's " naught on earth, from pole  
Where mountains rise or oceans roll,  
That should my heart employ.
- 4 Upward, still upward, let me soar,  
While in this vale of tears ;  
Till earthly cares and toils are o'er,  
And sin shall wound my heart no more  
When heaven itself appears.

447—C. M.

Hymn

*A Christian Life.*

- 1 **T**HRICE happy souls, who born from  
While yet they sojourn here.



- 6 In solid, pure delights like these,  
 Let all my days be past ;  
 Nor shall I then impatient wish,  
 Nor shall I fear the last.

48—L. M.

Hymn 146. Add.

*Contentment.*

- 1 **F**OUNTAIN of blessing, ever blest,  
 Enriching all, of all possess'd ;  
 By whom the whole creation's fed,  
 Give me, each day, my daily bread.
- 2 To thee my very life I owe,  
 From thee do all my comforts flow ;  
 And ev'ry blessing which I need,  
 Must from thy bounteous hand proceed.
- 3 Great things are not what I desire,  
 Nor dainty meat, nor rich attire ;  
 Content with little would I be ;  
 That little, Lord, must come from thee.
- 4 While wicked men, with all their store,  
 Are ever grasping after more ;  
 With Agur's wish, I'm satisfied,  
 Nor grudge them all the world beside.

49—C. M.

Hymn 152. Add.

*Justice and Equity.*

- 1 **C**OME, let us search our ways and try ;  
 Have they been just and right ?  
 Is the great rule of equity  
 Our practice and delight ?
- 2 What we would have our neighbour do,  
 Have we done still the same ?  
 And ne'er delay'd to pay his due,  
 Nor injured his good name ?

3 In all we sell, in all we buy,  
Is justice our design ?  
Do we remember God is nigh,  
And fear the wrath divine ?

4 In vain we talk of Jesus' blood,  
And boast his name in vain,  
If we can slight the laws of God,  
And prove unjust to men.

**450**—C. M.

Hymn 32, Pt. 1

*Gratitude.*

1 **H**OW can I sink, with such a prop  
As my eternal God,  
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up  
And spreads the heav'ns abroad ?

The power and willingness to give,  
 Alike proceed from thee;  
 We still are debtors, since we live  
 Only by thy decree.

Ourselves, our all, to thee we owe;  
 And if we come behind  
 What others of their wealth bestow  
 Accept our willing mind.

O Lord, our contributions bless,  
 For their appointed end;  
 And crown with happiest success,  
 The cause that we befriend.

2—S. M.

Hymn 115. B. 1.

*Charity.*

1 **T**HY bounties, gracious Lord,  
 With gratitude we own:  
 We bless thy providential grace,  
 Which show'rs its blessings down.

2 With joy the people bring  
 Their offerings round thy throne;  
 With thankful souls behold we pay  
 A tribute of thy own.

3 Accept this humble mite,  
 Great Sov'reign Lord of all;  
 For let our num'rous mingling sins,  
 The fragrant ointment spoil.

4 Let a Redeemer's blood  
 Diffuse its virtues wide;  
 Pardon and cleanse our ev'ry gift  
 And all our follies hide.

5 O may this sacrifice  
 To thee the Lord ascend,  
 An odour of a sweet perfume  
 Presented by his hand.

6 Well pleas'd, our God shall view  
The products of his grace ;  
And in a plentiful reward  
Fulfil his promises.

**453**—L. M.

Hymn 116. 1

*Charity.*

- 1 **T**HE gold and silver are the Lord's,  
And ev'ry blessing earth affords ;  
All come from his propitious hand,  
And must return at his command.
- 2 The blessings which I now enjoy,  
I must for Christ and souls employ ;  
For if I use them as my own,

54—L. M.

Hymn 117. B. 1.

*Charity.*

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,  
What were his works from day to day,  
But miracles of pow'r and grace,  
That spread salvation thro' our race?
- 2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view  
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;  
Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done  
Be witness'd by each rolling sun.
- 3 That man may breathe, but never *lives*,  
Who much receives, but nothing gives,  
Whom none can love, whom none can thank;  
Creation's blot, creation's blank:
- 4 But he, who marks, from day to day,  
In gen'rous acts, his radiant way,  
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,  
The path to glory and to God.

55—C. M.

Hymn 118. B. 1

*Charity.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, my *Lord*, how rich thy grace!  
Thy bounties how complete!  
How shall I count the matchless sum?  
How pay the mighty debt?
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light  
Dost thou exalted shine;  
What can my poverty bestow,  
When all the worlds are thine?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,  
The partners of thy grace;  
And wilt *confess* their humble names  
*Before thy Father's face.*

- 4 In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,  
And visited and cheer'd ;  
And in their accents of distress,  
My Saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face, with rev'rence and with love,  
We in thy poor would see ;  
O let us rather beg our bread  
Than keep it back from thee !

**456**—L. M.

Hymn 119. B. 1.

*Charity.*

- 1 **O** WHAT stupendous mercy shines  
Around the majesty of heav'n !  
Rebels he deigns to call his sons,  
Their souls renew'd, their sins forgiv'n.
- 2 Go, imitate the grace divine,

Hymn 120. B. 1

*Charity.*

Of mercies, send thy grace,  
w'rful, from above,  
our obedient souls,  
to of thy love.

sympathising breasts  
rous pleasure know,  
hare in others' joy,  
p for others' woe !

Levite and the Priest,  
r, with hearts of stone,  
bour groaning in distress,  
him still alone.

most helpless sons of grief  
rs low are laid ;  
hearts, their pains to feel,  
ft our hands to aid.

ok'd on dying man,  
ron'd above the skies ;  
: th' embraces of his *God*,  
ompassion rise.

of love the Saviour flew,  
us from the ground ;  
he richest of his blood,  
for ev'ry wound.

Hymn 121. B. 1

*Charity.*

as the man whose heart expands  
lting pity's call ;  
sh blessings of whose hands  
r'nly manna fall.

## HYMN CCCCLIX.

Mercy, descending from above,  
In softest accents pleads ;

O may each tender bosom move,  
When mercy intercedes !

3 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way  
To guide untutor'd youth ;  
And lead the mind, that went astray,  
To virtue and to truth.

4 Children our kind protection claim,  
And God will well approve,  
When infants learn to lisp his name,  
And their Creator love.

5 Delightful work, young souls to win,  
And turn the rising race  
From the deceitful paths of sin,  
To redeeming grace.



and a sympathising heart;  
 'tis a pleasure to impart,  
 thee thine own we give :  
 thou our cry, and pitying see ;  
 these children live to thee !  
 and these children live !

M. Hymn 117. B. 2.

*Retirement.*

Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,  
 From strife and tumult far :  
 In scenes where Satan wages still  
 His most successful war.

In calm retreat, the silent shade,  
 With pray'r and praise agree :  
 As seem by thy sweet bounty made  
 For those who follow thee.

O, if thy Spirit touch the soul,  
 And grace her mean abode,  
 With what peace and joy and love,  
 As there communes with God !

As, like the nightingale, she pours  
 Her solitary lays ;  
 Asks a witness of her song,  
 Or thirsts for human praise.

M. Hymn 118. B. 2.

*Evening Twilight.*

LOVE to steal awhile away  
 From ev'ry cumb'ring care,  
 To spend the hours of setting day  
 In humble, grateful pray'r.

And in solitude to shed  
 The penitential tear,

HYMN CCCCLXII, CCCCLXIII.

And all His promises to plead  
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore,  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heav'n;  
The prospect doth my strength renew,  
While here by tempests driv'n.

5 Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray  
Be calm as this impressive hour,  
And lead to endless day.

Hymn 106. B 2

repentance, nor wave of the sea,  
 shall e'er darken the light of that  
 sun sets no more, but for ever shall  
 in beauty, in glory divine.

robe, wash'd in blood, the price that  
 giv'n  
 thee from earth, and raise thee to  
 ;  
 ve blooms in peace, and blest joys feast  
 ight,  
 d is thy Glory, the Lord thy delight.

, till then be thou instant in pray'r,  
 rows and pains thy Redeemer will  
 in death, still the love that ne'er dies,  
 it to conduct thee in peace to the skies.

P. M.

Hymn 103. B. 2.

*The Christian Israel.*

So far on life's perplexing path,  
 us far, thou, Lord, our steps hast led ;  
 d from the world's pursuing wrath,  
 a'd though floods hung o'er our head ;  
 nsom'd Israel on the shore,  
 en we pause, look back, adore.

rs, and pilgrims here below,  
 l our fathers in their day,  
 the land of promise go,  
 y thine own appointed way ;  
 ide, illumine, cheer our flight  
 d by day, in fire by night.

- 3 Safety thy presence is, and rest,  
While, as the eagle o'er her brood,  
Flutters her pinions, stirs the nest,  
Covers, defends, provides them food,  
Bears on her wings, instructs to fly,—  
Thy love prepares us for the sky.
- 4 Protect us through the wilderness,  
From fiery serpents, plague, and foe;  
With bread from heav'n thy people bless  
And living streams where'er we go;  
Nor let our rebel hearts repine,  
Or follow any voice but thine.
- 5 Thy holy law to us proclaim,  
But not from Sinai's top alone;  
Hid in the rock-cleft, be thy name,  
Thy pow'r and all thy goodness shown;

temptations ev'ry where annoy,  
 and sins and snares my peace destroy;  
 y earthly joys are from me torn,  
 and oft an absent God I mourn.

y soul with various tempests toss'd;  
 er hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd;  
 es ev'ry day new straits attend,  
 and wonders where the scene will end.

this, dear Lord, that thorny road,  
 hich leads us to the mount of God?  
 re these the toils thy people know,  
 hile in the wilderness below?

is even so—thy faithful love  
 oth all thy children's graces prove;—  
 is thus our pride and self must fall,  
 hat Jesus may be All in all.

—C. P. M.

Hymn 264. Add

*The Family Vow.*

AND my house will serve the Lord:  
 But first, obedient to his word,  
 I must myself appear;  
 r actions, words, and temper, show  
 hat I my heavenly Master know,  
 And serve with heart sincere.

must the fair example set;  
 rom those that on thy pleasure wait,  
 Each stumbling-block remove;  
 heir duty by my life explain;  
 nd still in all my works maintain  
 The dignity of love.

asy to be entreated, mild,  
 ickly appeased and reconciled,  
*A follower of my God;*

And real Christians live.

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## • THE CHURCH

1. GENERAL CHARACTER.
2. HER WORSHIP.
3. MINISTRY.
4. SACRAMENTS.

467—L. M.

Hymn

*The Church.*

1 **S**HOUT! for the blessed Je  
Thro' distant lands his tri  
And sinners, freed from endle  
Own him their Saviour and t

2 He called them from the sea

4 O may his Holy Church increase,  
His Word and Spirit still prevail;  
While angels celebrate his praise,  
And saints his growing glories hail!

5 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,  
From all below and all above;  
In lofty songs exalt his name,  
In songs, as lasting as his love.

68—8s 7s.

Hymn 179. Add.

*The Glories of the Church.*

1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God;  
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,  
Chose thee for his own abode.  
On the Rock of Ages founded,  
Who can shake her sure repose?  
With salvation's wall surrounded,  
She can smile at all her foes.

2 See the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply her sons and daughters,  
And the fear of want remove:  
Who can faint while such a river  
Onward flows her thirst t' assuage—  
Grace, which, like the Lord—the giver,  
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,  
See the cloud and fire appear,  
For a glory and a cov'ring,  
Showing that the Lord is near.  
Glorious things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God;  
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,  
*Forms thee for his own abode.*

**469**—L. M.

Hymn 185. A

*The Church.*

- 1 **W**E are a garden, wall'd around,  
Chosen and made peculiar ground;  
A little spot enclosed by grace,  
Out of the world's wide wilderness.
- 2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,  
Planted by God the Father's hand,  
And all our springs in Zion flow,  
To make the young plantation grow.
- 3 Awake, O heavenly wind, and come,  
Blow on this garden of perfume,  
Spirit divine, descend and breathe  
A gracious gale on plants beneath.
- 4 Make our best spices flow abroad



age like this, oh ! what praises are due,  
 t so serene, for a covert so fair ;  
 y are the seasons of worship so few ?  
 y are so seldom the meetings of prayer ?

**M. Hymn 180. Add.**

*Admission of Members.*

**D**RED in Christ, for his dear sake,  
 hearty welcome here receive ;  
 e together now partake  
 s which he alone can give.

and us, by grace 'tis given,  
 w the Saviour's precious name ;  
 ortly we shall meet in heaven,  
 pe, our way, our end the same.

e, by whose kind care we meet,  
 is good Spirit from above,  
 our communications sweet,  
 use our hearts to burn with love.

alk of all he did and said,  
 ffer'd for us here below ;  
 th he mark'd for us to tread,  
 hat his mercy will bestow.

s the moments pass away,  
 ove, and wonder, and adore,  
 ink upon that glorious day  
 we shall meet to part no more.

**M. Hymn 181. Add.**

*Young Converts.*

**W**ELCOME, ye hopeful heirs of heav'n,  
 To this rich gospel feast of love ;  
 ledge is but the prelude given  
 t immortal feast above.

- 2 How great the blessing, thus to meet  
Around the sacramental board,  
And hold, by faith, communion sweet  
With Christ, our dear and common Lord.
- 3 And if so sweet this feast below,  
What will it be to meet above,  
Where all we see, and feel, and know,  
Are fruits of everlasting love.
- 4 Soon shall we tune the heavenly lyre,  
Whilst list'ning worlds the song approve;  
Eternity itself expire,  
Ere we exhaust the theme of love.

473—C. M.

Hymn 184. Add.

*Church's Appeal.*

- 1 **W**HY shouldst thou linger to obey

**4—P. M.**

**Hymn 100. B. 1.**

*At the forming of a Church.*

- 1 **G**REAT Father of mankind,  
We bless that wondrous grace  
Which could for Gentiles find  
Within thy courts a place;  
How kind the care our God displays,  
For us to raise a house of prayer!
- 2 Tho' once estranged far,  
We now approach the throne;  
For Jesus brings us near,  
And makes our cause his own;  
Strangers no more, to thee we come,  
And find our home, and rest secure.
- 3 To thee our souls we join,  
And love thy sacred name;  
No more our own, but thine,  
We triumph in thy claim:  
Our Father King, thy cov'nant grace,  
Our souls embrace, thy titles sing.
- 4 Here in thy house we feast  
On dainties all divine;  
And while such sweets we taste,  
With joy our faces shine:  
Incense shall rise from flames of love,  
And God approve the sacrifice.
- 5 May all the nations throng  
To worship in thy house!  
And thou attend the song,  
And smile upon their vows:  
Indulgent still, till earth conspire  
To join the choir on Zion's hill!

WORSHIP.

475—S. M.

Hymn 182. 1

*Public Worship.*

- 1 **H**OW pleased was I to hear  
The friends of Zion say,  
Now to her courts let us repair  
And keep the solemn day.
- 2 Hither the rich and poor,  
Their various offerings bring,  
And in harmonious strains adore,  
Their Maker, and their King.
- 3 Here beams of mercy shine,  
And streams of goodness flow ;  
Here we may feast on joys divine

May thy presence  
 With us evermore be found !  
 So, whene'er the signal's giv'n,  
 Us from earth to call away ;  
 Home on angels' wings to heav'n,  
 Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,  
 May we, ready,  
 Rise and reign in endless day !

PRAYER.

—C. M.

Hymn 156. Add.

*Confidence in God.*

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,  
 Where Jesus answers prayer ;  
 here humbly fall before his feet,  
 For none can perish there.

thy promise is my only plea,  
 With this I venture nigh ;  
 thou callest burden'd souls to thee,  
 And such, O Lord, am I.

ow'd down beneath a load of sin,  
 By sorrow sore oppress'd,  
 y war without, and fears within,  
 I come to thee for rest.

e thou my Shield and Hiding-place,  
 That, shelter'd near thy side,  
 may my fierce accuser face,  
 And tell him, thou hast died.

, wondrous love ! to bleed and die,  
 To bear the cross and shame,  
 hat guilty sinners, such as I,  
 Might plead thy gracious name.

478—L. M.

Hymn 45, Pt. 1.

*Prayer.*

- 1 **W**HERE is my God ? does he retire  
Beyond the reach of humble sighs ?  
Are these weak breathings of desire  
Too languid to ascend the skies ?
- 2 No, Lord ! the breathings of desire,  
The weak petition, if sincere,  
Is not forbidden to aspire ;  
But reaches thy all-gracious ear.
- 3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,  
See where the great Redeemer stands ;  
The glorious Advocate on high ;  
With precious incense in his hands.

is the Christian's vital breath,  
 Christian's native air,  
 Watchword at the gates of death  
 enters heav'n with pray'r.  
 is the contrite sinner's voice,  
 turning from his ways ;  
 angels in their songs rejoice,  
 I cry, " Behold, he prays !"  
 y'r on earth, the saints are one :  
 y're one in word and mind ;  
 , with the Father and the Son,  
 set fellowship they find.  
 a, by whom we come to God,  
 o life, the truth, the way,  
 ath of pray'r thyself hast trod ;  
 d, teach us how to pray.

. M.

Hymn 112. B. 2.

*Preparation for Prayer.*

RD, teach us how to pray aright,  
 With rev'rence and with fear ;  
 gh dust and ashes in thy sight,  
 may, we must draw near.  
 f all grace, we come to thee,  
 th broken, contrite hearts ;  
 what thine eyes delight to see,  
 th in the inward parts.  
 deep humility—the sense  
 godly sorrow give ;  
 ong desiring confidence  
 hear thy voice, and live ;—  
 in the only sacrifice  
 at can for sin atone ;  
 st our hopes, to fix our eyes,  
 Christ, on Christ alone ;—

6 3 HYMN CCCCLXXXI, CCCCLXXXII.

5 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,  
Though mercy long delay ;  
Courage our fainting souls to keep,  
And trust thee though thou slay.

6 Give these, and then thy will be done,  
Thus strengthen'd with all might,  
We by thy Spirit, and thy Son,  
Shall pray, and pray aright.

481—L. M.

Hymn 45, Pt. 3. B

*Exhortation to Prayer.*

1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet,  
In coming to a mercy-seat !  
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,  
But wishes to be often there ?



- 2 "There, says, the Saviour, will I be,  
Amid this little company;  
To them unveil my shining face,  
And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,  
Relying on thy faithful word;  
Now send thy spirit from above,  
Now fill our hearts with heav'nly love.

483—L. M.

Hymn 111. B. 2

*The Mercy Seat.*

- 1 FROM ev'ry stormy wind that blows,  
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat,  
'Tis found beneath the *mercy seat*.
- 2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads;  
A place than all besides more sweet,  
It is the blood-bought *mercy seat*.
- 3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,  
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,  
Around one common *mercy seat*.
- 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had sufl'ring saints no *mercy seat*?
- 5 There, there on eagle's wings we soar,  
And sin, and sense, seem all no more;  
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the *mercy seat*.
- O, let my hand forget her skill,  
My tongue be silent, cold and still,  
This bounding heart forget to beat,  
If I forget thy **MERCY SEAT**.

484—11s.

Hymn 120. Add.

*Pray without ceasing.*

- 1 **W**HEN morning is rising, o'er mountain and  
lawn,  
And every thing waketh to welcome the dawn,  
When far down the valley the mists fly away,  
Arouse thee from slumber, arouse thee and  
pray.
  - 2 And when the still noon in its beauty draws  
nigh,  
And nature seems ready to languish and die,  
Then halt on thy march, in the heat of the  
day,  
Then lift up thy thoughts to thy Father, and  
pray.
  - 3 When evening descends like a spirit of peace  
And labour and tumult grow fainter and cease.
- 

A. M.

Hymn 45, Pt. 2. B. 1.

*The prayer of faith.*

1 **T**HE Lord who truly knows  
The heart of ev'ry saint,  
Invites us, by his holy word,  
To pray, and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear!  
We never plead in vain;  
Yet we must wait till he appear,  
And pray, and pray again.

3 Tho' unbelief suggest  
Why should we longer wait?  
He bids us never give him rest;  
But be importunate.

4 'Twas thus a widow poor,  
Without support or friend,  
Knelt the unjust judge's door,  
And gain'd at last her end.

5 And shall not Jesus hear  
His chosen, when they cry?  
Yes; tho' he may a while forbear,  
He'll not their suit deny.

6 Then let us earnest be,  
And never faint in prayer;  
He loves our importunity,  
And makes our cause his care.

-L. M.

Hymn 45, Pt. 4. B. 1.

*Lord's Prayer.*

OUR Father, thron'd in heav'n, divine,  
To thy great name be praises paid:  
Thy kingdom come,—Thy glory shine;  
Thy good will be still obey'd.

**HYMN CCCCLXXXVII.**

- 2 Give us our bread from day to day,  
And all our wants do thou supply:  
With gospel-truth feed us, we pray,  
That we may never faint, nor die.
- 3 Extend thy grace, our hearts renew,  
Our each offence in love forgive;  
Teach us divine forgiveness too,  
And, freed from evil, let us live.
- 4 For thine's the kingdom, and the pow'r,  
And all the glory waits thy name;  
Let ev'ry saint thy grace adore,  
And sound in songs their loud Amen.

**487—C. M.**

**Hymn 46, Pt. 1.**

*Our Father.*

- 1 SOV'REIGN of all the worlds on high,  
Hear our humble claim;  
Thou wouldst raise their
- 

Hymn 46, Pt. 2. B. 1.

*and our Saviour in Heaven.*

from heav'n, immortal Dove,  
 wn and take us on thy wings;  
 id bear us far above  
 hese inferior things;

d this lower sky,  
 cnal ages roll,  
 leasures never die,  
 nortal feast the soul.

a blissful sight  
 ty Father's throne!  
 Saviour, crown'd with light,  
 ody, like our own.

around him stand,  
 and pow'rs before him fall;  
 es gracious thro' the man,  
 eet glories on them all.

ng joys they feel,  
 golden harps they sing,  
 ry heav'nly hill,  
 e triumphs of their King!

e day, dear Lord, appear,  
 ount, to dwell above,  
 d bow, and worship there,  
 .face, and sing, and love?

Hymn 46, Pt. 3. B. 1.

*g in God our Father.*

at aloud the Father's grace,  
 the Saviour's love:  
 i join the glorious theme,  
 rains above.

CCCCXC.

mighty God,  
    Thou descends :  
    Thy pleasure and his joy,  
    And his friends.  
    And may these lips  
    Thy name so dear !  
    Heav'n's sweet harmony  
    Thy listening ear.

God for ev'ry gift,  
    Thy hands bestow ;  
    Thy eternal for that love  
    Thy those comforts flow.  
    My grateful heart  
    Thy less grace adore ;  
    Thy ten thousand blessings now,  
    Thy me hope for more.

Hymn 47, Pt. 1. B. 1.

*Followed be thy Name.*

Thy the princes, earthly gods,  
    Thy hath pow'r divine ;  
    O Lord,

191—L

1 A S

Let

And

1 Let

Let

Brin

Sub

3 O!

Be

Let

Be

192

1

HYMN CCCCXCI, CCCCXCII.

491—L. M.

Hymn 48, Pt. 1

*Thy kingdom come.*

- 1 **A**SCEND thy throne, almighty King,  
And spread thy glories all abroad;  
Let thine own arm salvation bring,  
And be thou known the gracious God.
- 2 Let millions bow before thy seat,  
Let humble mourners seek thy face;  
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,  
Subdued by thy victorious grace.
- 3 O! let the kingdoms of the world  
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;  
Let saints and angels praise thy name,  
Be thou thro' heav'n and earth ador'd.

492—L. M.

Hymn 48, Pt. 2

*Prayer for the spread of the gospel.*

- 1 **B**RIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze  
Vast as the blessings he conveys,  
Wide as he shines from pole to pole,  
And permanent as his control:
- 2 So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come;  
Let sin and hell's terrific gloom  
Swift, at thy brightness, flee away,  
And usher in the promis'd day.
- 3 Then shall the heathen, fill'd with awe,  
Learn the blest knowledge of thy law:  
And Antichrist, on ev'ry shore,  
Fall from his throne to rise no more.
- 4 Then shall thy lofty praise resound  
On Afric's shores—thro' Asia's ground;  
And Europe with America  
Shall stretch their eager arms to thee.

HYMN CCCCXCIII, CCCCXCIV.

Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet  
In pure devotion at thy feet :  
And earth shall yield thee, as thy due,  
Her fulness and her glory too.

Hymn 48, Pt. 3. B. 1.

93—L. M.

*Prayer for the Jews.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear  
Our earnest suit for Abram's seed ;  
Justly they claim the tend'rest prayer  
From us, adopted in their stead :
- 2 Outcasts from thee, and scatter'd wide  
Thro' ev'ery nation under heav'n,  
Blaspheming whom they crucified,  
Unsav'd, unpitied, unforgiv'n.
- 3 But hast thou finally forsook,  
For ever cast thine own away ?  
Wilt thou not bid the murd'ers look  
On him they pierc'd, and weep and pray ?  
O Deliver, come ;



- 3 The lion and the lamb shall feed  
 Together in his peaceful reign ;  
 And Zion, blest with heav'nly bread,  
 Of pinching wants no more complain.
- 4 The Jew, the Greek, the bond, the free,  
 Shall boast their sep'rate rights no more ;  
 But join in sweetest harmony,  
 Their Lord, their Saviour to adore.
- 5 Thus, till a thousand years be past,  
 Shall holiness and peace prevail ;  
 And ev'ry knee shall bow to Christ,  
 And ev'ry tongue shall Jesus hail.
- 6 Then the redeem'd shall mount on high,  
 Where their deliv'ring Prince is gone ;  
 And angels at his word shall fly,  
 To bless them with the conq'ror's crown.

## 195—L. M.

Hymn 49, Pt. 1. B.

*Thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven.*

- 1 **T**HOU reign'st, O Lord, thy throne is high  
 Thy robes are light and majesty ;  
 Thy pow'r is sov'reign to fulfil  
 The holy counsels of thy will.

- 2 Thy will be done on earth below,  
 As 'tis in heav'n ; thy grace bestow  
 On us and all ; may we and they  
 Renounce our wills, and thine obey.

- 3 While all the hosts of heav'n rejoice  
 To yield obedience to thy voice ;  
 In constancy, and zeal, and love,  
 May we resemble those above.

**496—L. M.**

Hymn 50, Pt. 1. B.

*Give us this day our daily bread.*

- 1 **M**OST gracious Father, God of all,  
To thee we come, on thee we call,  
By whom both man and beast are fed:  
Give us this day our daily bread.
- 2 All our supplies on thee depend ;  
Whate'er we want, in mercy send ;  
Thou art the glorious fountain-head,  
Give us this day our daily bread.
- 3 Nothing, O Lord, do we deserve ;  
The thought of merit we would dread ;  
'Tis as an alms alone we crave,  
Give us this day our daily bread.

For thine own, for Jesus' sake,  
 Our many sins forgive ;  
 Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,  
 And breaking soon relieve.

Mercy, good Lord, mercy we plead,  
 This is the total sum ;  
 Mercy, thro' Christ, mercy we need ;  
 Lord, let thy mercy come.

C. M.

Hymn 52, Pt. 2. B. 1.

*Deliver us from evil.*

**T**EACH us, O Lord, aright to plead,  
 For mercies from above :  
 O! come, and bless our souls indeed,  
 With light, and joy, and love.

The gospel's promis'd land is wide,  
 We fain would enter in ;  
 But we are press'd on ev'ry side,  
 With unbelief and sin.

Arise, O Lord, enlarge our coast,  
 Let us possess the whole ;  
 That Satan may no longer boast,  
 He can thy work control.

O! may thy hand be with us still,  
 Our guide and guardian be ;  
 To keep us safe from ev'ry ill,  
 Till death shall set us free.

Help us on thee to cast our care,  
 And on thy word to rest ;  
 O at Israel's God, who heareth prayer,  
 Will grant us our request.

## 499—C. M.

Hymn 52, Pt. 4. B

*Victory through free grace.*

- 1 **L**ET me, my Saviour and my God,  
On *sov'reign grace* rely;  
And own 'tis free, because bestow'd  
On one so vile as I.
- 2 *Election!* 'tis a word divine;  
For, Lord, I plainly see,  
Had not thy choice prevented mine,  
I ne'er had chosen thee.
- 3 For *perseverance*, strength I've none;  
But would on this depend,  
That Jesus, having lov'd his own,  
Will love them to the end.
- 4 Empty and bare, I come to thee

- 2 What *pow'r*, O Lord, shall vie with thine?  
 What name among the saints, who shine,  
 Of equal excellence possess'd,  
 Thy sovereignty will dare contest?
- 3 Thee, Lord, heav'n's host their Maker own,  
 Thine is the *Kingdom*, thine alone;  
 Thee, endless majesty has crown'd,  
 And glory ever vests thee round.
- 4 Thrones and dominions round thee fall,  
 Thy presence shakes this lower ball:  
 From change to change the creatures run;  
 But all thy vast designs are one.
- 5 O wise in all thy works! thy name  
 Let man's whole race aloud proclaim;  
 And grateful, thro' the length of days,  
 In ceaseless songs repeat thy praise.

101—L. M.

Hymn 52, Pt. 6. B. 1

*Home in view.*

- 1 **A**S, when the weary trav'ler gains  
 The height of some o'erlooking hill,  
 His heart revives, if 'cross the plains  
 He eyes his home, tho' distant still:
- 2 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views,  
 By faith, his mansion in the skies;  
 The sight his fainting strength renews,  
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 3 The thought of home his spirit cheers,  
 No more he grieves for troubles past;  
 Nor any future trial fears,  
 So he may safe arrive at last.
- 4 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell  
 With *Jesus*, in the realms of day:

There I shall bid my cares farewell,  
And he will wipe my tears away.

- 5 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,  
To lead us on to thine abode;  
Assur'd our home will make amends  
For all our toil while on the road.

**502**—L. M.

Hymn 52, Pt. 7. B. 1.

*Amen.*

- 1 **A** MEN! My Father hears my prayers,  
He knows my sorrow, counts my tears;  
He never said to Jacob's race,  
In vain ye seek your Father's face.
- 2 Amen! My precious Jesus lives,  
And access to his people gives;

## HYMN DIAL.

1 Amen ! The cov'nant is secure,  
In all things order'd well, and sure :  
The promises confirm'd remain ;  
In Christ they're yea, in him Amen.

2 Amen ! This is the Saviour's name,  
He is the faithful, true Amen ;  
As he hath said, so shall it be,  
Amen to all eternity.

## MINISTRY.

103—S. M.

Hymn 99.

### *The gospel Ministry.*

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet,  
Who stand on Zion's hill ;  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice,  
How sweet the tidings are !  
" Zion, behold, thy Saviour-King,  
" He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears  
That hear this joyful sound ;  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heav'nly light !  
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,  
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ ;

Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm  
Thro' all the earth abroad ;  
Let ev'ry nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

504—C. M.

Hymn 15.

*The Ministerial Office.*

1 **L**ET Zion's watchmen all awake,  
And take th' alarm they give ;  
Now let them, from the mouth of God,  
Their awful charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import  
The pastor's care demands ;



## HYMN DVI.

61

- 1 "I'll make your great commission known ;  
"And ye shall prove my gospel true,  
"By all the works, that I have done,  
"By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 2 "Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,  
"Go cast out devils in my name ;  
"Nor let my prophets be afraid,  
"Tho' Greeks reproach, and Jews blasphem
- 4 "Teach all the nations my commands,  
"I'm with you, till the world shall end ;  
"All pow'r is trusted in my hands,  
"I can destroy, and can defend."
- 5 *He spake, and light shone round his head,  
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode ;  
They to the farthest nations spread  
The grace of their ascended God.*

106—L. M.

Hymn 152. B.

*Seeking direction to the choice of a Pastor.*

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear,  
Thy servants' groans indulgent hear ;  
Perplex'd, distress'd, to thee we cry,  
And seek the guidance of thine eye.
- 2 Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,  
To guide our doubtful footsteps right :  
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain,  
Nor let us seek thy face in vain.
- 3 Return, in ways of peace return,  
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn ;  
May our bless'd eyes a shepherd see,  
Dear to our souls, and dear to thee.

HYMN DVII, DVIII.

Hymn 103. B. 1

C. M.

*Prayer to God for sending a Gospel Minister.*

O thy great name, O Prince of peace,  
Our grateful songs we raise;  
Accept, thou Sun of Righteousness,  
The tribute of our praise.

A widow'd state these walls no more  
Their mourning weeds shall wear;  
Thy messenger shall joy restore,  
And ev'ry loss repair.

Thy providence our souls admire,  
With joy its windings trace;  
And shout with one united choir  
The triumphs of thy grace.

Lord, maintain,  
Thy will;

## HYMN DLX.

To all thy churches such impart,  
Repar'd according to thy heart ;  
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,  
Men may attest, and God approve.

led by their active, tender care,  
Healthful may all thy sheep appear ;  
And, by their fair example led,  
The way to Zion's pastures tread !

Here, hast thou listen'd to our vows,  
And scatter'd blessings on thy house ;  
Thy saints are succour'd, and no more  
As sheep without a guide deplore.

Completely heal each former stroke,  
And bless the shepherd and the flock ;  
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,  
And own this tribute of our praise.

L—8s.

Hymn 250. 1

### *Prayer for Ministers.*

FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,  
Attentive to our earnest prayer ;  
We plead for those who plead for thee ;  
Successful may they ever be.

Clothe them with energy divine,  
And let their messages be thine :  
To them thy sacred truth reveal ;  
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

Teach them to sow the precious seed ;  
Teach them, thy chosen flock to feed ;  
Teach them, immortal souls to gain—  
Souls that will well reward their pain.

Let thronging multitudes around,  
Hear from their lips the joyful sound :

## HYMN DX, DXI.

In humble strains thy grace implore,  
 And feel thy new-creating power.  
 5 How great their work, how vast their charge;  
 Do thou their anxious souls enlarge,  
 Till light through distant realms be spread,  
 And Zion rear her drooping head.

Hymn 251. Add

## 510—C. M.

*Prayer for the Minister.*

- 1 **C**HIEF Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,  
 From death and sin set free,  
 May every under-shepherd keep  
 His eye intent on thee.  
 2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare,  
 To execute thy will;  
 With patience, love, and care,

Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,  
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a *Watchman* ; take thy stand  
Upon thy tow'r amidst the sky,  
And when the sword comes on the land,  
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.

4 Come as an *Angel*, hence to guide  
A band of pilgrims on their way,  
That, safely walking at thy side,  
We faint not, fail not, turn, nor stray.

5 Come as a *Teacher*, sent from God,  
Charg'd his whole counsel to declare ;  
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,  
While we uphold thy hands with pray'r.

6 Come as a *Messenger* of peace,  
Fill'd with the spirit, fir'd with love ;  
Live to behold our large increase,  
And die to meet us all above.

[2—L. M.

Hymn 263. Add.

*Consecration.*

1 **L**ONG as he lives he shall be thine ;  
This cherish'd gift I now restore,  
Nor longer call the treasure mine,  
Given to my God for evermore.

2 Still firm in purpose, and sincere,  
This dedication, Lord, shall stand ;  
The child shall now be doubly dear  
As kept and guarded by thy hand.

Let him be early taught of God ;  
Prepare him in the days of youth,  
*Amid the courts of thine abode,*  
*To bear the messages of truth.*

- 4 Be this the object of my heart,  
Be this the burden of my prayer,  
That he thy gospel may impart  
To those who shall thy mercy share.
- 5 And may thy Spirit, dearest Lord,  
Help me in mem'ry to retain  
Each promise of thy holy word,  
Till hope her sweet assurance gain.
- 

## SACRAMENTS.

513—C. M.

Hymn 25. B

*The Sacraments.*

when my faith goes thro' the sign,  
and feeds upon his flesh.

ve the Lord, that stoops so low,  
'o give his word a seal:  
the rich grace his hands bestow,  
exceeds the figures still.

## BAPTISM.

-L. M.

Hymn 26, Pt. 1. B. 1.

*Baptism.*

WAS the commission of our Lord,  
- *Go, teach the nations, and baptize:*  
nations have receiv'd the word  
he ascended to the skies.

sits upon th' eternal hills,  
h grace and pardon in his hands,  
l sends his cov'nant, with the seals,  
bless the distant heathen lands.

*ent and be baptiz'd, he saith,*  
*the remission of your sins;*  
l thus our sense assists our faith,  
l shows us what his gospel means.

souls he washes in his blood,  
water makes the body clean;  
l the good Spirit of our God  
cends like purifying rain.

is we engage ourselves to thee,  
l seal our cov'nant with the Lord;  
ray the great eternal Three  
reav'n our solemn vows record!

## 515—L. M.

Hymn 27, Pt. 1. B

*Baptism is not Regeneration.*

- 1 **T**HE sacraments are holy signs  
And precious gospel seals;  
They 'xhibit what the Lord designs,  
And what his word reveals.
- 2 But these are not themselves the grace  
Which signs and seals set forth;  
The supper's not the sacrifice,  
Nor water the new birth.
- 3 The sacraments were never meant  
A substitute for grace;  
They're not the truths they represent,  
Nor must they take their place.



C. M.

Hymn 27, Pt. 2. B. 1.

*Infant Baptism.*

JESUS saith the mercy of the Lord,  
*I'll be a God to thee ;*  
*less thy num'rous race, and they*  
*all be a seed to me.*

I'm believ'd the promis'd grace,  
 and gave his child to God ;  
 water seals the blessing now,  
 that once was seal'd with blood.

As the ancient faith confirms,  
 to our forefathers giv'n ;  
 takes young children to his arms,  
 and calls them heirs of heav'n.

God, how faithful are his ways !  
 As love endures the same :  
 from the promise of his grace,  
 sets out his children's name.

As the same blessings grace endows  
 the Gentile and the Jew ;  
 pure and holy be the root,  
 which are the branches too.

Let the children of the saints  
 be dedicate to God ;  
 pour thy Spirit on them, Lord !  
 and wash them in thy blood.

As to the parents and their seed  
 shall thy salvation come ;  
 num'rous households meet at last  
 one eternal home.

O faithful saints, eternal King !  
 in his precious truth embrace ;  
 see their *infant offspring* bring,  
 and *humbly claim thy grace.*

**HYMN DXVII, DXVIII.**

**7—L. M.**

**Hymn 27, Pt. 3.**

*Baptism is instituted instead of Circumcision*

**T**HUS did the sons of Abra'm pass  
Beneath the bloody seal of grace;  
The young disciples bore the yoke,  
Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

**2** By milder ways doth Jesus prove  
His Father's cov'nant, and his love;  
He seals to saints his glorious grace,  
And not forbids their infant race.

**3** Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,  
Their children set apart for God;  
His Spirit on their offspring shed,  
Like water pour'd upon the head.

with cheerful voice

**HYMN DIXIX, DXX.**

- 4 This water, sprinkled on the child,  
Doth a rich emblem show  
Of pouring out the Spirit's grace,  
To form the heart anew.

**19—C. M.**

Hymn 27, Pt. 5. I

*Infant Baptism.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD what condescending love  
Jesus on earth displays;  
To babes and sucklings he extends  
The riches of his grace.
- 2 "Forbid them not," is his command;  
Then why should men resist?  
Our children now may be baptiz'd;  
The church of such consist.
- 3 With flowing tears and thankful hearts,  
We bring them, Lord, to thee;  
Receive them, Jesus, to thine arms;  
Thine may they ever be.
- 4 Thine may they be; for ever thine,  
Thy ransom'd, purchas'd seed:  
O! let this seal of sprinkling, now,  
Be own'd of thee indeed.
- 5 Here, parents, with thanksgiving view  
Your right to what you've done;  
Let songs of praises sound aloud  
To the great Three in One.

**20—C. M.**

Hymn 26, Pt. 2. I

*Improvement of Baptism.*

- 1 **A**TTEEND, ye children of your God;  
Ye heirs of glory, hear:  
For accents, so divine as these,  
Might charm the dullest ear.

And your Forerunner

4 Rise from these earthly  
On wings of faith and  
Above your choicest tre  
And be your hearts a

5 But earth and sin will c  
When we attempt to  
Lord, send thy strong a  
To raise and fix us

LORD'S SUPPER

521—L. M.

F

*The Lord's Supper*

1 'T WAS on that dark, th  
When pow'rs of ear  
Against the Son of God's c  
And friends betray'd him

- 4 For us his flesh with nails was torn,  
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;  
And justice pour'd upon his head  
Its heavy vengeance, in our stead.
- 5 For us his vital blood was spilt,  
To buy the pardon of our guilt;  
When for black crimes of greatest size,  
He gave his soul a sacrifice.
- 6 *Do this, (he cried,) till time shall end,  
In mem'ry of your dying friend;  
Meet at my table, and record  
The love of your departed Lord.*
- 7 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,  
We show thy death, we sing thy name;  
Till thou return, and we shall eat  
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

22—C. M.

Hymn 151. B. 2.

*Lord's Supper.*

- 1 **I**F human kindness meets return,  
And owns the grateful tie;  
If tender thoughts within us burn,  
To feel a friend is nigh;
- 2 Oh! shall not warmer accents tell  
The gratitude we owe  
To Him, who died our fears to quell,  
Our more than orphan's woe?
- 3 While yet his anguish'd soul survey'd  
Those pangs he would not flee,  
What love his latest words display'd!  
"Meet and remember me."
- 4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,  
Our sinful hearts to share!  
Oh, memory! leave no other name  
But *His* recorded there.

# HYMN DXXIII.

Hymn 30, Pt. 3. B. 1.

## *The Communicant.*

How sweet and awful is the place,  
With Christ within the doors;  
Everlasting love displays  
The choicest of her stores!

Ev'ry bowel of our God  
With soft compassion rolls;  
His peace and pardon, bought with blood,  
Is food for dying souls.

While all our hearts, and all our songs,  
Join to admire the feast;  
Each of us cries with thankful tongues,  
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

"Why was I made to hear thy voice,  
"And enter while there's room;  
When thousands make a wretched choice,  
And starve than come?"

and the feast,

**HYMN DXXIV.**

**4—S. M.**

**Hymn 29.**

*The Lord's Supper.*

**1** JESUS invites his saints  
To meet around his board ;  
Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold  
Communion with their Lord.

**2** For food he gives his flesh ;  
He bids us drink his blood ;  
Amazing favour ! matchless grace  
Of our descending God !

**3** The sacred elements  
Remain mere wine and bread ;  
But signify and seal the love  
Of Christ our cov'nant head.

**4** This holy bread and wine  
Maintains our fainting breath ;  
By union with our living Lord,  
And int'rest in his death.

**5** Our heav'nly Father calls  
Christ and his members one ;  
We the young children of his love,  
And he the first-born Son.

**6** We are but sev'ral parts  
Of the same broken bread ;  
The body hath its sev'ral limbs,  
But Jesus is the head.

**7** Let all our pow'rs be join'd  
His glorious name to raise :  
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,  
And ev'ry voice be praise.

Hymn 53. B. 1.

let him eat.

arise!

and jealousies!

ht appear!

d clear!

l, awake,

take;

ound of fear,

appear?

pirit bear?

ving there?

ts divine,

d, and action shine!

O search me still;

soul reveal:

; let me appear

own conscience, clear.

nt with thy word,

table, O my Lord?

thy saints appear?

est be there?

Our be  
And all our

Unworthy to

Our trust is

In him thy

And will fro

O! let us be

And bid our

Revive our

Prepare for

Make all o

A grateful

Let hope

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## HYMN DXXVII.

- 2 Long have we heard the joyful call,  
But yet our faith and love are small:  
Our hearts are torn with worldly cares,  
And all our paths are fill'd with snares.
- 3 Unworthy to approach thy throne,  
Our trust is fix'd on Christ alone;  
In him thy cov'nant stands secure,  
And will from age to age endure.
- 4 O! let us hear thy pard'ning voice,  
And bid our mourning hearts rejoice;  
Revive our souls, our faith renew,  
Prepare for duties now in view.
- 5 Make all our spices flow abroad,  
A grateful incense to our God;  
Let hope, and love, and joy appear,  
And ev'ry grace be active here.

27—L. M.

Hymn 55. B

### *Preparation.*

- 1 **T**HE broken bread, the blessed cup,  
On which we now are call'd to sup,  
Without thy help and grace divine,  
Will prove no more than bread and wine.
- 2 But come, great Master of the feast,  
Dispense thy grace to ev'ry guest:  
Direct our views to Calvary,  
And help us to remember thee.
- 3 Let us with light and truth be blest,  
That on thy bosom we may rest;  
And at thy supper each may learn  
Thy broken body to discern.
- O** that our souls may now be fed  
With Christ, himself, the living bread;  
That we the cov'nant may renew,  
And to our vows be render'd true!

HYMN DXXVIII.

Hymn 56. B. 1.

28—C. M.

*Invitation.*

- 1 **Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,  
Behold a royal feast!  
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,  
For ev'ry humble guest.
- 2 See Jesus stands with open arms;  
He calls, he bids you come;  
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;  
But see, there yet is room—
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart:  
There love and pity meet;  
Nor will he bid the soul depart,  
—his at his feet.

29—C. M.

Hymn 57. B.

*Invitation.*

- 1 **T**HE King of heav'n his table spreads,  
And blessings crown the board ;  
Not Paradise, with all its joys,  
Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,  
And endless life are giv'n ;  
Thro' the rich blood that Jesus shed,  
To raise our souls to heav'n.
- 3 Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd  
In sin's dark mazes, come ;  
Come, from your most obscure retreats,  
And grace shall find you room.
- 4 Millions of souls, in glory now,  
Were fed and feasted here ;  
And millions more, still on the way,  
Around the board appear.
- 5 All things are ready, come away,  
Nor weak excuses frame ;  
Crowd to your places at the feast,  
And bless the founder's name.

30—L. M.

Hymn 58. B.

*Invitation.*

- 1 **C**OME in, ye blessed of the Lord,  
Ye that believe his holy word ;  
Come, and receive his heav'nly bread,  
The food with which his saints are fed.
- 2 Your Saviour's boundless goodness prove,  
And feast on his redeeming love ;  
Come, all ye happy souls, that thirst,  
The last is welcome as the first.

- 3 Come to his table, and receive  
Whate'er a pard'ning God can give;  
His love thro' ev'ry age endures;  
His promise and himself are yours.

**531**—P. M. 8. 7, 4 Hymn 59.

*Invitation — It is finished.*

- 1 **H**ARK ! the voice of love and mercy  
Sounds aloud from Calvary;  
See ! it rends the rocks asunder,  
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky !  
"It is finish'd !"  
Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 It is finish'd ! O what pleasure  
Do these precious words afford !  
Heav'nly blessings, without measure,

—L. M.

Hymn 60. B. 1.

*The memorials of our absent Lord.*

ESUS is gone above the skies,  
Where our weak senses reach him not;  
And carnal objects court our eyes,  
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,  
Not to forget his lovely face:  
And, to refresh our minds, he gave  
These kind memorials of his grace.

He Lord of life this table spread  
With his own flesh, and dying blood;  
We on the rich provision feed,  
And taste the wine, and bless our God.

Let sinful sweets be all forgot,  
And earth grow less in our esteem;  
Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,  
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

While he is absent from our sight,  
Let us prepare our souls a place;  
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,  
And live for ever near his face.

Our eyes look upwards to the hills,  
Whence our returning Lord shall come;  
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,  
To fetch our longing spirits home.

—C. M.

Hymn 61. B. 1.

*The love of Christ.*

HOW condescending, and how kind,  
Was God's eternal Son!  
Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,  
And pity brought him down.

536—C. M.

Hymn

*Faith, Hope, and Love.*

- 1 **T**HE blest memorials of thy grief  
The suff'rings of thy death,  
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,  
But would receive with *faith*.
- 2 The tokens sent us to relieve  
Our spirits, when they droop,  
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,  
But would receive with *hope*.
- 3 The pledges, thou wast pleas'd to  
Our mournful minds to move,  
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,  
But would receive with *love*.

eat the bread and drink the wine :  
 O! my soul wants more than sign!  
 faint, unless I feed on thee,  
 and drink thy blood as shed for *me*.

For sinners, Lord, thou cam'st to bleed ;  
 and I'm a sinner vile indeed ;  
 Lord, I believe thy grace is free :  
 O! magnify thy grace in *me*.

—P. M.

Hymn 66. B. 1

*We celebrate his dying love.*

**J**ESUS, once for sinners slain,  
 From the dead was rais'd again ;  
 And in heav'n is now set down  
 With his Father on his throne.

There he reigns a King supreme :  
 We shall also reign with him :  
 Feeble souls, be not dismay'd ;  
 Trust in his almighty aid.

He has made an end of sin ;  
 And his blood hath wash'd us clean ;  
 Fear not, he is ever near ;  
 Now, even now, he's with us here.

Thus assembling, we, by faith,  
 Till he come, show forth his death :  
 Of his body, bread's the sign ;  
 And we view his blood in wine.

Saints on earth, with saints above  
 Celebrate his dying love ;  
 And let ev'ry ransom'd soul  
 Sound his *praise from pole to pole.*

## 539—L. M.

Hymn 28, Pt. 2.

*Communion with Christ at his table.*

- 1 **T**O Jesus, our exalted Lord,  
Dear name, by heav'n and earth ad  
Fain would our hearts and voices raise  
A cheerful song of sacred praise.
- 2 But all the notes which mortals know,  
Are weak, and languishing, and low ;  
Far, far above our humble songs,  
The theme demands immortal tongues.
- 3 Yet while around his board we meet,  
And humbly worship at his feet ;  
O let our warm affections move,  
In glad returns of grateful love !
- 4 Let faith our feeble senses aid.



- 3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,  
And help was far, and death was nigh !  
But, at the gospel call, we came,  
And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.
- 4 From the high way that leads to hell,  
From paths of darkness and despair,  
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,  
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.
- 5 What shall we pay the eternal Son,  
That left the heav'n of his abode ;  
And to this wretched earth came down,  
To bring us wand'ers back to God !
- 6 It cost him death to save our lives ;  
To buy our souls, it cost his own :  
And all the unknown joys he gives,  
Were bought with agonies unknown.
- 7 Our everlasting love is due  
To Him, that ransom'd sinners lost,  
And pitied rebels, when he knew  
The vast expense his love had cost.
- 8 To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Respond, praise, and glory giv'n,  
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

J.—L. M.

Hymn 68. B

*Not ashamed of Christ crucified.*

**A**T thy command, our dearest Lord,  
Here we attend thy dying feast ;  
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,  
And thine own flesh feeds ev'ry guest.

Our faith adores thy bleeding love,  
And trusts for life in one that died ;

## HYMN DXLII.

We hope for heav'nly crowns above,  
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce its shame,  
And fling their scandals on the cause;  
We come to boast our Saviour's name,  
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,  
He, that was dead, has left his tomb;  
He lives above their utmost rage,  
And we are waiting till he come.

Hymn 69. B.

542—C. M.

*His flesh is meat indeed.*

1 **T**HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,  
To feed on food divine;  
And we eat,

3—P. M.

Hymn 70. B. 1.

*The blood of Christ.*

1 **Y**E sin-sick souls, draw near,  
 And banquet with your King,  
 His royal bounty share,  
 And loud hosannas sing:  
 Here mercy reigns, here peace abounds,  
 Here's blood to heal your dreadful wounds.

2 He's on a throne of grace,  
 And waits to answer prayer:  
 What tho' your sin and guilt  
 Like crimson doth appear?  
 The blood of Christ divinely flows  
 A healing balm for all thy woes.

3 O wondrous love and grace!  
 Did Jesus die for me?  
 Were all my num'rous debts  
 Discharg'd on Calvary?  
 Yes, Jesus died—the work is done;  
 He did for all my sins atone.

4 On earth I'll sing his love,  
 In heav'n I too shall join  
 The ransom'd of the Lord,  
 In accents all divine;  
 And see my Saviour face to face,  
 And ever dwell in his embrace.

C. M.

Hymn 71. B. 1.

*is Cup is the New Testament in my blood.*

**T**HE promise of my Father's love  
 Shall stand for ever good;  
 He said, and gave his soul to death,  
 And seal'd the grace with blood.

My life and soul, my heart and  
And all my pow'rs, are thine

4 I call that legacy my own,  
Which Jesus did bequeath  
'Twas purchas'd with his dy-  
And ratified in death.

5 Sweet is the mem'ry of his name  
Who bless'd us in his will  
And to his testament of love  
Made his own life the seal

## 545—L. M.

*Worthy is the Lamb that*

1 **O** THE sweet wonders of  
Where God the Saviour  
Her noblest life my spirit drew  
From his dear wounds, and

2 I would for ever speak his name  
In sounds to mortal ears unknown  
With angels' lips to praise the

# HYMN: DXLVI, DXLVII.

6

6—L. M.

Hymn 73. B.

## *Thanksgiving.*

- 1 **T**HE food on which thy children live,  
Great God, is thine alone to give:  
And we, for grace receiv'd, would raise  
A sacred song of love and praise.
- 2 How vast, how full, how rich, how free,  
Dear Jesus, thy rich treasures be!  
To the full fountain of our joys  
We gladly come for fresh supplies.
- 3 For this we wait upon thee, Lord,  
For this we listen to thy word:  
Descend, like gentle show'rs of rain,  
Nör let our souls attend in vain.

7—C. M.

Hymn 74. B.

## *Thanksgiving.*

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy table I behold  
The wonders of thy grace;  
But most of all admire, that I  
Should find a welcome place:
- 2 I, that ~~am~~ all defil'd with sin,  
A rebel to thy God;  
I, that have crucified his Son,  
And trampled on his blood!
- 3 What strange surprising grace is this,  
That such a soul has room!  
My Saviour takes me by the hand,  
My Jesus bids me come.
- 4 Eat, O my friends, the Saviour cries,  
The feast was made for you:  
For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,  
And rose, and triumph'd too.

- 5 With trembling faith, and bleeding heart,  
Lord, I accept thy love :  
'Tis a rich banquet I have had,  
What will it be above ?
- 6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heav'n,  
Join all your praising pow'rs ;  
No theme is like redeeming love,  
No Saviour is like ours.
- 7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,  
I'd give them all to thee :  
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all  
Should join the harmony ;
- 8 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God, whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,

## MONTHLY CONCERT.

149—C. M.

Hymn 104. B.

*Prayer for Missionaries.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, the nations of the earth  
Are by creation thine ;  
And in thy works, by all beheld,  
Thy radiant glories shine.
- 2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent  
Thy gospel to mankind ;  
Unveiling what rich stores of grace  
Are treasur'd in thy mind.
- 3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread  
The spacious earth around ;  
Till ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry soul,  
Shall hear the joyful sound ?
- 4 O! when shall *Afric's* sable sons  
Enjoy the heav'nly word,  
And vassals, long enslaved, become  
The freemen of the Lord ?
- 5 When shall the untutor'd *Heathen* tribes,  
A dark bewilder'd race,  
Sit down at our *Immanuel's* feet,  
And learn and see his grace ?
- 6 Haste, Sov'reign Mercy, and transform  
Their cruelty to love :  
Soften the tiger to a lamb,  
The vulture to a dove !  
Smile, Lord, on ev'ry effort made  
To spread the gospel's rays ;  
And build on sin's demolish'd thrones  
The temples of thy praise !

550—C. M.

Hymn 134.

*Salvation.*

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O, the joyful sound;  
'Tis pleasure to our ears;  
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,  
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow, and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay;  
But we arise by grace divine,  
To see a heav'nly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.



552—C. M.

Hymn 136. B. 2.

*Beauty and Strength of the Church.*

- 1 **S**AY, who is she that looks abroad  
Like the sweet blushing dawn,  
When with her living lights she paints  
The dew-drops of the lawn?
- 2 Fair as the moon when in the skies,  
Serene her throne she guides,  
And o'er the twinkling stars supreme  
In full-orb'd glory rides;
- 3 Clear as the sun, when from the east,  
Without a cloud he springs,  
And scatters boundless light and heat  
From his resplendent wings;
- 4 Tremendous as an host that moves  
Majestically slow,  
With banners wide display'd, all arm'd,  
All ardent for the foe!
- 5 This is the church by heav'n array'd  
With strength and grace divine;  
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,  
And thus her glories shine.

553—L. M.

Hymn 137. B. 2.

*Prayer for the spread of the Gospel.*

- 1 **T**HY people, Lord, who trust thy word,  
And wait the smilings of thy face,  
Assemble round thy mercy-seat,  
And plead the promise of thy grace.
- 2 We consecrate these hours to thee,  
Thy sov'reign mercy to entreat;  
*And feel some animating hope,  
We shall divine acceptance meet.*

## HYMN DLIV.

Wilt thou not promis'd to thy Son,  
That his dominion shall extend,  
Will ev'ry tongue shall call him Lord,  
And ev'ry knee before him bend ?

Now let the happy time appear,  
The time to favour Zion come ;  
Send forth thy heralds far and near,  
To call thy banish'd people home.

14—P. M. 7, 6.

Hymn 138.

*Reply to the call of the Heathen.*

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand ;  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand ;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

What tho' the spicy breezes  
Blow from the South, far off the Cape of Good Hope,  
Ceylon's isle,



Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
 And you, ye waters, roll,  
 Till, like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole;  
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,  
 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss returns to reign.

L. M. Hymn 139. B. 2.

*Prayer for Zion's increase.*

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!  
 Put on thy strength—the nations shake,  
 Let the world, adoring, see  
 Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.  
 To the heathen, from thy throne,  
 In Jehovah—God alone :"  
 Their voice their idols shall confound,  
 And cast their altars to the ground.  
 No more let human blood be spilt—  
 No sacrifice for human guilt!  
 To each conscience be applied  
 The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.  
 Mighty God, thy grace proclaim,  
 O'er every land, of every name;  
 Let adverse powers before thee fall,  
 And crown the Saviour—LORD OF ALL.

C. M. Hymn 140. B. 2.

*The latter-day Glory.*

BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord,  
 In latter days shall rise  
 O'er the mountains and the hills,  
 And draw the wond'ring eyes.

## HYMN XLV

3 this the joyful nations round,  
All tribes and tongues, shall flow:  
Up to the hill of God," they say,  
"And to his courts, we'll go."

The beams that shine on Zion's hill  
Shall lighten ev'ry land:  
The King who reigns in Zion's tow'rs,  
Shall all the world command.

4 No longer hosts encount'ring hosts,  
Their millions slain deplore:  
They hang the trumpet in the hall,  
And study war no more.

5 Come then—Oh, come from ev'ry land,  
To worship at his shrine:  
And walking in the light of God,  
His beauties shine.

## HYMN DLVIII.

61

3 He shall come down, like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth,  
And love and joy, like flowers,  
Spring in his path to birth :  
Before him on the mountains,  
Shall peace the herald go,  
And righteousness in fountains  
From hill to valley flow.

4 For him shall pray'r unceasing,  
And daily vows, ascend ;  
His kingdom, still increasing,  
A kingdom without end :  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove ;  
His name shall stand for ever ;  
That name to us is—Love.

58—C. M.

Hymn 142. B. :

### *The Prince of Peace.*

1 **L**ET saints on earth their anthems raise,  
Who taste the Saviour's grace :  
Let heathens too proclaim his praise,  
And crown him "Prince of Peace."

2 Praise him, who laid his glory by,  
For man's apostate race ;  
Praise him, who stoop'd to bleed and die,  
And crown him "Prince of Peace."

3 Ye nations, lay your weapons down,  
Let war for ever cease ;  
Immanuel for your Sov'reign own,  
And crown him "Prince of Peace."

4 We soon shall reach the heav'nly shore,  
To view his lovely face ;  
His name for ever to adore,  
And crown him "Prince of Peace."

**559**—P. M. 8, 7, 4.

Hymn 143. .

*Longing for the spread of the Gospel.*

- 1 **O**'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,  
Cheer'd by no celestial ray,  
Sun of Righteousness, arising,  
Bring the bright, the glorious day;  
Send the gospel  
To the earth's remotest bound.
- 2 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,  
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light!  
And from eastern coast to western,  
May the morning chase the night;  
And redemption,  
Freely purchas'd, win the day.

Lord, mark their steps, their fears subdue,  
And nerve their arm, and clear their view.

- 4 When, worn by toil, their spirits fail,  
Bid them the glorious future hail :  
Bid them the crown of life survey,  
And onward urge their conq'ring way.
- 5 So on the Indian's gloomy night,  
The eastern star shall shed her light,  
And Jesus' hallow'd reign control  
The stormy passions of the soul.
- 6 So shall Messiah's influence cheer  
His humble cot, which still is dear ;  
And heav'nly hope his soul pervade,  
Though life, and time, and worlds, shall fade.

**61**—C. M.

Hymn 145. B. 2.

*Farewell to Missionaries.*

- 1 **G**O, messenger of love, and bear,  
Upon thy gentle wing,  
The song which seraphs love to hear,  
And angels joy to sing.
- 2 Go, to the heart with sin opprest,  
And dry the sorr'wing tear ;  
Extract the thorn that wounds the breast,  
The drooping spirit cheer.
- 3 Go, say to Zion, "Jesus reigns"—  
By his resistless pow'r,  
He binds his enemies with chains ;  
They fall to rise no more.
- 4 Tell how the Holy Spirit flies,  
As he from heav'n descends—  
Arrests his proudest enemies,  
And changes them to friends.

562—P. M. 7.

Hymn 146

*The Song of Jubilee.*

- 1 **H**ARK! the song of Jubilee,  
Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
Or the fulness of the sea,  
When it breaks upon the shore :  
Hallelujah ! for the Lord,  
God omnipotent, shall reign ;  
Hallelujah ! let the word  
Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound,  
From the depth unto the skies,  
Wakes above, beneath, around,  
All creation's harmonies :—  
See Jehovah's banner furled



## HYMN DLXXV:

When he chooses,  
Darkness flies at his command.

2 Let us hail the joyful season;  
Let us hail the dawning ray,  
When the Lord appears, there's reason  
To expect a glorious day:  
At his presence  
Gloom and darkness flee away.

3 While the foe becomes more daring;  
While he enters like a flood;  
God, the Saviour, is preparing  
Means to spread his truth abroad;  
Ev'ry language  
Soon shall tell the love of God.

4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,  
Let thy people see thy hand;  
Let the gospel be victorious,  
Thro' the world in ev'ry land:  
And the idols  
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

364—P. M.

Hymn 186.

### *Invocation.*

1 **R**ISE, gracious God, and shine  
In all thy saving might;  
And prosper each design  
To spread thy glorious light:  
Let healing streams of mercy flow,  
That all the earth thy truth may know.

2 O, bring the nations near,  
That they may sing thy praise;  
Let all the people hear,  
And learn thy holy ways.

*Reign, mighty God, assert thy cause,  
And govern by thy righteous laws.*

- 3 Put forth thy glorious power ;  
The nations then will see,  
And earth present her store,  
In converts born to thee.  
God, our own God, his church will bless,  
And earth will teem with fruitfulness.

65—C. M.

Hymn 187. Add.

*The Gospel Light.*

- 1 **S**TRETCH, O my soul, thy ardent wing  
And hail the dawning light ;  
Behold, what scenes, what visions spring  
Of infinite delight.
- 2 Soon shall the glorious eastern star  
Above the mountains rise ;  
And rays celestial, beaming far,  
Illume e'en polar skies.
- 3 If angels in their sphere rejoice,  
One rescued soul to greet,  
How will they raise th' enraptured voice.
- 

HYMN DLXVI, DLXVII.

566—L. M.

Hymn 188. A

*Thy Kingdom come.*

- 1 GREAT King of Zion, now arise,  
Thy glorious promises fulfil;  
Behold thy church in mourning lies,  
Yet waiting for thy mercy still.
- 2 O God, how long? thy people cry;  
When shall our prayers acceptance gain?  
Look from thy lofty throne on high,  
And break the prisoners' heavy chain.
- 3 Let Asia's millions hear thy voice;  
Send them thy heralds to proclaim  
Salvation—bid them soon rejoice  
In Jesus, our Emanuel's name.
- 4 Let Africa, with all her tribes,  
Be rescued from the spoiler's hand;  
Nor lust of power, nor golden bribes,  
Draw murderers there to waste her land.
- 5 Let every nation under heaven,  
In all their various tongues receive  
The glorious gospel thou hast given,  
Renounce their idols, and believe.

567—S. M.

Hymn 189. A

*Glory of Christ's Kingdom.*

- 1 JESUS, the King, shall live,  
Shall reign for evermore;  
To Him, her gold, shall Sheba give,  
And all her treasures pour.
- 2 For him the ceaseless prayer,  
Like sweet perfume, shall rise;  
While ev'ry day his praise shall bear  
Above the lofty skies.

HYMN DLXVIII, DLXIX.

- 3 As seed on mountains shed,  
His rising church shall grow ;  
Like trees on Lebanon's high head,  
Its plenteous harvests show.
- 4 Her sons, a numerous train,  
In Zion's gates shall spread,  
As grass which fills the verdant plains,  
And clothes the flowery mead.

18—L. M.

Hymn 190. Add

*The People perish.*

- 1 **T**HE heathen perish ; day by day  
Thousands on thousands pass away :  
O Christians, to their rescue fly ;  
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.

- 2 Wealth, labour, talents, freely give—  
Life itself, that they may live.  
Your labour done for you,

**HYMN DLXX.**

**Heathen nations are our neighbours,  
Let us soften their distress.**

**Hallelujah,  
God will hence our efforts bless.**

**3 In his cause we now assemble,  
All our hearts and aims are one ;  
Idol priests begin to tremble,  
Idol gods are overthrown.**

**Hallelujah,  
Let Jehovah reign alone.**

**4 Fired with holy expectation,  
Let us spread the gospel wide ;  
Soon shall every heathen nation  
Trust in Jesus crucified.**

**Hallelujah,  
God is still upon our side.**

**170—8s 7s 4s.**

**Hymn 196**

*Missions.*

**1 AID us, God of love and mercy ;  
Aid us to extend thy name :  
Aid us, through each heathen nation  
All thy goodness to proclaim ;  
And to tell them,  
That for them a Saviour came.**

**2 May they know their great Redeemer,  
Who for them, though strangers, died  
May they look with deep repentance,  
To their Saviour crucified ;  
Leave their idols,  
And desire no God beside.**

**O, be there thy name extended,  
And thy love and mercy known ;  
Turn them from their vain inventions ;  
May they live to thee alone :  
And O, claim them ;  
Claim them, Saviour, for thine own**

**571**—C. M.

Hymn 193. Add

*Blessing sought.*

1. **B**E merciful to us, O God ;  
Upon thy people shine ;  
And spread thy saving truth abroad,  
Till all that live be thine.
- 2 Give light and comfort to thine own ;  
And let thy light extend,  
Till thy prevailing name be known  
To earth's remotest end.
- 3 Let all the people praise thee, Lord ;  
Let all their homage bring :  
From sea to sea be thou adored,  
Redeemer, Judge, and King.

- 3 May the heathen, now adoring  
Idol-gods of wood and stone,  
Come, and worshipping before him,  
Serve the living God alone.  
Let thy glory  
Fill the earth as floods the sea.
- 4 Thou, to whom all power is given,  
Speak the word; at thy command,  
Let the company of preachers  
Spread thy name from land to land.  
Lord, be with them,  
Alway—to the end of time.

3—8s 7s.

Hymn 195. Add

*Spread of the Gospel.*

- 1 **K**ING of Zion, give the order,  
Send thy light and truth abroad,  
O, let Zion stretch her border,  
Zion, favour'd of her God.
- 2 Thou canst form the zealous preacher,  
Thou canst light and love impart;  
Send thy word to every creature,  
Send it to the sinner's heart.
- 3 O, let many now be ready  
To go forth, at thy command,  
Men of faith, approved and steady—  
Leaving all at thy command.
- 4 Send thy truth to every region,  
Let the distant people hear;  
Let them turn from false religion,  
And to truth alone give ear.

574—8s 7s.

Hymn 196. Add

*The Christian Call.*

- 1 **C**HRISTIANS, up! the day is breaking,  
Gird your ready armour on;  
Slumbering hosts around are waking,  
Rouse ye! in the Lord be strong.
- 2 See! the blest millennial dawning,  
Bright the beams of Bethlehem's star;  
Eastern lands, behold the morning,  
Lo! it glimmers from afar.
- 3 While ye sleep or idly linger,  
Thousands sink with none to save;  
Hasten! Time's unerring finger  
Points to many an open grave.



Zion's King is God alone,  
Let us bow before his throne."

- 2 See! from every quarter flowing,  
Joyful crowds assemble round;  
Love in every heart is glowing,  
Praise is heard in every sound.  
While Jehovah shows his face,  
Glory fills the sacred place.
- 3 Weapons, meant for mutual slaughter,  
Now are instruments of peace;  
They who taste the living water,  
Learn from war and strife to cease;  
Jesus reigns! the earth is still;  
All the nations do his will.

6—C. P. M.

Hymn 198. Add.

*Prayer for the Heathen.*

- 1 **G**OD of the nations, bow thine ear,  
And listen to our fervent prayer,  
Through thy beloved Son:  
Build up the kingdom of his grace,  
Amid the millions of our race,  
And make thy wonders known.
- 2 Send forth the heralds in his name,  
Bid them a Saviour's love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
Till every land shall hear the sound,  
And send the joyful echoes round,  
Amid the shades of death.
- 3 O let the nations rise and bring  
Their off'rings to th' Almighty King,  
And trust in him alone;  
Renounce their idols, and adore  
The God of gods for evermore,  
Upon his lofty throne.

- 4 The dying millions then shall prove  
The matchless power of bleeding love  
And feel their sins forgiven ;  
Shall join the convert's joyful throng,  
And raise on high redemption's song  
Along the path to heaven.

577—8s 7s 4s.

Hymn. 19

*Fountain of Life.*

- 1 SEE, from Zion's sacred mountain,  
Streams of living water flow !  
God has open'd there a fountain  
That supplies the plains below :  
They are blessed,  
Who its sovereign virtues know

—S. M.

Hymn 200. Add.

*Spread of the Gospel.*

**O** LORD, our God, arise,  
The cause of truth maintain;  
And wide o'er all the peopled world  
Extend her blessed reign.

Thou Prince of Life, arise,  
Nor let thy glory cease;  
And spread the conquests of thy grace,  
And bless the earth with peace.

Thou, Holy Ghost, arise,  
Extend thy healing wing,  
And o'er a dark and ruin'd world  
Let light and order spring.

Let all on earth arise,  
To God the Saviour sing,  
From shore to shore—from earth to heaven,  
Let echoing anthems ring!

—11s 10s.

Hymn 201. Add.

*Millennium.*

**AIL**, to the brightness of Zion's glad morn-  
ing,

And to the lands that in darkness have lain;  
And 'd be the accents of sorrow and mourning,  
Now, in triumph, begins her mild reign.

And to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,  
Foretold by the prophets of Israel;  
And to the millions from bondage returning,  
And Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

And in the desert rich flowers are springing,  
And streams ever copious are gliding along;

Loud from the mountain-top echoes are ringing  
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

- 4 See from all lands—from the isles of the ocean  
Praise to Jehovah, ascending on high;  
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion,  
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

580—7s 6s.

Hymn 202. A

*The Gospel Banner.*

- 1 **N**OW be the gospel banner  
In every land unfurl'd;  
And be the shout, Hosanna,  
Re-echoed through the world:  
Till every isle and nation,

1—7s 6s.

Hymn 203. Add.

*Send the Gospel.*

1 **S**END, send the gospel message,  
In every language send;  
Give it a speedy passage,  
To gain its glorious end;  
God, from on high, commands us,  
We may not now delay;  
The heathen, too, implore us—  
They perish day by day.

2 Freely have come our blessings;  
How freely still bestow'd!  
'Tis love, the soul impressing,  
Would send these gifts abroad;  
We all were outcast aliens,  
Exposed to death and wo;  
Our distant fathers, pagans,  
Bound to their idols too.

3 How can we, to the heathen,  
Say, *Perish in your sins?*  
Nor labour now to free them,  
And guide to joyful scenes;  
How can our hearts so harden,  
When we deserve to die,  
As not to tell of pardon,  
And help to Jesus fly?

4 Proclaim aloud the Saviour;  
Far, far let him be known;  
Let each implore his favour,  
Let prayer besiege the throne:  
In labours, all, assistant,  
Conspire to spread his grace,  
Till lands to us most distant,  
*Shall learn to seek his face.*

182—7s.

Hymn 204. A

*Tell us of the Night.*

1 **W**ATCHMAN, tell us of the night,  
 What its signs of promise are ?  
 Trav'ller, o'er yon mountain's height  
 See the glory-beaming star.  
 Watchman, does its beauteous ray,  
 Aught of hope or joy foretell ?  
 Trav'ller, yes, it brings the day—  
 Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night :  
 Higher yet that star ascends.  
 Trav'ller, blessedness and light,  
 Peace and truth its course portends.  
 Watchman, will its beams alone

Proclaim the contest ended,  
And him who once was slain,  
Again to earth descended,  
In righteousness to reign?

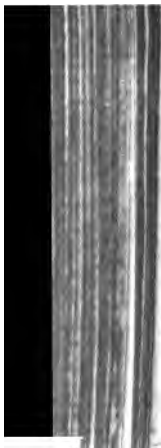
- 2 Then from the lofty mountains  
The sacred shout shall fly;  
And shady vales and fountains  
Shall echo the reply:  
High tower and lowly dwelling  
Shall send the chorus round,  
All hallelujah swelling  
In one eternal round.

34—L. M.

Hymn 206. Add.

*Prayer for Labourers.*

L ORD of the harvest, bend thine ear,  
For Zion's heritage appear;  
O send forth labourers fill'd with zeal,  
Swift to obey their Master's will.  
Hast thou not bid us fervent pray  
For help in such a trying day?  
Wilt thou not listen when we cry,  
And send the blessing from on high?  
Our lifted eyes, O Lord, behold  
The rip'ning harvest tinged with gold,  
Wide fields are op'ning to our view;  
The work is great, the lab'ers few.  
Under the guidance of thy hand  
Let Zion's sons in many a band  
Arise, to bless the dying race,  
As heralds of redeeming grace.  
Bid all their hearts with ardour glow,  
As gospel messengers to go,  
And publish the inspiring sound  
Far as the race of man is found.  
29 \*



- 1 **H**ARK ! hark ! the  
Roll o'er the hea  
And seraphs find emp  
For their sublimest str  
Some new delight in he  
Loud ring the harps arou
- 2 **H**ark ! hark ! the soun  
The joyful hosts desce  
Jesus forsakes the sky  
To earth his footsteps  
He comes to bless our fa  
He comes with message
- 3 **B**ear ! bear the tidings  
Let every mortal kno  
What love in God is f  
What pity he can shov  
Ye winds, that blow—ye  
Bear the glad news from
- 4 **S**trike ! strike the harp  
To greet Emanuel's na



The exiled captive to receive  
The freedom Jesus has to give.

Come, let us, with a grateful heart,  
In this blest labour share a part;  
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring  
To aid the triumphs of our King.

Our hearts exult in songs of praise,  
That we have seen these latter days;  
When our Redeemer shall be known,  
Where Satan long hath held his throne.

Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,  
Sweet incense to his name shall rise;  
And slave and freeman—Greek and Jew,  
By sovereign grace be form'd anew.

H—S. M.

Hymn 209. Add.

*Christ's Reign.*

1 GREAT heir of David's throne!  
Thy royal power assume;  
Come, reign in faithful hearts alone,  
Thou blest Redeemer, come.

2 Set up thy throne of grace  
In all the heathen's sight—  
Thy kingdom of true holiness—  
And order it aright.

3 Now, for thy promise' sake,  
O'er earth exalted be:  
The kingdom, power, and glory take,  
Which all belong to thee.

4 In zeal for God and man,  
Thy full salvation bring:  
The universal Monarch reign,  
The saints' eternal King.

588—L. M.

Hymn 210. Ad

*Success of the Gospel.*

- 1 **S**OON may the last glad song arise,  
Through all the millions of the skies—  
That song of triumph which records  
That all the earth is now the Lord's.
- 2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be  
Obedient, mighty God, to thee ;  
And over land, and stream, and main,  
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.
- 3 O, let that glorious anthem swell ;  
Let host to host the triumph tell—  
Till not one rebel heart remains,  
But over all the Saviour reigns.

589—8s 7s 4s

Hymn 211. Ad

90—C. M.

Hymn 212. Add.

*Thy Will be done.*

- 1 **G**REAT Saviour, let thy power divine  
O'er all the earth be known;  
Let all to thee, their will resign,  
And make thy will their own.
- 2 Perversion marks the guilty way,  
Which heathens madly tread;  
From all thy laws they go astray,  
And hasten to the dead.
- 3 Thou, Saviour-God, hast power alone  
To turn their wand'ring feet,  
To bend their souls before thy throne,  
Low at thy mercy-seat.
- 4 For, all the power, beneath, above,  
Thy wounded hands sustain;  
Then sway the sceptre of thy love,  
And let thy mercy reign.

91—L. M.

Hymn 213. Add

*The Latter-Day Glory.*

- 1 **W**HEN will the happy trump proclaim  
The judgment of the martyr'd Lamb?  
When shall the captive troops be free,  
And keep th' eternal jubilee?
- 2 Hasten it, Lord, in every land;  
Send thou thine angels, and command,  
"Go, sound deliv'rance, loudly blow—  
Salvation to the saints below."
- 3 We long to have the day appear,  
The promised, great sabbatic year;  
When, far from grief, and sin, and hell,  
Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.



HYMN DXCII, DXCIII

Till then, we will not let thee rest;  
Thou still shalt hear our strong request;  
And this our daily prayer shall be,  
Lord, sound the trump of jubilee.

592—L. M.

Hymn 214.

*Success anticipated.*

1 **B**EHOLD, th' expected time draw near  
The shades disperse, the dawn appears  
Behold the wilderness assume  
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.

2 Events with prophecies conspire  
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire:  
The ripening fields, already white,  
Present a harvest to the sight,

...wits to know



O how desolate the dwelling,  
Where our God is not revered ;  
Where no song of praise is swelling,  
Nor the voice of prayer is heard ;  
Where religion's  
Cheering rays have ne'er appeared !

Where the seeds of sin are growing,  
And the paths of folly lie ;  
Where the streams of death are flowing,  
With destruction ever nigh ;  
Bid the gospel  
Wave its peaceful banners high.

4—8s 7s.

Hymn 216. Add.

*Church's Appeal.*

"GO and preach to ev'ry creature !"  
Such the Saviour's last command,  
Not excepting hue or feature,  
Burning clime, or barb'rous land.

Look to China's countless millions ;  
Look to Afric's dark-hued race ;  
Look to Araby's pavilions,  
Nation after nation trace.

They are sinking, they are dying,  
Losing heavenly bliss above ;  
Loud to us their voice is crying,  
"Come, and save us, in your love !"

Who is ready now to sever  
Bands that round his heart entwine ?  
Who will go, resolving never,  
Under sufferings, to repine.

95—7s 6s.

Hymn 217. .

*Departure of a Missionary.*

- 1 **G**O, for the Master calls thee,  
Nor shed one bitter tear ;  
No bondage hard enthral's thee,  
Nor hast thou aught to fear ;  
To Him we now commend thee,  
Who rules above the skies ;  
Whose blessing will attend thee,  
Where'er thy pathway lies.
- 2 Go, in the midst of dangers,  
Declare a Saviour's love ;  
Till list'ning heathen strangers  
His willing subjects prove ;  
Till many a crowd assembling

Arise, ye gales, and waft them  
Safe to their destined shore ;  
That men may sit in darkness  
And death's black shade no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler,  
Who holdest in thine arm  
The tempests of the ocean,  
Deliver them from harm ;  
Thy presence still be with them  
Wherever they may be ;  
Though far from those who love them,  
Let them be nigh to thee.

7—C. M.

Hymn 219. Add.

*Be not afraid, &c.*

**G**O, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,  
Ye favour'd men of God ;  
Go, publish, through Emanuel's name,  
Salvation bought with blood.

What though your arduous track may lie  
Through regions dark as death—  
What, though, your faith and zeal to try,  
Perils beset your path.

Yet with determined courage go,  
And arm'd with power divine :  
Your God will needful strength bestow,  
And on your labours shine.

He who has call'd you to the war,  
Will recompense your pains,  
Before Messiah's conquering car  
Shall mountains sink to plains.

**Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,  
But plead your Master's cause ;  
Assured that e'en your mightiest foes  
Shall bow before his cross.**

598—8s 7s 4s.

Hymn 220, Add

*Missionary Call.*

- 1 **M**EN of God, go, take your stations  
Where darkness broods upon the earth;  
Loud proclaim among the nations  
Joyful news of heavenly birth.  
Bear the tidings  
Of the Saviour's matchless worth.
- 2 Go to men in darkness sleeping;  
Tell that Christ is strong to save;  
Go to men in bondage weeping;  
Publish freedom to the slave:  
Tell the dying  
Christ has triumph'd o'er the grave.
- 3 What though earth and hell united



2 The Master whom you serve  
Will needful strength bestow ;  
Dependin.g on his promised aid,  
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,  
And hell in vain oppose ;  
The cause is God's, and will prevail,  
In spite of all his foes.

4 Go, spread the Saviour's fame,  
And tell his matchless grace  
To the most guilty and depraved  
Of Adam's numerous race.

5 We wish you, in his name,  
The most divine success ;  
Assured that he who sends you forth  
Will all your labours bless.

0—8s 7s.

Hymn 222. Add.

*For Missionaries.*

SOFTLY blow, ye fav'ring breezes,  
Winds of heaven, propitious smile,  
Speed the ship across the ocean,  
Safely to her destined isle.

Now she rides the bounding billow,  
Proudly urging on her way ;  
He who holds the storm is with her,  
God, the missionary's stay.

Fathers ! faint not ; those departing  
To a friendless heathen shore,  
Go to toil 'mid scenes of peril,  
Where Emanuel toil'd before.  
Mothers ! weep not ; those your offspring,  
Bound to yonder pagan coast,  
Go to reap the noblest laurel—  
Go to seek the poor and lost.

- 3 Who are these that haste to greet thee,  
King of men! in gathering clouds?  
Who are these that fly to meet thee,  
Rapidly as summer's clouds?  
Lo! the ships of Tarshish, bearing  
Nobler freight than Ophir saw;  
Thither, where the isles are waiting,  
Waiting for Messiah's law.
- 

## JEWISH CONCERT.

**601**—7s 6s.

Hymn 223. 1

2—8s 7s 4s.

Hymn 224. Add.

*Zion comforted.*

ON the mountain's top appearing,  
 Lo! the sacred herald stands,  
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,  
 Zion long in hostile lands;  
 Mourning captive,  
 God himself will loose thy bands.

Has thy night been long and mournful?  
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?  
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?  
 Cease thy mourning,  
 Zion still is well beloved.

God, *thy* God, will now restore thee!  
 He himself appears thy friend;  
 All thy foes shall flee before thee,  
 Here their boasts and triumphs end;  
 Great deliverance  
 Zion's King will surely send.

Peace and joy shall now attend thee,  
 All thy warfare now be past;  
 God thy Saviour will defend thee,  
 Victory is thine at last:  
 All thy conflicts  
 End in everlasting rest.

3—8s.

Hymn 225. Add.

*Israel's Restoration.*

THE Song of Israel is hush'd,  
 And all their tales of triumph told,  
 And mute is every voice that gush'd,  
*In music to their harps of gold.*

### HYMN DCIV.

A cloud is on their fathers' grave,  
And darkly spreads o'er Zion's hill,  
E'en there, their sons are scorn'd as slaves,  
Or roam like homeless wanderers still.

3 Yet 'mid the world's tumultuous roar,  
Floats clear and sweet the solemn word,  
"O, virgin daughter, faint no more,  
Thy tears are seen—thy prayers are heard."

4 What, though with spirits crush'd and broke,  
Thy tribes like desert exiles rove,  
Though Judah feels the strangers' yoke,  
And Ephraim is a heartless dove.

5 Yet, yet, shall Judah's Lion wake,  
And the bright day of promise come,  
When sons their iron bondage break,  
And the wanderers home.

L. M.

Hymn 227. Add.

*Help for Israel.*

WHY should Israel's sons, once blest,  
 Still roam the scorning world around;  
 Own'd of Heaven, by men oppress'd,  
 Casts from Zion's hallow'd ground?

God of Jacob, view their race;  
 To thy fold the wand'ers bring;  
 Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,  
 Hail in Christ their promised King.

While Judah views his birthright gone,  
 With contrite shame his bosom move,  
 O Saviour he denied, to own—  
 O Lord he crucified, to love.

On that glorious day, expected long,  
 When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour;  
 With eager feet, one temple throng;  
 O God, with grateful praise, adore.

-C. P. M.

Hymn 228. Add.

*Plea for Israel.*

THE promise we for Israel plead,  
 O, that the once beloved seed  
 Back to their Lord might come!  
 How bid them look on thee and mourn;  
 Where'er dispersed, collect and turn,  
 And bring thy wanderers home.

To Jews the gospel faith impart,  
 And pastors after thine own heart,  
 Thine ancient flock to feed  
 With knowledge of the crucified,  
 The Lord, who by their malice died,  
 And suffer'd in their stead.

HYMN DCVII, DCVIII.

Hymn 229. Add.

97—L. M.

*Hope for Israel.*

- 1 **I**SRUEL, thy mournful night is past,  
Thy bitter cup wrung out at last;  
A day of rest to thee is given,  
The promise is laid up in heaven.
- 2 The Lord will not forget the grace  
Reserved for faithful Abr'am's race;  
His love their wand'rings shall restore,  
And guide them that they stray no more.
- 3 Israel! 'tis thine accepted day,  
Thy God, himself, prepares the way—  
Behold his ensign from afar,  
Behold the light of Jacob's star.  
— O'er Bethlehem rose,

ne'er thy hills dawns the day-star of glad-  
 ness;  
 for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.  
 were thy foes; but the arm that subdued  
 them,  
 I scatter'd their legions, was mightier far;  
 y fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that  
 pursued them,  
 were their steeds and their chariots of war.  
 ghter of Zion, the power, that hath saved  
 thee,  
 old'd with the harp and the timbrel should be;  
 ut—for the foe is destroy'd that enslaved  
 thee,  
 oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is free!

L—7a.

Hymn 231. Add.

*Zion enlarged.*

GIVE us room, that we may dwell,"  
 Zion's children cry aloud:  
 see their numbers—how they swell,  
 how they gather like a cloud.

how bright the morning seems,  
 lighter, from so dark a night;  
 Zion is like one that dreams,  
 and with wonder and delight.

thy sun goes down no more,  
 himself will be thy light;  
 that caused thee grief before  
 tried lies in endless night.

n, now arise and shine,  
 thy light from heaven is come;  
 see that crowd from far are thine,  
 re thy sons and daughters room.

## REVIVAL.

**610**—P. M. 8, 7.

Hymn 130. B. 1

*The Lord's Vineyard.*

- 1 **S**EE the vineyard lately planted  
By thy hand, O Lord of hosts!  
Let thy people's pray'r be granted—  
Keep it safe from hostile boasts;  
Hear, O hear us when we pray—  
Keep thy vineyard night and day.
- 2 Drooping plants revive and nourish;  
Let them thrive beneath thy hand;  
Let the weak grow strong, and flourish,  
Blooming fair at thy command;  
Let the fruitful field thy name



Ministers are sent in vain  
 Prophecy upon the slain;  
 In vain they call, in vain they cry,  
 Thine almighty aid is nigh.  
 Let thy Spirit come and breathe  
 New life thro' all the realms of death!  
 Thy bones shall then obey thy voice,  
 All move, shall waken, and rejoice.  
 And let the gospel-trumpet blow,  
 All the isles their Saviour know:  
 Call the nations from afar;  
 The earth's remotest ends draw near.  
 Then shall each age and rank agree  
 Raise their shouts of praise to thee;  
 The church will know, while loud she sings,  
 That in her God are all her springs.

-P. M. 8, 7.

Hymn 127. R. 2.

*Declension of Religion lamented.*

ONCE, O Lord, thy garden flourish'd,  
 Ev'ry part look'd gay and green;  
 When thy word our spirits nourish'd,  
 Happy seasons we have seen!  
 But a drought has since succeeded,  
 And a sad decline we see;  
 Lord, thy help is greatly needed,  
 Help can only come from thee.  
 Come, in whom we once delighted,  
 We shall meet no more below;  
 Come, alas! we fear are blighted,—  
 Scarce a single leaf they show.  
 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,  
 Thou canst make them bloom again;  
 Oh, permit them not to wither,  
 Let not all our hopes be vain!

HYMN DCXIII, DCXIV.

3—P. M. 8, 7, 4.

Hymn 128. B. 2

*Prayer for a Revival.*

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation;  
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!  
All will come to desolation,  
Unless thou return again.

Lord, revive us;  
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance;  
Shine upon us from on high,  
Lest, for want of thine assistance,  
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,  
Make us prevalent in pray'rs;  
Make us deem'd thy servant,  
And not thy snared.

our voices loud,  
ock at mercy's gate.

a propitious eye ;  
ask thee, now be found ;  
l sorrow fly,  
oy and praise abound.

Hymn 233. Add.

*Spirit implored.*

all my fainting soul,  
just displeasure mourn ;  
rit, long withdrawn,  
to me return ?

-O happy time—  
sits of his grace ;  
and varying scenes,  
mbrance quite efface.

ming, quick'ning beams,  
solved away ;  
d through all my powers,  
ielded to the day.

aved his dreadful sword,  
ear my soul oppress'd,  
er a Saviour's blood,  
pardon to my breast.

light and peace, return,  
rn or sigh in vain ;  
s this longing heart,  
ces of thy train.

llow'd by thy hands,  
ith thy presence blest,  
e anew display'd,  
erlasting rest.

**616**—8s 7s.

Hymn 234. A

*Returning Backslider.*

- 1 **L**ORD, we bow with deep contrition,  
Low before thy throne of grace;  
Hear us in thy kind compassion,  
While we seek thy smiling face.
- 2 Where but to a bleeding Saviour,  
Should we come for life and peace?  
Nothing but thy boundless favour,  
Can our burden'd souls release.
- 3 Thou hast witness'd our transgression,  
Thou hast seen our load of guilt;  
Witness now our deep confession,  
Thou, whose precious blood was spilt.

**HYMN DCXVIII, DCXIX.**

Let conviction seize the careless,  
Through their souls thine arrows da  
Let thy truth, so long neglected,  
Break and melt the flinty heart.

O thou kind, forgiving Spirit,  
Comforter, on thee we call;  
Cheer the saint, alarm the sinner,  
O revive—*revive us all.*

**S—C. M.**

**Hymn 28**

*Seeking Revival.*

**W**E now, O Lord, approach thy throne  
To open all our grief:  
Now send thy promised mercy down  
And grant us quick relief.

Thou never saidst to Jacob's seed,  
"Seek ye my face," in vain;  
And canst thou now deny thine aid,  
When burden'd souls complain?

The same thy power, thy love the same  
Unmoved the promise shines;  
Eternal truth surrounds thy name,  
And guards the precious lines.

Though Satan rage, and flesh rebel,  
And unbelief arise,  
We'll wait around thy footstool still,  
For thou wilt hear our cries.

**8s 7s.**

**Hymn 29**

*Light of the World.*

**L**IGHT of those whose dreary dwe  
Borders on the shades of death;  
Come, and by thy love revealing,  
Dissipate the clouds beneath:

The new heaven and earth's Creator,  
In our deepest darkness rise,—  
Scattering all the night of nature,  
Pouring light upon our eyes.

- 2 Still we wait for thine appearing;  
Life and joy thy beams impart,  
Chasing all our fears, and cheering  
Every poor benighted heart;  
Come, and manifest thy favour  
To the ransom'd, helpless race;  
Come, thou glorious God and Saviour,  
Come, and bring the gospel-grace.

- 3 Save us, in thy great compassion,  
O thou mild, pacific Prince;  
Give the knowledge of salvation,  
*Give the pardon of our sins.*

se us from sloth, our hearts inflame  
 1 ardent zeal for Jesus' name.

young and old thy word receive,  
 1 sinners hear thy voice and live,  
 wounded conscience healing find,  
 joy refresh each drooping mind.

aged saints, matured with grace,  
 and in fruits of holiness ;  
 when transplanted to the skies,  
 younger in their stead arise.

s we our suppliant voices raise,  
 weeping sow the seed of praise,  
 humble hope that thou wilt hear  
 ministers' and people's prayer.

C. M.

Hymn 238. Add.

*Spirit of Holiness.*

PIRIT of holiness, look down,  
 Our fainting hearts to cheer ;  
 when we tremble at thy frown,  
 bring thy comforts near.

fear which thy convictions wrought,  
 let thy grace remove ;  
 1 may the souls, which thou hast taught  
 to weep, now learn to love.

et let thy saving mercy heal  
 he wounds it made before ;  
 v on our hearts impress thy seal,  
 hat we may doubt no more.

omplete the work thou hast begun,  
 and make our darkness light,  
 t we a glorious race may run,  
 'll faith be lost in sight.

HYMN DCXXII, DCXXIII.

Then, as our wondering eyes discern  
The Lord's unclouded face,  
In fitter language we shall learn  
To sing triumphant grace.

Hymn 239. Add.

22—S. M.

*Prayer for a Revival.*

1 O LORD, thy work revive,  
In Zion's gloomy hour,  
And let our dying graces live  
By thy restoring power.

2 O let thy chosen few  
Awake to earnest prayer;  
Their covenant again renew,  
And walk in filial fear.

—:11 sneak



# HYMN DCXXIV.

707

prayers are faint and dull,  
 languid all our songs;  
 once with joy our hearts were full,  
 in rapture tuned our tongues.  
 While many crowd thy house,  
 how few around thy board  
 ; to record their solemn vows,  
 and bless thee as their Lord.  
 Thou, thou alone canst give  
 thy gospel sure success;  
 hast bid the dying sinner live  
 anew in holiness.  
 Come, then, with power divine,  
 Spirit of life and love;  
 when shall our people all be thine—  
 Our church, like that above.

Hymn 242. A

8s 7s.

## *Spiritual Harvest.*

**H**E that goeth forth with weeping,  
 Bearing still the precious seed,  
 Never tiring, never sleeping,  
 All his labour shall succeed.  
 Then will fall the rain of heaven,  
 Then the sun of mercy shine;  
 Precious fruits will then be given,  
 Through an influence all divine.  
 2. Sow thy seed, be never weary,  
 Nor let fears thy mind employ;  
 Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,  
 Thou may'st reap the fruits of joy.  
 Lo! the scene of verdure bright'ning,  
 See the rising grain appear;  
 Look again, the fields are whit'ning;  
 Sure the harvest time is near.

HYMN DCXXV, DCXXVI.

Hymn 129. B. 2.

25—L. M.

*Hoping for a Revival.*

- 1 **W**HILE I to grief my soul gave way  
To see the work of God decline,  
Methought I heard the Saviour say,  
"Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.
  - 2 "Tho' for a time I hide my face,  
Rely upon my love and pow'r:  
Still wrestle at the throne of grace,  
And wait for a reviving hour.
  - 3 "Take down thy long-neglected harp,  
I've seen thy tears and heard thy prayer:  
The winter season has been sharp,  
But spring shall all its wastes repair."
- my hopes revive;  
—and sing;

Fallen—who bewail their fall—  
 Proffer'd mercy who embrace,  
 List'ning to the gospel-call,  
 Longing to be saved by grace.

For his mate the turtle moans ;  
 For his God the sinner sighs ;  
 Hark ! the music of his groans—  
 Humble groans that pierce the skies ;  
 Surely God their sorrows hears—  
 Every accent, every look ;  
 Treasures up their gracious tears ;  
 Notes their sufferings in his book.

He, who hath their cure begun,  
 Will he now despise their pain ?  
 Can he leave his work undone ;  
 Bring them to the birth in vain ?  
 No ; we all, who seek, shall find ;  
 We, who ask, shall all receive ;  
 Be to Christ in spirit join'd ;  
 With him ever, ever live.

## MES AND SEASONS AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

### DEDICATIONS.

72—P. M.

Hymn 101. B. 1.

*On opening a place of worship.*

**I**N sweet exalted strains,  
 The King of glory praise ;  
 O'er heav'n and earth he reigns,  
 Thro' everlasting days :

He, with a nod, the world controls,  
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.

2 To earth he bends his throne,  
His throne of grace divine ;  
Wide is his bounty known,  
And far his glories shine :  
Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,  
Is with his smiles and presence blest.

3 Then, King of glory, come,  
And with thy favour crown  
This Temple as thy dome,  
This people as thine own :  
Beneath this roof, O ! deign to show  
How God can dwell with men below.

4 Here may thine ears attend

-L. M.

Hymn 244. Add.

*Dedication.*

**H**ERE, in thy name, eternal God,  
We build this earthly house for thee :  
make it now thy fix'd abode,  
and guard it long from error free.

ere, when thy people seek thy face,  
and dying sinners pray to live,  
hear thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,  
and when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

ere, when thy messengers proclaim  
the blessed gospel of thy Son ;  
all by the power of his great name,  
mighty signs and wonders done.

hen children's voices raise the song,  
hanna to their heavenly King ;  
t heaven, with earth, the strain prolong,  
hanna, let the angels sing.

t will, indeed, Jehovah deign  
ere to abide, no transient guest ?  
ere will our great Redeemer reign,  
and here the Holy Spirit rest ?

y glory never hence depart :  
t choose not, Lord, this house alone ;  
y kingdom come in every heart,  
every bosom fix thy throne.

-7s.

Hymn 245. Add.

*Laying a Corner-Stone.*

**W**ORD of hosts, to thee we raise  
Here a house of prayer and praise ;  
on thy people's hearts prepare  
e to meet for praise and prayer.

HYMN DCXXX.

- 2 Let the living here be fed  
With thy word, the heavenly bread;  
Here, in hope of glory blest,  
May the dead be laid to rest.
- 3 Here to thee a temple stand,  
While the sea shall gird the land;  
Here reveal thy mercy sure,  
While the sun and moon endure.
- 4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky  
To the joyful sound reply;  
Hallelujah!—hence ascend  
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

630—C. M.

Hymn 246. Ad

*Dedication.*

*—prayer.*

at the church on earth become  
as the church above.

as the wind, with "rushing sound."

Pentecostal grace,  
all of woman born may see  
glory of thy face.

divine, attend our prayer,  
make this house thy home ;  
and with all thy gracious powers ;  
come, Great Spirit, come !

M. Hymn 247. Add.

*Erection of a Church.*

Thy house, O Lord, for thee we raise,  
long may it echo with thy praise,  
thou, descending, fill the place  
with choicest tokens of thy grace.

Let the great Redeemer reign,  
all the glories of his train ;  
thy power divine his word attends,  
thy conquer foes and cheer his friends.

On the great decisive day,  
thou the nations shalt survey,  
before the world appear,  
crowds were born to glory here.

M. Hymn 248. Add.

*Dedication.*

WITHIN this house, O Lord our God,  
In glory now appear ;  
make it a place of thine abode,  
and shed thy blessings here.

## HYMN DCXXXIII.

When we thine awful seat surround,  
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart;  
And let thy gospel's joyful sound  
With power reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain,  
Here give the mourners rest;  
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,  
Enthroned in every breast.

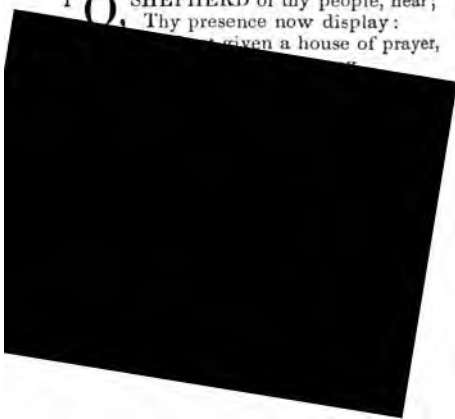
4 Here let the voice of sacred joy  
And humble prayer arise;  
Till higher strains our tongues employ,  
In realms beyond the skies.

**633**—C. M.

Hymn 249. Ad

*Opening a house of worship.*

1 O SHEPHERD of thy people, hear;  
Thy presence now display:  
Thou hast given a house of prayer,





**HYMN DCXXXIV, DCXXXV.**

**MORNING AND EVENING.**

**L—S. M.**

**Hymn 252.**

*Morning Thanksgiving.*

- 1 **S**ERENE I laid me down,  
Beneath his guardian care;  
I slept, and I awoke and found  
My kind Preserver near.
- 2 Thus does thine arm support  
This weak, defenceless frame:  
But whence these favours, Lord, to me  
All worthless as I am?
- 3 O, how shall I repay  
The bounties of my God?  
This feeble spirit pants beneath  
The pleasing, painful load.
- 4 My life I would anew  
Devote, O Lord, to thee;  
And in thy service I would spend  
A long eternity.

**L—S. M.**

**Hymn 92.**

*A Morning Hymn.*

- 1 **S**EE how the mounting sun  
Pursues his shining way;  
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,  
With ev'ry bright'ning ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul  
Her heav'nly Parent sing;  
And to her great Original,  
Her humbler tribute bring.
- 3 Serene I laid me down  
Beneath his guardian care;

I slept, and I awoke, and found  
My kind Preserver near!

4 Thus doth thine arm support  
This weak defenceless frame;  
But whence such favours, Lord, to me,  
All worthless as I am?

5 O! how shall I repay  
The bounties of my God?  
This feeble spirit pants beneath  
The pleasing, painful load.

6 Dear Saviour, to thy cross  
I bring my sacrifice;  
Cleans'd by thy blood, it shall ascend  
With fragrance to the skies.

7 My life I would anew

On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,  
 And I could ne'er withstand ;  
 Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,  
 But mercy held thine hand.

A thousand wretched souls are fled  
 Since the last setting sun,  
 And yet thou length'nest out my thread,  
 And yet my moments run.

Great God, let all my hours be thine,  
 Whilst I enjoy the light ;  
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
 And bring a pleasant night.

7—C. M.

Hymn 96. B. 1.

*For Morning and Evening.*

1 **H**OSANNA, with a cheerful sound,  
 To God's upholding hand !  
 Ten thousand snares attend us round,  
 And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing pow'r  
 That rais'd us with a word ;  
 And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,  
 We lean upon the Lord.

3 The ev'ning rests our weary head,  
 And angels guard the room ;  
 We wake, and we admire the bed  
 That was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morning can't assure  
 That we shall end the day ;  
 For death stands ready at the door,  
 To take our lives away.

5 Our breath is forfeited by sin,  
 To God's avenging law ;  
 We own thy grace, immortal King !  
 In ev'ry gasp we draw.

718 HYMN DCXXXVIII, DCXXXIX.

6 God is our sun, whose daily light  
Our joy and safety brings;  
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night,  
Beneath his shady wings.

**638**—L. M.

Hymn 254. Ad

*Sabbath Evening.*

- 1 **A**NOTHER day has pass'd along,  
And we are nearer to the tomb:  
Nearer to join the heav'nly song,  
Or hear the last eternal doom.
- 2 Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve,  
And soft the sunbeams ling'ring there;  
For these blest hours the world I leave,  
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

## HYMN DCXL.

O, behold me from above;  
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and wo,  
Wither all my earthly joys;  
Naught can charm me here below  
But my Saviour's melting voice:  
Lord, forgive,—thy grace restore,—  
Make me thine for evermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,  
For the mercies of this hour,  
For the gospel's cheering ray,  
For the Spirit's quick'ning power;  
Grateful notes to thee I raise,  
O, accept my song of praise.

**O**—L. M.

Hymn 94. E

### *An Evening Hymn.*

**G**REAT God, to thee my ev'ning song  
With humble gratitude I raise;  
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,  
And fill my heart with lively praise!

My days unclouded as they pass,  
And ev'ry gentle rolling hour  
Are monuments of wondrous grace,  
And witness to thy love and pow'r.

And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,  
Too oft regardless of thy love,  
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,  
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

1 Seal my forgiveness in the blood  
Of Jesus: his dear name alone  
I plead for pardon, gracious God,  
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

- 5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close,  
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;  
Safe in thy care may I repose,  
And wake with praises to thy name.

**641**—C. M.

Hymn 95. B

*An Evening Song.*

- 1 **N**OW, from the altar of our hearts,  
Let flames of love arise;  
Assist us, Lord, to offer up  
Our ev'ning sacrifice.
- 2 Minutes and mercies multiplied,  
Have made up all this day;  
Minutes came quick, but mercies were  
More swift and free than they.

Thou Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,  
As we before thee pray ;  
Thou didst bless the infant train,  
And we are less than they.

Let thy grace perform its part,  
And let contention cease ;  
Thy shed abroad in ev'ry heart  
Thine everlasting peace !

Be chasten'd, cleans'd, entirely thine,  
A flock by Jesus led ;  
The sun of holiness shall shine,  
In glory on our head.

And thou wilt turn our wand'ring feet,  
And thou wilt bless our way ;  
All worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet  
The dawn of lasting day.

-P. M. 7.

Hymn 121. B. 2.

*Saturday Evening.*

SAFELY through another week,  
God has brought us on our way ;  
We now a blessing seek  
On th' approaching Sabbath-day :  
Of all the week the best,  
The emblem of eternal rest.

Graces multiplied each hour,  
Through the week, our praise demand :  
Sustained by Almighty pow'r,  
Directed, and guided by his hand :  
Though ungrateful we have been,  
We made returns of sin.

Now we pray for pard'ning grace,  
Through the dear Redeemer's name,

Show thy reconciled face,  
Shine away our sin, and shame  
From our worldly cares set free,  
May we rest this night with thee.

- 4 When the morn shall bid us rise,  
May we feel thy presence near;  
May thy glory meet our eyes,  
When we in thy house appear:  
There afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting feast.

- 5 May thy gospel's joyful sound  
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;  
Make the fruits of grace abound,  
Bring relief for all complaints:  
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,  
Till we join the church above.



## HYMN DCXLV.

leer diseases wait around,  
hurry mortals home.

God ! on what a slender thread  
lie everlasting things !  
eternal state of all the dead  
on life's feeble strings !

no joy or endless woe  
ends on ev'ry breath ;  
yet how unconcern'd we go  
on the brink of death !

Now, O Lord, our drowsy sense,  
walk this dang'rous road ;  
if our souls are hurried hence,  
may they be found with God.

---

## THE YEAR.

M.

Hymn 85.

### *New Year.*

D of our lives, thy constant care  
With blessings crowns each op'ning  
guilty lives thou dost prolong,  
renew our annual song.

many precious souls are fled  
to vast regions of the dead,  
from this day the changing sun  
his last yearly period run !

Heaven is thine, eternal God ;  
hine to fix our soul's abode ;  
hold our lives from thee alone,  
earth, or in the world unknown.

# XLVI.

resign;  
them still as thine;  
ecure from fear,  
ast the rising year.

Hymn 86, B. 1.

ow Year.

Eternal Infinite!  
conducts this rolling sphere;  
y, who guards our night,  
swift, revolving year!

ling ev'ry hour,  
agnish'd yet appear;  
chless love and pow'r,  
par'd another year.

et refreshing time;  
people wish thee near;  
ur joys shall be sublime,  
egin another year.

od Spirit be our guide  
as pilgrims here;

## HYMN

L. M.

GREAT God,  
By which  
The op'ning year  
Let mercy crow

By day, by night  
Still we are  
By his incessant  
By his unceasing

With grateful  
The future  
We to thee  
And peace

In scene  
Be thou  
Thy grace  
Adoration

Whom  
And  
Ourselves

**HYMN DCXLVII, DCXLVIII.**

—L. M.

Hymn 87.

*New Year.*

**G**REAT God, we sing that mighty hand  
By which supported, still we stand;  
The op'ning year thy mercy shows;  
Thy mercy crown it till it close.

Thy day, by night, at home, abroad,  
Till we are guarded by our God;  
Thy his incessant bounty fed,  
Thy his unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own;  
The future, all to us unknown,  
We to thy guardian care commit,  
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

In scenes exalted or depress'd,  
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;  
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
And thro' all our changing days.

When death shall interrupt our songs,  
And silence these our mortal tongues,  
Thy helper, God, in whom we trust,  
In better worlds, our souls shall boast.

—P. M. 7.

Hymn 147.

*New Year.*

**W**HILE with ceaseless course the sun  
Hasted through the former year,  
Many souls their race have run,  
Never more to meet us here.

Fix'd in an eternal state,  
They have done with all below;  
We a little longer wait,  
But how little—none can know.

- 3 As the winged arrow flies,  
Speedily the mark to find ;  
As the lightning from the skies  
Darts and leaves no trace behind :
- 4 Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;  
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise,  
All below is but a dream.
- 5 Thanks for mercies past receive,  
Pardon of our sins renew ;  
Teach us henceforth how to live  
With eternity in view.
- 6 Bless thy word to young and old ;  
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;  
And when life's short tale is told,

## SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

—L. M.

Hymn 81. B. 1.

*The Seasons.*

**W**HY providence, great God, we praise;  
How good and great are all thy ways!  
thy bounty crowns our passing years,  
and dissipates our anxious fears.

thy promise stands for ever fast,  
While sun, and moon, and earth shall last;  
the laws of seasons shall endure  
'till time and stars are known no more.

summer and winter, cold and heat,  
and night and day in order meet;  
seed-time and harvest, each succeed,  
to prove thy love—supply our need.

When years are past, and seasons o'er,  
We still shall prove thy cov'nant sure;  
and in the shining realms above  
adore thy goodness and thy love.

—C. M.

Hymn 255. Add.

*Spring.*

**W**HEN beauty clothes the fertile vale,  
And birds their chorus sing,  
and fragrance breathes in every gale,  
How sweet the day of spring!

let my inmost heart confess,  
With grateful joy and love,  
the bounteous hand that deigns to bless  
The garden, field, and grove.

- 3 An arm divine protects the saints,  
Omniscience rests on their abode ;  
Christ will conduct them safely home,  
Their kind Protector and their God.
- 4 O, happy day, when every sheaf,  
Ripen'd for glory shall be found ;  
When all the saints are gather'd in,  
The joy of harvest shall resound !

**655**—L. M.

Hymn 84. B. 1

*The Seasons crowned with goodness.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL Source of ev'ry joy !  
Thy praise shall ev'ry voice employ,  
While in thy temple we appear  
To hail thee, Sov'reign of the year.

# HYMN DCLVI, DCLVII,

7

6—8. 7s.

Hymn 258. A

## Autumn.

- 1 **S**EE the leaves around us falling,  
Dry and wither'd, to the ground,  
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,  
In a sad and solemn sound.
- 2 Sons of Adam' (once in Eden,  
Where, like us, he blighted fell),  
Hear the lesson we are reading;  
Mark the awful truth we tell.
- 3 Youth, on length of days presuming,  
Who the paths of pleasure tread,  
View us, late in beauty blooming,  
Number'd now among the dead.
- 4 What though yet no losses grieve you,  
Gay with health and many a grace,  
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;  
Summer gives to autumn place.
- 5 Yearly in our course returning,  
Messengers of shortest stay,  
Thus we preach this truth concerning—  
Heaven and earth shall pass away.
- 6 On the tree of life eternal,  
O, let all our hopes be laid!  
This alone for ever vernal,  
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

7—C. M.

Hymn 83. B

## Winter.

**S**TERN winter throws his icy chains  
Encircling nature round;  
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,  
Late with gay verdure crown'd!

- 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,  
And light and warmth depart ;  
And drooping, lifeless, nature seems  
An emblem of my heart.
- 3 My heart, where mental winter reigns,  
In night's dark mantle clad,  
Confin'd in cold inactive chains,  
How desolate and sad !
- 4 Return, O blissful Sun, and bring  
Thy soul-reviving ray ;  
This mental winter shall be spring,  
This darkness, cheerful day.
- 5 O happy state, divine abode,  
Where spring eternal reigns ;  
And perfect day, the smile of God.



3 While taught thy word of truth,  
May we that word receive ;  
And when we hear of Jesus' name,  
In that blest name believe.

4 O, let us never tread  
The broad destructive road,  
But trace those holy paths which lead  
To glory, and to God.

359—S. M.

Hymn 270. Add.

*Call to Youth.*

1 **M**Y son, know thou the Lord,  
Thy father's God obey ;  
Seek his protecting care by night,  
His guardian hand by day.

2 Call, while he may be found,  
O, seek him while he's near ;  
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,  
And worship him with fear.

3 If thou wilt seek his face,  
His ear will hear thy cry ;  
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,  
His grace forever nigh.

4 But if thou leave thy God,  
Nor choose the path to heaven ;  
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,  
And never be forgiven.

360—C. M.

Hymn 268. Add

*Discretion.*

1 **F**RAIL youth are in a slippery path,  
Beset with mighty foes ;  
Surrounded with disease and death,  
Unnumber'd sins and woes.

- 2 Their passions war against the soul,  
And lead their feet astray ;  
Submitting to the world's control,  
They shun the narrow way.
- 3 To vanities of time and sense,  
Their youthful hearts are prone ;  
How difficult to draw them thence,  
To seek a heavenly crown !
- 4 Great God, the work is wholly thine,  
To guide our erring youth ;  
Do thou their wandering hearts incline  
To seek the ways of truth.
- 5 Restrain impetuous passions, Lord ;  
Upward direct their eyes ;  
Give them a heart to know thy word,  
And all thy counsels prize

**HYMN DCLXII, DCLXIII.**

- 5** Away, ye false, delusive toys,  
Vain tempters of the mind ;  
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,  
And here true bliss I find.

**62—C. M.**

**Hymn 157.**

*Importance of the season of Youth.*

- 1** **O**H, in the morn of life, when youth  
With vital ardour glows,  
And shines in all the fairest charms  
That beauty can disclose,—
- 2** Deep in thy soul, before its pow'rs  
Are yet by vice enslav'd,  
Be thy Creator's glorious name  
And character engrav'd :
- 3** Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud  
The sunshine of thy days ;  
And cares and toils, in endless round,  
Encompass all thy ways :
- 4** Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,  
With vain regret, deplore,  
And sadly muse on former joys,  
That now return no more.
- 5** True wisdom, early sought and gain'd,  
In age will give thee rest :  
O, then improve the morn of life,  
To make its ev'ning blest !

**63—S. M.**

**Hymn 158**

*Youth the Morning of Life.*

- 1** **S**WEET is the time of Spring,  
When nature's charms appear ;  
The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing  
And hail the op'ning year.

- 2 But sweeter far the *spring*  
Of wisdom, and of grace,  
When children bless and praise their King,  
Who loves the youthful race.
- 3 Sweet is the *dawn* of day,  
When light just streaks the sky,  
When shades and darkness pass away,  
And morning beams are nigh.
- 4 But sweeter far the *dawn*  
Of piety in youth ;  
When doubt and darkness are withdrawn,  
Before the light of truth.
- 5 Sweet is the early *dew*,  
Which gilds the mountain tops ;

64—L. M.

Hymn 159. B. 2

*Youth Warned.*

- 1 **Y**E lovely bands of blooming youth,  
Warn'd by the voice of heav'nly truth,  
Now yield to Christ your youthful prime,  
With all your talents and your time.
- 2 Think on your end—nor thoughtless say,  
"I'll put far off the evil day;"  
Ah! not a moment's in your pow'r,  
And death stands ready at the door.
- 3 Eternity!—how near it rolls!  
Count the vast value of your souls!  
Beware! and count the awful cost,  
What they have gain'd whose souls are lost.
- 4 Pride, sinful pleasures, lusts and snares,  
Beset your hearts, your eyes, your ears—  
Take the alarm—the danger fly!  
*Lord, save me, be your earnest cry,*

## MIDDLE AGE.

65—C. M.

Hymn 160. B. 2

*Middle Age.*

**A**ND have I measured half my days,  
And half my journey run,  
Nor tasted the Redeemer's grace,  
Nor yet my work begun?

**T**he morning of my life is past;  
The noon is almost o'er:  
**T**he night of death approaches fast,  
When I can work no more.

738

HYMN DCLXVI, DCLXVII

- 3 O Thou, who seest and know'st my grief,  
Thyself unseen, unknown,  
In mercy help my unbelief,  
And melt my heart of stone.
- 4 Regard me with a gracious eye,  
The long-sought blessing give,  
And bid me, at the point to die,  
Behold thy face, and live.
- 

OLD AGE.

666—C. M.

Hymn 161. B

*Old Age.*

1 ETERNAL God! enthron'd on high!

And when the day of trouble comes,  
I shall not trust in vain.

2 In early years thou wast my Guide,  
And of my youth the Friend ;  
And as my days began with thee,  
With thee my days shall end.

3 Thou wilt not cast me off, when age  
And evil days descend ;  
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,  
To mourn my latter end.

Therefore in life I'll trust to thee,  
In death I will adore ;  
And after death will sing thy praise,  
When time shall be no more.

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MARINERS.

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Hymn 272. Add.

*Far, far at Sea.*

STAR of peace to wanderers weary,  
Bright the beams that smile on me,  
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,  
Far, far at sea.

Star of hope, gleam on the billow,  
Bless the soul that sighs for thee,  
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,  
Far, far at sea.

Star of faith, when winds are mocking  
All his toil, he flies to thee :  
Save him, on the billows rocking,  
Far, far at sea.

0      HYMN DCLXIX, DCLXX.

- 4 Star Divine, O safely guide him,  
Bring the wanderer home to thee;  
Sore temptations long have tried him,  
Far, far at sea.

69—C. M.

Hymn 273. Add.

*Prayer for Seamen.*

- 1 **W**E come, O Lord, before thy throne,  
And, with united pleas,  
We meet and pray for those who roam  
Far off upon the seas.
- 2 O, may the Holy Spirit bow  
The sailor's heart to thee,  
Till tears of deep repentance flow  
Like rain-drops in the sea.
- 3 Then may a Saviour's dying love  
Pour peace into his breast,  
And waft him to the port above,  
Of everlasting rest.

70      L. M.

Hymn 274. Add.





- 4 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,  
And stormy tempests cease to rage;  
The grateful band their fears give o'er,  
And hail with joy their native shore.
- 5 O, may the sons of men record  
The wondrous goodness of the Lord;  
Let them their purest offerings bring,  
And in his church his glory sing.

371—P, M.

Hymn 275. Add.

*The Christian's Voyage.*

- 1 JESUS, at thy command,  
I launch into the deep,  
And leave my native land,  
Where sin lulls all asleep;  
For thee I fain would all resign,  
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 What though the seas are broad?  
What though the waves are strong?  
What though tempestuous storms  
Distress me all along?  
Yet what are seas or stormy wind?  
Compared to Christ—the sinner's Friend?
- 3 Christ is my Pilot wise,  
My compass is his word,  
My soul each storm defies,  
While I have such a Lord:  
I trust his faithfulness and power,  
To save me in the trying hour.
- 4 Though rocks and quicksands deep  
Through all my passage lie;  
Yet Christ will safely keep  
And guide me with his eye;  
How can I sink with such a prop,  
That bears the world and all things.

5 Come, heavenly wind, and blow  
A prosp'rous gale of grace,  
To waft me from below,  
To heaven, my destined place:  
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,  
And leave the world and sin behind!

---

## NATIONAL.

672—L. M.

Hymn 106. B.

*On a national Fast in War.*

1 **W**HILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,

**HYMN DCLXXIII, DCLXXIV.**

- 6 These pleas, presented at thy throne,  
Have brought ten thousand blessings down  
On guilty lands in helpless woe ;  
- Let them prevail to save us too !

**173—L. M.**

Hymn 107. 1

*For a public Fast in war, praying for peace.*

- 1 **W**AR, horrid war, deep stain'd in blood  
Still pours its havoc thro' our land ;  
Almighty God, restrain the flood ;  
Say " 'tis enough ! " and stay thine hand.
- 2 Let peace descend with balmy wing,  
And all her blessings round us shed ;  
Our liberties be well secur'd,  
And commerce lift its fainting head.
- 3 Let the loud cannon cease to roar,  
The warlike trump no longer sound ;  
The din of arms be heard no more,  
Nor human blood pollute the ground.
- 4 Let hostile troops drop from their hands  
The useless sword, the glitt'ring spear ;  
And join in friendship's sacred bands,  
Nor one dissentient voice be there.
- 5 Thus save, O Lord, a sinking land ;  
Millions of tongues shall then adore,—  
Resound the honours of thy name,  
And spread thy praise from shore to shore

**174—C. M.**

Hymn 108. 2

*On a public Fast during national Judgment.*

- 1 **S**EE, gracious Lord, before thy throne, f  
Thy mourning people bend !  
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone  
Our humble hopes depend.

- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand  
Thy dreadful pow'r display;  
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,  
And still we live to pray.
- 3 How chang'd, alas! For truths divine  
See error, guilt and shame!  
What impious numbers, bold in sin,  
Disgrace the Christian name!
- 4 O! turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,  
By thy resistless grace;  
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,  
And humbly seek thy face.
- 5 Then, should insulting foes invade,  
We shall not sink in fear;  
Secure of never-failing aid,  
Since God, our God, is near.

may we plead with humble cries,  
remove thy sharp rebukes :

strength consumes, our spirit dies,  
thro' thy repeated strokes.

anger, Lord, rebuke us not,  
Withdraw these dreadful storms :

let thy fury grow so hot,  
against poor feeble worms.

hear when dust and ashes speak,  
and pity all our pain ;

save us, for thy mercy's sake,  
and send us health again !

C. M.

Hymn 110. B. 1.

*Thanksgiving for Victory.*

O thee, who reign'st supreme above,  
And reign'st supreme below,  
O God of wisdom, pow'r, and love,  
We our successes owe.

O thund'ring horse, the martial band,  
Without thine aid were vain ;  
Thy vict'ry flies at thy command  
To crown the bright campaign.

O mighty arm, unseen, was nigh,  
When we our foes assail'd ;  
Thou hast rais'd our honours high,  
And o'er their hosts prevail'd.

Thy mounds, their camps, their lofty tow'rs  
Into our hands are giv'n ;  
From desert nor strength of ours,  
But thro' the grace of heav'n.

O Lord of hosts, our Helper, lives ;  
His name be ever blest :

His own arm the vict'ry gives ;  
He grants his people rest.

**677**—L. M.

Hymn 111. B. L.

*Thanksgiving for national Peace.*

- 1 **G**REAT Ruler of the earth and skies,  
A word of thine almighty breath  
Can sink the world, or bid it rise:  
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.
- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,  
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign;  
And war resounds its dire alarms,  
And slaughter spreads the hostile plain;
- 3 Thy Sov'reign eye looks calmly down,  
And marks their course, and bounds their pow'r  
Thy word the angry nations own,  
And noise and war are heard no more.

HYMN DCLXXIX.

- 2 To thee in our distress we cried,  
And thou hast bow'd thine ear;  
The pestilence thou hast remov'd,  
And brought deliv'rance near.
- 3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness;  
That, with the pious throng,  
We may record our solemn vows,  
And tune our grateful song.
- 4 Praise to the Lord! who staid the sword,  
And said, "it is enough;"  
Praise to the Lord! who makes his saints  
Triumphant e'en in death.
- 5 Our God, in thine appointed hour  
Those heav'nly gates display,  
Where pain, and sickness, fear and death,  
For ever flee away.
- 6 There, while the nations of the bless'd,  
With raptures, bow around,  
Our anthems to deliv'ring grace,  
In sweeter strains shall sound.

79—8s.

Hymn 276. A

*Thanksgiving.*

- 1 **L**ET gratitude waken the song,  
And swell the harmonious lyre,  
Let praise the sweet anthem prolong,  
And joy every bosom inspire!  
What favours around us have flow'd,  
Unmeasured, unspeakably great,  
By Heaven in rich mercy bestow'd  
On man in his fallen estate!
- 2 The earth with rich verdure is crown'd,  
The fruits in their fulness appear,  
The songs of the reapers resound,  
And plenty encircles the year;

## HYMN DCLXXX.

The blessings of freedom are ours,  
And knowledge and virtue increase,  
No foe is invading our shores,  
We live with the nations at peace.

3 The sound of the gospel is heard ;  
The scriptures their treasures unfold,  
While thousands believe in the word,  
More precious than silver or gold :  
No fierce persecutions arise,  
The heart and the conscience to bind ;  
That wisdom which Heaven supplies,  
The weakest believer may find.

4 Let gratitude waken the song,  
And swell the harmonious lyre,  
Let praise the sweet anthem prolong,  
Let every bosom inspire.



1—Cs 4s.

Hymn 278. Add.

*Independence Ode.*

- 1 **F**REEMEN, awake the song!  
Gladly the strain prolong,  
Welcome this day!  
It tells of glory won,  
By deeds of valour done;  
Shout till the setting sun  
Sheds its last ray.
- 2 Our happy land we sing—  
Your joyful tribute bring,  
The song to swell;  
Sing of our country's worth—  
The place of freedom's birth—  
The noblest spot on earth—  
Her blessings tell.
- 3 Tell how Jehovah's care,  
Guarded our blessings rare,  
Till this bright hour:  
And still secure from harm,  
Held by his mighty arm,  
And free from all alarm,  
We trust his power.
- 4 Science her power exerts,  
And treasures rich imparts:  
Ennobling truth,  
Whence holy influence springs,  
Upon her heaven-plumed wings,  
Bright burnish'd armour brings,  
To guard our youth.
- 5 Our youth—our country's gems—  
Their lustre brightly beams  
For coming days:

Let virtue's wreath be twined  
Round each—and every mind  
The lamp of knowledge find,  
To gild their ways.

- 6 May blest religion's light,  
Unfading, changeless, bright,  
Their guide-star be :  
And, as to age they move,  
Our Father's arm of love  
Guide them to realms above,  
Where all are free.
- 

## MARRIAGES.

5 O may each soul assembled here,  
 Be married, Lord, to thee;  
 Clad in thy robes, made white and fair,  
 To spend eternity.

83—L. M.

Hymn 280. Add.

*The same.*

1 **W**ITH cheerful voices rise and sing  
 The praises of our God and King;  
 For he alone can minds unite  
 In mutual love and pure delight.

2 O may this pair increasing find  
 Substantial pleasures of the mind;  
 Happy in all things may they be,  
 And both united, Lord, to thee.

3 So may they live, as truly one,  
 And, when their work on earth is done,  
 Rise hand in hand to heaven, and share  
 The joys of love forever there.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

84—7s.

Hymn 282. Add.

*At Parting.*

1 **F**OR a season call'd to part,  
 Let us now ourselves commend  
 To the gracious eye and heart  
 Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer,  
 Tender Shepherd of thy sheep;  
 Let thy mercy and thy care  
 All our souls in safety keep.

HYMN DCLXXXV.

- 3 In thy strength may we be strong,  
Sweeten every cross and pain;  
And our wasting lives prolong,  
In thy peace to meet again.
- 4 Then if thou thy help afford,  
Ebenezers shall be rear'd;  
And our souls shall praise the Lord,  
Who our poor petitions heard.

685—C. M.

Hymn 283. 1

*Parting of Friends.*

- 1 **T**HROUGH Christ, when we together  
In singleness of heart,  
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,  
And in thy name we part.
- 2 We part in body, not in mind,  
Our minds continue one;  
And to each, in Jesus join'd,
- 

6—C. M.

Hymn 284. Add.

*Re-union of Friends.*

COME, let us strike our harps afresh,  
To great Jehovah's name;  
Sweet be the accents of our tongues,  
When we his love proclaim.

'Twas by his bidding we were call'd  
In pain awhile to part;  
'Tis by his care we meet again,  
And gladness fills our heart.

Blest be the hand that has preserved  
Our feet from every snare;  
And blest the goodness of the Lord,  
Which to this hour we share.

O, may the Spirit's quick'ning power  
Now sanctify our joy,  
And warm our zeal in works of love,  
Our talents to employ.

Fast, fast our moments fly away,  
Soon shall our wanderings cease;  
And with our Father we shall dwell,  
A family of peace.

7—P. M.

Hymn 285. Add.

*Birth-day Dedication.*

1 GOD of my life, to thee  
My cheerful soul I raise,  
Thy goodness bade me be,  
And still prolongs my days:  
I see my natal hour return,  
And bless the day that I was born.

2 A clod of living earth,  
I glorify thy name;

## HYMN DCLXXXVIII.

From whom alone my birth  
And all my blessings came;  
Creating and preserving grace,  
Let all that is within me praise.

3 My soul and all its powers,  
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;  
All, all my happy hours  
I consecrate to thee;  
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,  
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

4 Long as I live on earth,  
To thee, O let me live;  
To thee my every breath  
In thanks and blessings give;  
Me to thine image now restore,  
And I shall praise thee evermore.

688—C. M.

Hymn 286. A

*A Birth-day Prayer.*



- 5 O, let thy Spirit lead me still  
 Along the happy road;  
 Conform me to thy holy will,  
 My Father and my God.
- 6 Another year of life is past;  
 My heart to thee incline,  
 That if this year should be my last,  
 It may be wholly thine.

189—C. L. M.

Hymn 289. Add.

*Recovery from Sickness.*

- 1 I LOVE the Lord, whose gracious ear  
 Was open to my cry;  
 He bade me, in the time of fear,  
 Upon his grace rely.  
 Long as I live I'll trust his care—  
 To him address my fervent prayer.
- 2 Death's sorrows had encompass'd me,  
 I felt the pains of hell;  
 On every side was misery,  
 My woes no tongue could tell.  
 Then I broke forth without control,  
 "Lord, I beseech thee, save my soul."
- 3 Tender and gracious is his name;  
 Our God is ever kind;  
 The meek shall his protection claim,  
 The humble, mercy find;  
 Unto thy rest, my soul, return,  
 The bounties of thy God discern.
- 4 The Lord hath kept my soul from death,  
 Preserved my eyes from tears;  
 My feet from falling, where beneath  
 Were spread the fowler's snares;  
 Living I'll walk before the Lord;  
 His name forever be adored.

690—P. M.

Hymn 139. B.

*The song of Hannah—an encouragement to Prayers*

1 **W**HEN Hannah, press'd with grief,  
Pour'd forth her soul in pray'rs;  
She quickly found relief,  
And songs succeeded tears.  
Like her, in ev'ry trying case,  
Let us approach the throne of grace.

2 When she began to pray,  
Her heart was pain'd and sad;  
But ere she went away,  
Was comforted and glad:  
In trouble, what a resting-place,



A. M.

Hymn 144. B. 1.

*g of Simeon—death to a believer desirable.*

ORD, in thy temple we appear,  
 As happy Simeon came,  
 hope to meet our Saviour here;  
 make our joys the same!

What divine and vast delight  
 The good old man was fill'd,  
 When fondly in his wither'd arms  
 He clasp'd the holy child!

"Now I can leave this world," he cried,  
 Behold, thy servant dies!  
 I have seen thy great salvation, Lord,  
 And close my peaceful eyes.

For thou art the light prepar'd to shine  
 Upon the Gentile lands;  
 To give Israel's glory, and their hope,  
 To break their slavish bands."

Oh! the vision of thy face  
 With overpow'ring charms!  
 How still I feel death's cold embraces!  
 Christ be in my arms.

When flesh shall fail, and heart-strings break,  
 Sweet will the minutes roll;  
 Mortal paleness on my cheek,  
 Thy glory in my soul.

C. M.

Hymn 140. B. 1.

*The song of Hezekiah.*

WHEN we are rais'd from deep distress,  
 Our God deserves a song;  
 Take the pattern of our praise  
 From Hezekiah's tongue.

## HYMN DCXCIII.

Of the devouring grave  
Open'd wide in vain,  
Who holds the keys of death,  
Commands them fast again.

Of the flesh are wont t' abuse  
Minds with slavish fears;  
Days are past, and we shall lose  
The remnant of our years."

Chatter with a swallow's voice,  
Or like a dove we mourn;  
With bitterness instead of joys,  
Afflicted and forlorn.

Jehovah speaks the healing word,  
And no disease withstands;  
Fever and plagues obey the Lord,  
And fly at his commands.

If half the strings of life should break,  
He can our frame restore:  
He casts our sins behind his back,  
And they are found no more.

But God alone must be ador'd ;  
Holy and rev'rend is his name.

To those that fear and trust the Lord,  
His mercy stands for ever sure ;  
From age to age his promise lives,  
And the performance is secure.

He spake to Abra'm and his seed,  
"In thee shall all the earth be bless'd :"  
The mem'ry of that ancient word  
Lay long in his eternal breast.

But now, no more shall Israel wait,  
No more the Gentiles lie forlorn :  
Lo, the desire of nations comes !  
Behold, the promis'd Seed is born !

—P. M. 7.

Hymn 96. B. 2.

*The three Mountains.*

- 1 **W**HEN on Sinai's top I see  
God descend in majesty,  
To proclaim his holy law,  
All my spirit sinks with awe.
- 2 When in ecstasy sublime,  
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,  
At the too transporting light,  
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 3 When on Calvary I rest,  
God, in flesh made manifest,  
Shines in my Redeemer's face,  
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.
- 4 Here I would for ever stay,  
Weep, and gaze my soul away ;  
Thou art heav'n on earth to me,  
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

HYMN DCXCV, DCXCVI.

15—L. M.

Hymn 120. B. 2

*Family Worship.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of all, thy care we bless,  
Which crowns our families with peace;  
From thee they spring, and by thy hand  
They have been, and are still sustain'd.
- 2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd,  
Be our domestic altars rais'd;  
Who, Lord of heav'n, scorns not to dwell  
With saints, in their obscurest cell.
- 3 To thee may each united house,  
Morning and night, present its vows;  
Our servants there, and rising race,  
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

each future age proclaim  
name;

The storm is laid—the winds retire,  
Obedient to thy will:  
The sea, that roars at thy command,  
At thy command is still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,  
Thy goodness we'll adore;  
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.

—L. M.

Hymn 149. B. 2.

*Poor Children's appeal to Christians.*

[In God's own house, by silent night,  
The lamp of God was burning bright;  
And there, by viewless angels kept,  
Samuel, the child, securely slept.

A voice unknown the stillness broke,  
"Samuel!" it call'd, and thrice it spoke;  
He rose—he ask'd whence came the word:  
"From Eli?" No; it was the Lord.

Thus early call'd to serve his God,  
In paths of righteousness he trod;  
Prophetic visions fir'd his breast,  
And all the chosen tribes were blest.

Speak, Lord! and from our earliest days  
Incline our hearts to love thy ways;  
Thy wak'ning voice has reach'd our ear,  
Speak, Lord, to us; thy servants hear.

And ye, who know the Saviour's love,  
And richly all his mercies prove,  
Your timely, friendly aid afford,  
That we may early serve the Lord.

**698**—C. M.

Hymn 138.

*The summary of Faith.*

- 1 **I**N God the Father I believe,  
Who heaven and earth did frame,  
By his almighty Word; his praise  
And glory to proclaim.
- 2 I do believe in Jesus Christ,  
God's only Son, our Lord,  
Begotten from eternity,  
The everlasting Word.
- 3 I in the Holy Ghost believe,  
A Person true, and One,  
In essence, pow'r, eternity,  
With Father and with Son.
- 4 An holy catholic Church I own

**HYMN DCXCLX, DCC.**

**99—C. M.**

**Hymn 290.**

*Public Profession.*

- 1 **Y**E men and angels, witness now,  
Before the Lord we speak ;  
To him we make our solemn vow,  
A vow we dare not break ;—
  - 2 That, long as life itself shall last,  
Ourselves to Christ we yield ;  
Nor, from his cause will we depart,  
Nor ever quit the field.
  - 3 We trust not in our native strength,  
But on his grace rely ;  
May he, with our returning wants,  
All needful aid supply.
  - 4 O, guide our doubtful feet aright,  
And keep us in thy ways ;  
And, while we turn our vows to prayer  
Turn thou our prayers to praise.
- 

**DEATH.**

**DEATH GENERALLY.**

**00—C. M.**

**Hymn 77.**

*Time is short.*

- 1 **T**HE time is short ! the season near  
When death will us remove ;  
To leave our friends, however dear,  
And all we fondly love.

- 2 The time is short ! sinners, beware,  
Nor trifle time away ;  
The word of great salvation hear,  
While it is call'd to-day.
- 3 The time is short ! ye rebels, now  
To Christ the Lord submit ;  
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,  
And fall at Jesu's feet.
- 4 The time is short ! ye saints, rejoice ;  
The Lord will quickly come :  
Soon shall ye hear the Bridegroom's voice,  
To call you to your home.
- 5 The time is short ! it swiftly flies,  
The hour is just at hand,  
When we shall mount above the skies,



But the Christian shall enjoy  
Health and beauty soon above ;  
Far beyond the world's alloy—  
Secure in Jesus' love.

12—L. M.

Hymn 295. Add

*To-day.*

**T**HAT awful hour will soon appear ;  
Swift on the wings of time it flies ;  
When all that pains or pleases here  
Will vanish from my closing eyes.

Death calls my friends, my neighbours hence,  
None can resist the fatal dart :  
Continual warnings strike my sense,  
And shall they fail to reach my heart.

Think, O my soul, how much depends  
On the short period of to-day ;  
Shall time, which heaven in mercy lends,  
Be negligently thrown away ?

Lord of my life, inspire my heart  
With heavenly ardour, grace divine ;  
Nor let thy presence e'er depart ;  
For strength, and life, and death, are thine.

13—C. M.

Hymn 296. Add

*Man's days are as grass.*

**D**EATH ! what a solemn word to all !  
What mortal things are men ,  
We just arise, and soon we fall,  
To mix with earth again.

'Twas sin that brought in all our wo,  
And gave to death his power ;  
Hence all our painful sorrows flow,  
Till life's departing hour.

HYMN DCCIV.

- 'Tis God that fixes each event  
Of varying life or death ;  
By him revolving years are lent,  
Or he arrests our breath.
- 4 Thankful we own thy goodness past,-  
Thou sovereign Lord of all,  
Watching may each be found at last,  
To hear the bridegroom's call.
- 5 O, fit us for thy righteous will,  
Thy mercy, Lord, impart ;  
Help us thy pleasure to fulfil,  
And yield thee all our heart.

Hymn 293. Add.

704—S. M.

*Our days, a hand-breadth.*

*Flies to the grave gone!*

HYMN DCCV, DCCVI.

705—L. M.

Hymn 2

*The Tolling Bell.*

- 1 **O**FT as the bell, with solemn toll,  
Speaks the departure of a soul,  
Let each one ask himself, "Am I  
Prepared, should I be called to die?"
- 2 Only this frail and fleeting breath  
Preserves me from the jaws of death;  
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,  
And plunged into a world unknown.
- 3 Then, leaving all I loved below,  
To God's tribunal I must go;  
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate  
And fix my everlasting state.
- 4 Lord Jesus! help me now to flee,  
And seek my hope alone in thee;  
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,  
Subdue my sin, and let me live.
- 5 Then, when the solemn bell I hear,  
If saved from guilt, I need not fear;  
Nor would the thought distressing be—  
"Perhaps it next may toll for me."
- 6 Rather my spirit would rejoice  
And long, and wish to hear thy voice  
Glad when it bids me earth resign,  
Secure of heaven, if thou art mine.

706—7s.

N

*Preparation for Death.*

- 1 **S**INNER, is thy soul prepar'd  
For the solemn hour of death?  
Couldst thou, if no longer spar'd,  
Calmly yield thy fleeting breath?

- Couldst thou meet thy God in peace,  
With thy follies unforgiv'n;  
Or obtain one moment's bliss  
If admitted into heav'n?
- 2 Art thou ready to depart?  
Would the heav'nly prize be sure  
To an unbelieving heart,  
To a soul by sin impure?  
Can a sinner unrenow'd,  
Ever plead atoning blood?  
Can a rebel unsubdu'd,  
Ever reach heaven's blest abode?
- 3 Ready, in thy guilt to die!  
Ready, evermore to dwell  
In a world of misery,  
In the burning depths of hell!—

When thou with clouds shalt come  
To judge the nations at thy bar :  
Tell me, Lord, shall I be there,  
To meet a joyful doom ?

Is my one great bus'ness here,  
Holy trembling, holy fear,  
To make my calling sure !  
To utmost counsel to fulfil,  
To suffer all thy righteous will,  
And to the end endure !

Saviour, then my soul receive,  
Transported from this vale, to live,  
And reign with thee above ;  
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight  
Of hope in full supreme delight  
And everlasting love.

M.

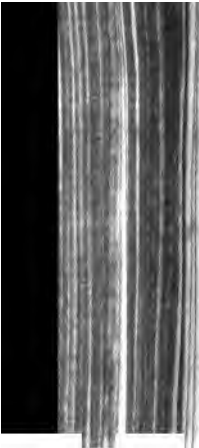
Hymn 78. R. 1

*Eternity.*

ETERNITY ! stupendous theme !  
Compar'd herewith, our life's a dream :  
O awful sound ;  
Where all our thoughts are drown'd !  
The dread abode,  
Habitation of our God ;  
Which fills the vast expanse,  
Beyond the reach of mortal sense.

Eternity there is  
No fearful woe, or joyful bliss :  
Swift as time fulfils its round,  
Eternity are bound.

Countless millions of mankind  
Left this fleeting world behind !  
Gone ; but where ?—ah ! pause and see  
A long eternity !



In Christ rejoice, your  
This everlasting bliss  
God and eternity are

**709—L. M.**

*The Living*

- 1 **W**HERE are the d  
Their disembod  
Their perish'd forms,  
Reserved until the jud
- 2 Who are the dead ?—  
In ev'ry age, and state  
Renown'd, dishonour'd  
The place that knew
- 3 Where are the living ?  
Where pray'r is heard  
Where, in the compass

HYMN DCCX, DCCXI.

710—S. M.

Hymn 1

*Issues of Life and Death.*

- 1 **O**H, where shall rest be found,  
Rest for the weary soul !  
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to son  
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh ;  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above ;  
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years—  
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath :  
Oh ! what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death !
- 5 Lord, God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun ;—  
Lest we be driven from thy face,  
And evermore undone.
- 6 Here would we end our quest—  
Alone are found in thee  
The life of perfect love—the rest  
Of immortality.

711—C. M.

Hymn 1

*Funeral Hymn—Death dreadful, or delig*

- 1 **D**EATH ! 'tis a melancholy day  
To those that have no God ;  
When the poor soul is forced away,  
To seek her last abode.

## HYMN DCCXII.

In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes;  
For guilt, a heavy chain,  
Still drags her downward from the skies,  
To darkness, fire and pain.

3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,  
Ye stubborn sinners fear;  
Lest ye be driv'n from earth, and dwell  
A long *for ever* there.

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,  
And flashes in your face;  
And thou, my soul, look downward too,  
And sing recover'ing grace.

6 He is a God of sov'reign love,  
That promis'd heav'n to me;  
And taught my thoughts to soar above,  
—in him be.



thoughts, pursue it where it flies,  
And trace its wondrous way.

to the courts where angels dwell,  
It mounts triumphant there;  
devils plunge it down to hell,  
In infinite despair.

And must my body faint and die?  
And must this soul remove?  
For some guardian angel nigh,  
To bear it safe above.

Give us, to thy dear faithful hand  
My naked soul I trust;  
My flesh shall wait for thy command,  
And drop into my dust.

—C. M.

Hymn 131. B. 1.

*Funeral Hymn—A voice from the tombs.*

**[**ARK! from the tombs a doleful sound;  
My ears attend the cry:  
Ye living men, come view the ground  
Where you must shortly lie.

Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
In spite of all your tow'rs!  
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head  
Must lie as low as ours."

Great God! is this our certain doom?  
And are we still secure?  
Still walking downward to the tomb,  
And yet prepare no more?

Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace,  
To fit our souls to fly;  
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,  
We'll rise above the sky.

## 714—C. M.

Hymn 104. B. 2

*Impatience for death sinful.*

- 1 **W**HY thus impatient to be gone?  
Such wishes breathe no more;  
Let him who lock'd thy spirit in,  
When meet, unbolt the door.
- 2 Why wouldst thou snatch the victor's palm,  
Before the conquest's won?  
Or wish to seize th' immortal prize,  
Ere yet the race is run?
- 3 Inglorious wish, to haste away,  
And leave thy work undone!  
To serve thy Lord will please no less  
Than praising round the throne.

at blissful interview, how sweet!  
 fall transported at his feet;  
 ised in his arms to view his face  
 rough the full beamings of his grace.

with a seraph voice to sing;  
 fly as on a cherub's wing;  
 rforming with unwearied hands  
 e present Saviour's high commands;  
 t with these prospects full in sight,  
 e'll wait thy signal for the flight;  
 r while thy service we pursue,  
 e find a heaven in all we do.

---

#### DEATH OF A PASTOR.

—L. M.

Hymn 155. B. 2.

*Prayer for a sick Minister.*

) THOU, before whose gracious throne  
 We bow our suppliant spirits down;  
 vert thy swift descending stroke,  
 or smite the shepherd of the flock.  
 store him, sinking to the grave—  
 etch out thine arm, make haste to save;  
 ck to our hopes and wishes give,  
 and bid our friend and father live.  
 und to each soul by tend'rest ties,  
 every breast his image lies:  
 y pitying aid, O God, impart,  
 or rend him from each bleeding heart.  
 et, if our supplications fail,  
 and pray'rs and tears cannot prevail;  
 thou *his strength*, be thou *his stay*,  
 and *guide him safe to endless day*.

717—C. M.

Hymn 158. B.

*Comfort under the loss of Ministers.*

- 1 **W**HAT—tho' the arm of conq'ring death  
Does God's own house invade;  
What—tho' the Prophet and the Priest  
Be number'd with the dead!
- 2 Tho' earthly shepherds dwell in dust,  
The aged and the young;  
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,  
And mute th' instructive tongue;
- 3 Th' *Eternal Shepherd* still survives,  
New comforts to impart;  
His eye still guides us, and his voice  
Still animates our heart.

- 1 Display thy sacred influence here,  
And here thy suppliants bless ;  
And change to strains of thankful praise  
Our accents of distress.
- 5 With faithful heart, with skilful hand,  
May this thy flock be fed ;  
And, persevering in thy ways,  
To Zion's mount be led.

19—C. M.

Hymn 299. Add.

*Death of a Pastor.*

- 1 **W**HY should our tears in sorrow flow,  
When God recalls his own ;  
And bids them leave a world of wo,  
For an immortal crown ?
- 2 Is not e'en death a gain to those  
Whose life to God was given ?  
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,  
To open them in heaven.
- 3 Their toils are past, their work is done ;  
And they are fully blest ;  
They fought the fight, the vict'ry won,  
And enter'd into rest.
- 4 The flock must feel the shepherd's loss,  
And miss his tender care ;  
But they who bear with joy the cross,  
The crown shall brightest wear.
- 5 And is not he who call'd them home  
Still to his church most nigh,  
To bid successive labourers come,  
And all her need supply ?
- 6 Then let our sorrows cease to flow ;  
God has recall'd his own ;  
But let our hearts in ev'ry wo,  
Still say, "Thy will be done."
- 33 \*

HYMN DCCXX, DCCXXI.

DEATH OF A CHILD.

Hymn 127. B. 1.

20—C. M.

*Funeral Hymn—Death of a young child.*

- 1 **A**LAS! how chang'd that lovely flow'r,  
Which bloom'd and cheer'd my heart!  
Fair fleeting comfort of an hour,  
How soon we're call'd to part!
- 2 And shall my bleeding heart arraign  
That God, whose ways are love?  
Or vainly cherish anxious pain  
For her who rests above?
- 3 No!—let me rather humbly pay  
Obedience to his will,  
—my inmost spirit say,  
—still."

## HYMN DCCXXII.

Say not, in transports of despair,  
That all your hopes are fled.

2 If, cleaving to that darling dust,  
In fond distress ye lie,  
Rise, and with joy and rev'rence view  
A heav'nly parent nigh.

3 Tho', your young branches torn away,  
Like wither'd trunks ye stand ;  
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,  
Touch'd by the Almighty's hand.

4 "I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,  
"In my own house a place ;  
"No names of daughters nor of sons  
"Could yield so high a grace.

5 "Transient and vain is ev'ry hope  
"A rising race can give :  
"In endless honour and delight  
"My children all shall live."

6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,  
Thro' which thy face we see ;  
And bless those wounds, which thro' our  
Prepare a way for thee.

722—C. M.

Hymn 165

### *Death of a Youth.*

WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd :  
By death's resistless hand,  
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,  
Which pity must demand.

While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
O may this truth, imprest  
With awful pow'r—I too must die—  
Sink deep in every breast.

- 3 Let this vain world engage no more :  
Behold the gaping tomb !  
It bids us seize the present hour !  
To-morrow, death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene  
May ev'ry heart obey ;  
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,  
Which calls to watch and pray !
- 5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,  
Whose pow'rful arm can save ;  
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,  
And triumph o'er the grave.

**723**—C. M.

Hymn 300. Ad

*Death of a Child.*



**HYMN DCCXXIV, DCCXXV.**

**24—C. M.**

Hymn 301. A

*Death of a Child.*

- 1 **T**HIS Jesus speaks,—I fold, says he,  
These lambs within my breast:  
Protection they shall find in me,  
In me be ever bless'd.
- 2 Death may the bands of life unloose,  
But can't dissolve my love;  
Millions of infant souls compose  
The family above.
- 3 Their feeble frames my power shall raise  
And mould with heavenly skill:  
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,  
And hands to do my will.
- 4 His words the happy parents hear,  
And shout with joy divine,  
"O Saviour, all we have and are  
Shall be for ever thine."

**25—7s.**

Hymn 302. A

*Death of a Child.*

- 1 **M**OURN not ye, whose child hath found  
Purer skies and holier ground;  
Flowers of bright and pleasant hue,  
Free from thorns, and fresh with dew.
- 2 Mourn not ye, whose child hath fled  
From this region of the dead,  
To yon winged angel-band,  
To a better, fairer land.
- 3 Knowledge in that clime doth grow  
Free from weeds of toil and wo,  
Joys which mortals may not share;  
Mourn ye not, your child is there.

726—S. M.

Hymn 303. Add.

*Death of a pious Child.*

- 1 **W**HEN sickness, pain, and death  
Come o'er a godly child,  
How sweetly then departs the breath!  
The dying pang, how mild!
- 2 It gently sinks to rest,  
As once it used to do  
Upon its tender mother's breast,  
And as securely too.
- 3 The spirit is not dead,  
Though low the body lies;  
But, freed from sin and sorrow, fled  
To dwell beyond the skies.

HYMN DCCXXVIII, DCCXXIX. 783

Far from this world of toil and strife,  
They're present with the Lord :  
The labours of their mortal life  
End in a large reward.

8—L. M. Hymn 16, Pt. 5. B. 1.  
*The righteous blessed in death.*

**S**AINTS in their graves lie down in peace,  
No more by sin or hell oppress ;  
The wicked there from troubling cease,  
And there the weary are at rest.

Thrice happy souls, who're gone before  
To that inheritance divine !  
They labour, sorrow, sigh no more,  
But bright in endless glory shine.

There shall we join the blissful throng,  
And meet our dearest friends again ;  
And, all eternity, our song  
To Jesus raise, and with him reign.

9—S. M. Hymn 16, Pt. 6. B. 1.  
*Triumph over death.*

1 **A**ND must this body die ?  
This mortal frame decay ?  
And must these active limbs of mine  
Lie mould'ring in the clay ?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,  
Shall but refine this flesh ;  
Till my triumphant spirit comes  
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,  
And often from the skies  
Looks down, and watches o'er my dust,  
Till he shall bid me rise.



**HYMN DCCXXXI, DCCXXXII.**

- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood  
Should fright us from the shore.

**731—L. M.**

Hymn 166.

*The Death of the Righteous.*

- 1 **H**OW bless'd the righteous when he di  
When sinks a weary soul to rest,  
How mildly beam the closing eyes,  
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away,  
So sinks the gale, when storms are o'er;  
So gently shuts the eye of day,  
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,  
A calm, which life, nor death, destroys;  
Nothing disturbs that peace profound  
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!  
How bright th' unchanging morn appears  
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
- 6 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,  
Light from its load the spirit flies;  
While heav'n and earth combine to say,  
How bless'd the righteous when he dies!

**732—C. M.**

Hymn 130.

*Funeral Hymn—A saint prepared to die.*

- 1 **D**EATH may dissolve my body now,  
And bear my spirit home;  
Why do my minutes move so slow,  
Nor my salvation come?

- 2 With heav'nly weapons, I have fought  
The battles of the Lord ;  
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,  
And wait the sure reward.
- 3 God hath laid up in heav'n for me  
A crown which cannot fade ;  
The righteous Judge, at that great day,  
Shall place it on my head.
- 4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed  
This prize for me alone ;  
But all that love and long to see  
Th' appearance of his Son.
- 5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe  
From ev'ry ill design ;  
And to his heav'nly kingdom take  
This feeble soul of mine.

of all his saints he bless'd,  
 n the grave he lay ;  
 g thence, their hopes he rais'd  
 rlasting day !

ally, while life we have,  
 ist, our life, we'll sing ;  
 s thy victory, O grave !  
 where, O death, thy sting !"

Hymn 124. B. 1.

*mn—Dying in the embraces of God.*

I cannot make our souls afraid,  
 od be with us there ;  
 walk thro' its darkest shade  
 ver yield to fear.

nounce my all below,  
 Creator bid ;  
 if I were call'd to go,  
 s as Moses did.

at climb to Pisgah's top,  
 ew the promis'd land ;  
 tself would long to drop,  
 ay for the command.

my heav'nly Father's arms,  
 l forget my breath ;  
 my life amid the charms  
 livine a death.

Hymn 126. B. 1.

*nd Hymn — Victory over Death.*

N death appears before my sight,  
 all his dire array ;  
 o the dreadful fight,  
 rage dies away.

HYMN DCCXXXVI.

But see, my glorious Friend is nigh!  
My Lord, my Saviour lives:

Before him death's pale terrors fly,  
And my faint heart revives.

3 He left his dazzling throne above,  
To meet the tyrant's dart;  
And, (O amazing pow'r of love!)  
Receiv'd it in his heart!

4 Now for the eye of faith divine,  
To pierce beyond the grave!  
To see that Friend, and call him mine,  
Whose arm is strong to save.

5 Lord, I commit my soul to thee;  
Accept the sacred trust;  
Receive this nobler part of me,  
And watch my sleeping dust:  
— morn'g come,



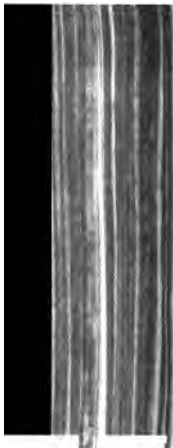
- One gentle sigh his fetters breaks ;  
 We scarce can say, " He's gone,"  
 Before the willing spirit takes  
 Its mansion near the throne.
- Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,  
 To trace her heavenward flight ;  
 No eye can pierce within the veil  
 Which hides that world of light.
- Thus much (and this is all) we know,  
 They are supremely blest—  
 Have done with sin, and care, and wo,  
 And with the Saviour rest.
- On harps of gold his name they praise,  
 His presence always view ;  
 And, if we *here* their footsteps trace,  
*There* we shall praise him too.

37—8s 7s.

Hymn 305. Add.

*Consolation.*

- O YE mourners, cease to languish  
 O'er the grave of those ye love ;  
 Pain and death, and night and anguish,  
 Enter not the world above :  
 While in darkness ye are straying,  
 Lonely in the deep'ning shade,  
 Glory's brightest beams are playing  
 Round th' immortal spirit's head.
- O, ye mourners, cease to languish  
 O'er the grave of those ye love ;  
 Far removed from pain and anguish,  
 They are chanting hymns above ;  
 Light and peace at once deriving  
 From the hand of God most high ;  
*In his glorious presence living,*  
*They shall never, never die.*



While the faithful Chris  
Thus the bonds of life h  
And the ransom'd capti

2 "Prisoner, long detain'd  
Prisoner, now with free  
Welcome from a world  
Welcome to a land of re  
Thus the choir of angels  
As they bear the soul on  
While with hallelujahs  
All the regions of the sk

3 Grave—the guardian of  
Grave—the treas'ry of th  
Every atom of thy trust  
Rests in hope again to  
Hark! the judgment tru  
"Soul, rebuild thy house  
*Immortality* thy walls,  
And *eternity* thy day!"

Whose name is exalted above,  
All glory, dominion, and power:

- 3 Dissolve thou these bonds that detain  
My soul from her portion in thee;  
O, strike off this adamant chain,  
And make me eternally free.
- 4 When that happy era begins,  
When array'd in thy glories I shine,  
Nor grieve any more by my sins  
The bosom on which I recline:
- 5 Oh then shall the veil be removed,  
And round me thy brightness be pour'd;  
I shall see Him whom absent I loved,  
Whom not having seen, I adored.

740—C. M.

Hymn 308. Add.

*Thanks to God for Victory.*

- 1 **O**, FOR an overcoming faith,  
To cheer my dying hours!  
To triumph o'er the monster death,  
And all his frightful powers.
- 2 Joyful with all the strength I have,  
My quivering lips shall sing,  
"Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?  
And where, O Death, thy sting?"
- 3 If sin be pardon'd I'm secure,  
Death has no sting beside;  
The law is sin's condemning power,  
But Christ—my ransom—died.
- 4 Now to the God of victory,  
Immortal thanks be paid,  
Who makes us conquerors while we die,  
Through Christ, our living Head.

**741**—4s 4s 6s.\*

Hymn 309. Ad

*Consolation.*

1 **W**HILE here I sit  
At Jesus' feet,  
Amid the vale of tears;  
I'll trust his grace,  
And sing his praise,  
Nor yield to doubts and fears.

2 And can it be  
That I shall see  
My Saviour face to face?  
Forever prove  
His boundless love,  
And endless anthems raise.

3 *Chorus* — *And endless anthems raise.*

ere shall my disimprison'd soul  
Behold him and adore ; .

with his likeness satisfied,  
And grieve and sin no more.

all see him wear that very flesh  
On which my guilt was lain ;  
s love intense, his merit fresh,  
As though but newly slain.

on, too, my slumbering dust shall hear  
The trumpet's quickening sound ;  
id by my Saviour's power rebuilt,  
At his right hand be found.

may the unction of these truths  
Forever with me stay,  
ll from her sinful cage dismiss'd,  
My spirit flies away.

—S. M.

Hymn 311. Add

*Hope in Death.*

1 **T**HIS world of sin and death  
Is not to be our home ;  
No ; by the light of precious faith,  
We seek a world to come.

2 Jesus is gone before,  
And shows our feet the way ;  
His death has made an open door  
To everlasting day.

3 Our load of earthly care,  
Temptation, grief, and pain,  
Will never find admittance there,  
Or break our peace again.

4 We may behold the tomb,  
And songs of vict'ry sing ;  
For death itself has lost its gloom,  
Since Christ destroy'd its sting.

5 O, may we walk by faith,  
Till hence our souls remove;  
Then, by its light, rejoice in death,  
And find our home above.

**744**—S. M.

Hymn 312.

*It is not Death to die.*

1 **I**T is not death to die—  
To leave this weary road,  
And, 'midst the brotherhood on high,  
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close  
The eye long dimm'd by tears,  
And wake in glorious repose,  
To spend eternal years.

Waiting to receive thy spirit,  
Lo! the Saviour stands above,  
Shows the purchase of his merit,  
Reaches out the crown of love.  
Struggle through thy latest passion,  
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,  
To his uttermost salvation,  
To his everlasting rest.  
For the joy he sets before thee,  
Bear a momentary pain;  
*Die to live* the life of glory,  
*Suffer*, with thy Lord to reign.

6—C. M.

Hymn 314. Add.

*The Rest of the Grave.*

**H**OW still and peaceful is the grave!  
Where, life's vain tumults past,  
Th' appointed house, by Heaven's decree,  
Receives us all at last.

The wicked there from troubling cease,  
Their passions rage no more;  
And there the weary pilgrim rests  
From all the toils he bore.

There rest the prisoners, now released  
From slavery's sad abode;  
No more they hear th' oppressor's voice,  
Or dread the tyrant's rod.

There servants, masters, small and great,  
Partake the same repose;  
And there, in peace, the ashes mix,  
Of those who once were foes.

All, levell'd by the hand of death,  
Lie sleeping in the tomb;  
Till God in judgment calls them forth,  
To meet their final doom.

747

Hymn 315. Add.

*Burial Anthem.*

- 1 **B**ROTHER, thou art gone before us,  
And thy saintly soul is flown,  
Where tears are wiped from every eye,  
And sorrow is unknown.  
From the burthen of the flesh,  
And from care and fear released,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.
- 2 The toilsome way thou'st travell'd o'er,  
And borne the heavy load ;  
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet  
To reach his blest shade



Thy Saviour has pass'd through its portals before  
thee,  
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through  
the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold  
thee,  
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy  
side;  
The wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold  
thee,  
And sinners may die—for the *sinless* has died.

Thou art gone to the grave! and its mansion for-  
saking,  
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long;  
The mild rays of paradise beam'd on thy  
waking,  
And the sound which thou heard'st was the  
seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not  
deplore thee,  
Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian,  
and Guide;  
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore  
thee,  
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has  
died.

—8s 7s.

Hymn 317. Add.

*Death of a Young Sister in Christ.*

SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,  
Gentle as the summer-breeze,  
Pleasant as the air of evening,  
When it floats among the trees.

- 2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber—  
Peaceful in the grave so low;  
Thou no more wilt join our number,  
Thou no more our songs shalt know.
- 3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us;  
Here thy loss we deeply feel;  
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,  
He can all our sorrows heal.
- 4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,  
When the day of life is fled;  
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,  
Where no farewell tear is shed.

**750**—L. M.

Hymn 318. Ad

*Sleeping in Jesus.*

## RESURRECTION.

51—L. M.

Hymn 22, Pt. 1. B. 1.

*Resurrection of the dead.*

- 1 **B**LEST *Jesus*, source of ev'ry grace,  
From far to view thy smiling face,  
While absent thus by faith we live,  
Exceeds all joys that earth can give.
- 2 But O! what ecstasy unknown  
Fills the wide circle round thy throne,  
Where ev'ry rapt'rous hour appears  
Nobler than millions of our years!
- 3 Millions by millions multiplied  
Shall ne'er thy saints from thee divide;  
But the bright legions live and praise  
Thro' all thy own immortal days.
- 4 O happy dead, in thee that sleep,  
Tho' o'er their mould'ring dust we weep!  
O faithful Saviour, who shall come  
That dust to ransom from the tomb!
- 5 While thine unerring Word imparts  
So rich a cordial to our hearts,  
Thro' tears our triumphs shall be shown,  
Tho' round their graves and near our own.

52—C. M.

Hymn 22, Pt. 2. B. 1.

*A prospect of the Resurrection.*

- 1 **H**OW long shall death, the tyrant, reign,  
And triumph o'er the just;  
While the rich blood of martyrs slain  
Lies mingled with the dust?

- 2 Faith sees the Lord of Glory come,  
With flaming guards around;  
The skies divide to make him room,  
The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 3 Faith hears the voice, "*Ye dead, arise!*"  
And lo! the graves obey;  
And waking saints with joyful eyes  
Salute th' expected day.
- 4 They leave the dust, and on the wing  
Rise to the midway air;  
In shining garments meet their King,  
And low adore him there.
- 5 O may our humble spirits stand  
Among them cloth'd in white!

So Jesus slept ;—God's dying Son  
 Pass'd thro' the grave and blest the bed ;  
 Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne  
 The morning break, and pierce the shade.

Break from his throne, illustrious morn ;  
 Attend, O earth ! his sov'reign word ;  
 Restore thy trust—a glorious form—  
 Call'd to ascend and meet the Lord.

4—C. M.

Hymn 168. B. 2.

*Prospect of the Resurrection.*

**T**HRO' sorrow's night and danger's path,  
 Amid the deep'ning gloom,  
 We, soldiers of an injur'd King,  
 Are marching to the tomb.

There, when the turmoil is no more,  
 And all our pow'rs decay,  
 Our cold remains, in solitude,  
 Shall sleep the years away.

Our labours done, securely laid  
 In this our last retreat,  
 Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,  
 The storms of life shall beat.

These ashes poor, this little dust,  
 Our Father's care shall keep,  
 Till the last angel rise, and break  
 The long and dreary sleep.

Then love's soft dew o'er ev'ry eye  
 Shall shed its mildest rays,  
 And the long-silent dust shall burst  
 With shouts of endless praise.

## JUDGMENT.

**755**—P. M. 8. 7. 4      Hymn 19, Pt. 4. B.*Day of Judgment.*

- 1 **D**AY of judgment, day of wonders!  
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,  
Louder than a thousand thunders,  
Shakes the vast creation round.  
How the summons  
Will the sinner's heart confound!
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,  
Cloth'd in majesty divine!  
You, who long for his appearing,  
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"  
*"Glorious, Serious"*

nder sorrows and reproaches,

May this thought our courage raise !

wiftly God's great day approaches,

Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise :

lay we triumph

When the world is in a blaze.

6—L. M.

Hymn 169. B. 2.

*Christ's coming to Judgment.*

**T**HE Lord shall come, the earth shall quake,

The mountains to their centre shake ;

And with'ring from the vault of night,

The stars shall pale their feeble light.

The Lord shall come, but not the same

As once in lowliness he came ;

A silent lamb before his foes,

A weary man, and full of woes.

The Lord shall come ! a dreadful form,

With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,

On cherub wings, and wings of wind,

Appointed Judge of all mankind.

Can this be He, who, wont to stray

A pilgrim on the world's highway,

Opress'd by pow'r, and mock'd by pride,

The Nazarene, the crucified ?

While sinners in despair shall call,

"Rocks hide us, mountains on us fall !"

The saints, ascending from the tomb,

Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come !"

57—C. M.

Hymn 319. Add.

*The Final Day.*

1. **T**HE day approaches, O my soul,

The great decisive day,

Which from the verge of mortal life

Shall bear thee far away.

4 We one and all must sh  
And at thy bar appea  
Now be our intercourse  
To mutual profit here

5 For this, thy temple, Lo  
For this thy board su  
Here may our service b  
And in thy presence

## 758—L. M.

### *The Day of Jud*

1 **T**HAT day of wrath, th  
When heaven and ea  
What power shall be the  
How shall he meet that d

2 When shall we meet



59—C. M.

Hymn 321. Add.

*Judgment.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the day is come,  
The righteous Judge is near,  
And sinners, trembling at their doom,  
Shall soon their sentence hear.
- 2 Angels in bright attire  
Conduct him through the skies,  
Darkness and tempests, smoke and fire,  
Attend him as he flies.
- 3 How awful is the sight,  
How loud the thunders roar!  
The sun forbears to give his light,  
And stars are seen no more.
- 4 The whole creation groans,  
But saints arise and sing,  
They are the ransom'd of the Lord,  
And he their God and King.

160—C. M.

Hymn 322. Add.

*Anticipated Judgment.*

- 1 **T**HAT awful day will surely come,  
Th' appointed hour makes haste—  
When I must stand before my Judge,  
And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,  
Thou Sovereign of my heart,  
How could I bear to hear thy voice  
Pronounce the word—Depart!
- 3 O, wretched state of deep despair—  
To see my God remove,  
And fix my doleful station, where  
I must not taste his love.

- 4 Jesus, I throw my arms around,  
I hang upon thy breast;  
Without a gracious smile from thee,  
My spirit cannot rest.
- 5 O, tell me that my worthless name,  
Is graven on thy hands;  
Show me some promise in thy word,  
Where my salvation stands.

761—S. M.

Hymn 32

*Judgment in Prospect.*

- 1 **A**ND will the Judge descend?  
And must the dead arise?

-8s 7s 6s.

Hymn 324. Add.

*A Vision of Judgment.*

- 1 **D**ARK brood the heavens o'er thee,  
Black clouds are gath'ring fast;  
In awful power thy God has come,  
Thy days of mirth are past.
- 2 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee,  
Red flames are bursting round;  
Bright lightnings flash, loud thunders roar;  
How shakes the trembling ground!
- 3 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee,  
Behold, the Judge appears;  
Unnumber'd millions throng around,  
Raised from the dust of years.
- 4 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee,  
Soon thou wilt hear thy doom;  
Destruction opens wide for thee,  
Thy chosen, final home.
- 5 Yet stay—the vision lingers;  
Why, sinner, wilt thou die?  
Dark brood the heavens, but mercy waits—  
This hour to Jesus fly!

763—7s.

Hymn 325. Add.

*Christ's second Advent.*

- 1 **H**ARK! that shout of rapt'rous joy,  
Bursting forth from yonder cloud;  
Jesus comes, and through the sky  
Angels tell their joy aloud.
- 2 Hark! the trumpet's awful voice  
Sounds abroad through sea and land:  
Let his people now rejoice,  
Their redemption is at hand.

- 3 See, the Lord appears in view,  
Heaven and earth before him fly;  
Rise, ye saints, he comes for you,  
Rise to meet him in the sky.
- 4 Go, and dwell with him above,  
Where no foe can e'er molest;  
Happy in a Saviour's love,  
Ever blessing, ever blest.

**764**—10s.

Hymn 326. Add

*Day of Judgment.*

- 1 **H**ARK! from the deep of heaven a trumpet

5—L. M.

Hymn 327. Add.

*End of the World.*

**H**OW great, how terrible that God,  
Who shakes creation with his nod !  
He frowns, and earth's foundations quake,  
And all the wheels of nature break.

Crush'd under guilt's oppressive weight,  
This globe now totters to its fate :  
Trembles beneath her guilty sons,  
And for deliv'rance heaves and groans.

And see, the glorious, dreadful day  
That takes th' enormous load away ;  
See skies, and stars, and earth, and seas  
Sink in one universal blaze.

Where now,—ah, where shall sinners seek  
For shelter in the general wreck ?  
Can falling rocks conceal them now,  
When rocks dissolve like melting snow ?

In vain for pity now they cry,  
In lakes of liquid fire they lie ;  
There on the burning billows toss'd,  
For ever, ever, ever lost.

But saints, undaunted and serene,  
Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene ;  
Your Saviour lives, though worlds expire,  
And earth and skies dissolve in fire.

6—P. M.

Hymn 328. Add.

*Judgment.*

**G**REAT God, what do I see and hear !  
The end of things created ;  
The Judge of man I see appear,  
On clouds of glory seated ;

HYMN DCCLXVII.

The trumpet sounds—the graves restore  
The dead which they contain'd before;  
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,  
At the last trumpet's sounding;  
Caught up to meet him in the skies,  
With joy their Lord surrounding:  
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,  
His presence sheds eternal day  
On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,  
Behold his wrath prevailing;  
For they shall rise, and find their tears  
And sighs are unavailing.  
The day of grace is past and gone;  
—they stand before the throne,  
—at him.

air, distant land ! could mortal eyes  
 But half its charms explore,  
 How would our spirits long to rise,  
 And dwell on earth no more.  
 Here, pain and sickness never come,  
 And grief no more complains ;  
 Health triumphs in immortal bloom,  
 And endless pleasure reigns.  
 No clouds these blissful regions know—  
 Realms ever bright and fair,  
 No sin the source of mortal woe,  
 Can never enter there.  
 Here, all the millions of his saints  
 Shall in one song unite ;  
 And each the bliss of all shall view  
 With infinite delight.  
 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,  
 For thy bright courts on high ;  
 When bid our spirits rise, and join  
 The chorus of the sky.

—L. M.

Hymn 79. B. 1.

*Eternal Life.*

ETERNAL life ! how sweet the sound  
 To sinners, who deserve to die !  
 Proclaim the bliss the world around,  
 And shout the joys, ye worlds on high.  
 Eternal life ! how will it reign,  
 When, mounting from this breathless clod,  
 The soul, discharg'd from sin and pain,  
 Ascends t' enjoy its Father, God !  
 Eternal life ! how will it bloom  
 In beauty on that blissful day,  
 When, rescued from th' imprisoning tomb,  
 Glory clothes our rising clay !

DCCLXIX, DCCLXX.

O how refin'd  
triumph how divine!  
in body and in mind,  
Saviour's image shine!

Heav'nly be that soul,  
tells an hope so high as this;  
d we long to reach the goal,  
the prize of endless bliss!

Hymn 329. Add

Heaven.

HERE is a world of perfect bliss,  
above the starry skies;  
ed with sorrows and with sins,  
ther lift mine eyes.

ere the weary are at rest,  
d all is peace within;  
mind with guilt no more oppress'd,  
e conscience calm and clean.  
well to earth and earthly things,  
ay tempt my stay;  
downy wings,



- 2 A land where sin shall ne'er invade,  
Nor doubts shall cast a gloomy shade,  
With ev'ry blessing crown'd ;  
There dwells the Lord our righteousness,  
And keeps his own in perfect peace,  
And all his praise resound.
- 3 May we this better land possess,  
When in this howling wilderness,  
No longer we shall rove ;  
Lord, help us humbly to rejoice,  
In hope we there shall hear thy voice,  
And sing redeeming love.

771—C. P. M.

Hymn 336. Add.

*Enjoyment of Heaven.*

- 1 **T**HERE is an hour of peaceful rest,  
To mourning wand'ers given ;  
There is a joy for souls distress'd,  
A balm for every wounded breast—  
'Tis found above in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls  
By sin and sorrow driven ;  
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,  
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear but heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up her tearful eye,  
To brighter prospects given ;  
And views the tempest passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given :  
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;  
Beyond the confines of the tomb  
Appears the dawn of heaven.

772—P. M. 11, 12 s.

Hymn 105. B. 2.

*The affections detached from Earth, and aspiring to  
Heaven.*

- 1 I WOULD not live alway : I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the  
way ;  
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,  
Are enough for life's woes,—full enough for its  
cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin ;  
Temptation without and corruption within ;  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,

73—C. M. Hymn 22, Pt. 4 l. 1.

*Hope of Heaven.*

- 1 **W**HAT have I in this barren land  
My Jesus is not here ;  
Mine eyes will ne'er be blest, until  
My Jesus doth appear.
- 2 My Jesus is gone up to heav'n,  
To fix a place for me ;  
For, 'tis his will, that where he is  
His followers should be.
- 3 Canaan I view from Pisgah's top ;  
Of Canaan's grapes I taste ;  
My Lord, who sends them to me here  
Will send for me at last.
- 4 I have a God that changeth not ;  
Why should I be perplex'd ?  
My God, who owns me in this world  
Will own me in the next.
- 5 My dearest friends they dwell above  
Them will I go to see ;  
And all my friends in Christ below  
Will soon come after me.

'74—C. M. Hymn 331 Add.

*Heavenly Rest.*

- 1 **T**HERE is an hour of hallow'd peace,  
For those with cares oppress'd,  
When sighs and sorr'wing tears shall cease,  
And all be hush'd to rest.
- 2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears  
And doubts which here annoy ;  
Then they, who oft have sown in tears,  
Shall reap again in joy.

816 HYMN DCCLXXV, DCCLXXVI

- 3 There is a home of sweet repose,  
Where storms assail no more ;  
The stream of endless pleasure flows  
On that celestial shore.
- 4 There, purity with love appears,  
And bliss without alloy ;  
There, they, who oft had sown in tears,  
Shall reap again in joy.

**775**—C. M.

Hymn 100

*The hope of Heaven supporting.*

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

I shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls  
And pearly gates behold ?  
Bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold ?

O thou city of my God,  
All I thy courts ascend ;  
Thy congregations ne'er break up,  
Thy sabbaths have no end ?

O happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom,  
O sin, nor sorrow, know ;  
Thy seats, through wild and stormy scenes  
Thyward press to you.

Thy, martyrs, prophets, there  
Thyound my Saviour stand ;  
Thysoon my friends in Christ below  
Thyall join the glorious band.

Thyalem, my happy home !  
Thy soul still pants for thee,  
Thy shall my labours have an end,  
Thy when I thy joy shall see.

. M. 7.

Hymn 172. B. 2

*Saints in Heaven.*

ThyGH in yonder realms of light,  
ThyDwell the raptur'd saints above,  
Thyeyond our feeble sight,  
Thyppy in Immanuel's love.  
Thymms in this vale of tears,  
Thybe they knew, like us below,  
Thythy doubts, distressing fears,  
Thytriting pain, and heavy woe.

Thye big unbidden tear,  
Thyling down the furrow'd cheek,

- Told, in eloquence sincere,  
Tales of woe they could not speak  
But these days of weeping o'er,  
Past this scene of toil and pain,  
They shall feel distress no more,  
Never—never weep again!
- 3 'Mid the chorus of the skies,  
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,  
Hark—their songs melodious rise,  
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!  
Happy spirits! ye are fled,  
Where no grief can entrance find,  
Lull'd to rest the aching head,  
Sooth'd the anguish of the mind!
- 4 All is tranquil and serene,

To wells of living water led,  
By God the Lamb for ever fed.

While everlasting ages roll,  
Eternal love shall feast their soul;  
And scenes of bliss, for ever new,  
Rise in succession to their view.

Here, all who suffer'd sword or flame  
For truth, or Jesus' lovely name,  
Shout vict'ry now, and hail the Lamb,  
And bow before the great I AM.

Jesus, the Saviour, is their theme;  
They sing the wonders of his name;  
To him ascribing pow'r and grace,  
Dominion and eternal praise.

To him who lov'd them to the end,  
Their surety, sacrifice, and friend;  
To him who wash'd them in his blood,  
And made them kings and priests to God!

"Amen," they cry, "'tis he alone,  
"Who rightly fills his Father's throne,  
"To him be glory;" and again  
Repeat his praise, and say, "Amen!"

O sweet employ, to sing and trace  
Th' amazing heights and depths of grace!  
To spend, from sin and sorrow free,  
A blissful, vast eternity!

O what a grand, exalted song,  
When ev'ry tribe and ev'ry tongue,  
Redeem'd by blood, with Christ appear,  
And join in one full chorus there!

**My soul anticipates the day;  
Would stretch her wings and soar away,  
To aid the song, the palm to bear,  
And bow, the chief of sinners, there**

HYMN DCCLXXIX.

Hymn 170. B. 2

79—P. M. 1st.

*The Christian's Home.*

- 1 'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,  
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;  
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,  
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home!
- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!  
And thrice-precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!  
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam  
I long to behold thee, in glory at home.

of sin to be free,

union



HYMN: DCCCLXXX, DCCCLXXXI. 821

8s 7s.

Hymn 332. Add.

*Life and Glory.*

WHAT is life? 'tis all a vapour;  
Soon it vanishes away;  
'tis but a dying taper;  
O my soul, why wish to stay?  
Not spread thy wings, and fly  
Right to yonder world of joy?

That glory, how resplendent,  
Brighter far than fancy paints,  
See, in majesty transcendent,  
Jesus reigns, the King of saints.  
Oad thy wings, my soul, and fly  
Right to yonder world of joy.

Full crowds his throne surrounding,  
Singing with rapture of his love,  
Through the heavens his praises sounding,  
Filling all the courts above.  
Oad thy wings, my soul, and fly  
Right to yonder world of joy.

And share his people's glory;  
Bid the ransom'd crowd appear;  
See, a joyful, wondrous story,  
None that angels love to hear.  
Oad thy wings, my soul, and fly  
Right to yonder world of joy.

L. M.

Hymn 333. Add.

*Heaven.*

Heaven the heart o'erflows with love,  
And every eye beholds its God;  
Passions now no longer rove,  
Soul is wash'd in Jesus' blood.

- 2 Sin is for ever banish'd thence,  
Ecstatic raptures fill the mind;  
The low delights of flesh and sense,  
Are changed for pleasures all refined.
- 3 Oceans of bliss incessant roll,  
Nor Satan tempts, nor tyrants frown;  
No transient clouds o'erspread the soul,  
And guilt and grief are never known.
- 4 O, could we drop this cumbrous clay,  
Soon would we climb the upper road;  
On wings of love fly swift away,  
Till we shall reach the throne of God.

783—C. M.

Hymn 335. Ad.

*Heaven.*

- 1 **N**OR eye has seen, nor ear has heard,  
Nor sense, nor reason known,  
What joys the Father has prepared  
For those that love his Son.
- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord  
Reveals a heaven to come;  
The beams of glory in his word  
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,  
And all the region peace;  
No lying lips, nor envious eye,  
Can taste or see the bliss.
- 4 Those holy gates forever bar  
Pollution, sin, and shame;  
None shall obtain admittance there  
But followers of the Lamb.
- 5 He keeps the Father's book of life,  
Where all their names are found;  
The hypocrite in vain shall strive  
To tread the heav'nly ground.

784—C. M.

Hymn 22, Pt. 5. B.

*Happiness of departed Saints.*

- 1 **H**OW happy are the souls above,  
From sin and sorrow free!  
With Jesus they are now at rest,  
And all his glory see!
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb," aloud they cry,  
"That brought us here to God!"  
In ceaseless hymns of praise, they shout  
The virtue of his blood.

HYMN DCCLXXXV.

- 3 Sweet gratitude inspires their songs,  
Ambitious to proclaim,  
Before the Father's awful throne,  
The honours of the Lamb.
- 4 With wond'ring joy they recollect  
Their fears and dangers past;  
And bless the wisdom, pow'r, and love,  
Which brought them safe at last.
- 5 Lord, let the merit of thy death  
To me be likewise giv'n;  
And I, with them, will shout thy praise  
Eternally in heav'n.

Hymn 337.

785—7s.

*The Redeemed.*

- 1 **W**HO are these in bright array?  
This innumerable throng,  
Round the altar night and day,  
Tuning their triumphant song;  
Worthy is the Lamb once slain,  
glory, power,

HYMN DCCLXXXVI, DCCLXXXVII. 825

Joy and gladness banish sighs;  
Perfect love dispels their fears;  
And forever from their eyes  
God shall wipe away their tears.

86—7s.

Hymn 338. Add.

*Rising Saints.*

- 1 FROM the roaring surge they come,  
From the darksome depths of wo,  
Peril, weariness, and shame,  
Mark'd their chosen lot below.
- 2 Sinking in the ocean brine,  
Jesus caught them from the flood;  
Lo! how bright their garments shine,  
Blanched in their Redeemer's blood.
- 3 Where is now the streaming tear?  
Where the pang—the secret groan?  
Sin nor sorrow mingle here,  
Shadeless splendour gilds the throne.
- 4 Like the rush of ocean storm,  
High the thundering chorus blends;  
Rich with life, with rapture warm,  
Low th' adoring circle bends.
- 5 One their Lord, and one their song,  
Saint and seraph there combine;  
Christian, be thy faith as strong,  
Rest as glorious shall be thine.

87—8s 7s.

Hymn 339. Add.

*Christ Enthroned.*

- 1 HARK! ten thousand harps and voices  
Sound the note of praise above;  
*Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices,*  
*Jesus reigns, the God of love:*  
35 •

See, he sits on yonder throne,  
Jesus rules the world alone.

- 2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens  
All above, and gives it worth;  
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,  
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth  
When we think of love like thine,  
Lord, we own it love divine.

- 3 King of Glory, reign forever,  
Thine an everlasting crown;  
Nothing from thy love shall sever  
Those whom thou hast made thine own  
Happy objects of thy grace,  
Destined to behold thy face.
- . . . . .



**HYMN DCCLXXXVIII.**

The great congregation  
His triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation  
To Jesus, our King.

3 Salvation to God,  
Who sits on his throne;  
Let all cry aloud,  
And honour the Son;  
Emanuel's praises  
The angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their faces,  
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore  
And give him his right;  
All glory and power,  
And wisdom and might;  
All honour and blessing  
With angels above,  
And thanks never ceasing,  
And infinite love.



DOXOLOGIES.

DOXOLOGIES.

1. L. M.

**T**O God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit — three in one,  
Be honour, praise, and glory given,  
By all on earth and all in heaven.

2. L. M.

**P**RAISE God, from whom all blessings flow  
Praise him all creatures here below,  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

3. C. M.

**T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore;  
Who was, is now,



## DOXOLOGIES.

### 6. P. M.

**T**O God the Father's throne,  
Perpetual honours raise,  
Glory to God the Son,  
And to the Spirit praise:  
With all our powers, Eternal King,  
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

### 7. L. P. M.

**N**OW to the great, and sacred Three,  
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be  
Eternal power and glory given,  
Through all the worlds, where God is known  
By all the angels near the throne,  
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

### 8. C. P. M.

**T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God, whom heav'n's triumphant host  
And saints on earth adore;  
Be glory as in ages past,  
And now it is, and so shall last,  
When time shall be no more.

### 9. 7s.

**S**ING we to our God above,  
Praise eternal as his love,  
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

### 10. 7s.

**P**RAISE the name of God most high,  
Praise him, all below the sky,  
Praise him, all the heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:  
As through countless ages past,  
Evermore his praise shall last.

## DOXOLOGIES.

11. 8s 7s.

LAISE the Father, earth and heaven,  
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,  
t was, and is, be given,  
ry through eternal days.

12. 8s 7s 4s.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit.  
Thou, the God whom we adore,  
May we all thy love inherit,  
To thine image us restore,  
Vast eternal,  
Praises to thee evermore.

13. P. M. 7s 6s.

TO the Father, to the Son  
ever bless'd,

## DOXOLOGIES.

331

16. P. M. 8s 7s.

### *Apostolic Benediction.*

[ the grace of Christ the Saviour,  
and the Father's boundless love,  
the Holy Spirit's favour,  
upon us from above.

may we abide in union,  
each other, and the Lord,  
meet, in sweet communion,  
which earth cannot afford.

17. L. M.

the peace of God, &c. Phil. iv. 7.

peace, which God alone reveals,  
and by his word of grace imparts,  
only the believer feels,  
and keep, and cheer our hearts.

may the holy Three in One,  
Father, Word, and Comforter,  
send abundant blessing down,  
thy soul assembled here.

18. P. M.

Y all holy spirits  
That fill the wide heaven,  
and saints upon earth,  
let praises be given  
to three persons, the God we adore,  
who has been, now is, and shall be e'er more.

19. 7s 6s.

Y Father, Son, and Spirit,  
The God whom we adore,  
thy praisest thou given,  
now and forever more.

## DOXOLOGIES.

Earth join with heaven in singing  
The praise of pard'ning love,  
Till the loud anthem swelling  
Shall reach the courts above.

20. 7s 6s.

**F**ROM all in earth and heaven  
To God, the Three in One,  
Be boundless glory given,  
And ceaseless service done;  
Co-equal praise to Father,  
To Son and Spirit be;  
One God, they reign together,  
In holy Trinity.

21. 6s 4s.

**T**O the great One in Three,  
The highest praises be,  
Hence, evermore;  
His sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,



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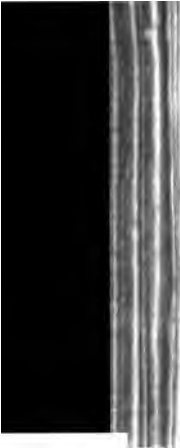
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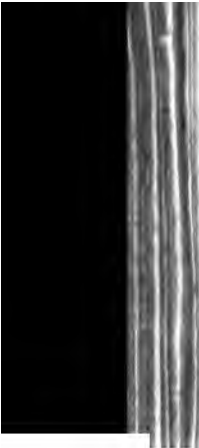


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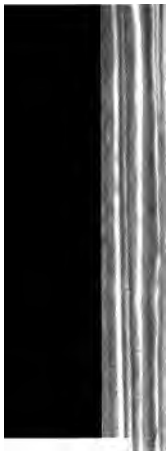
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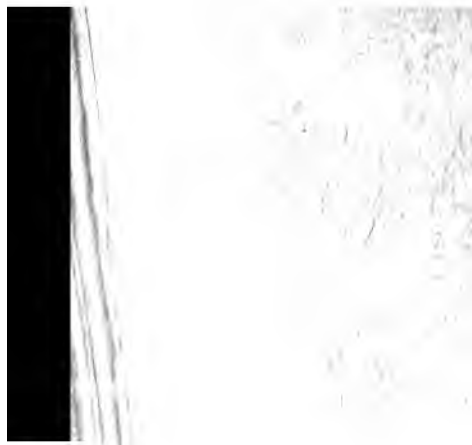
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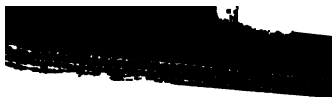
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THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

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